

Radio **MIRROR**

NOVEMBER

1934
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STARVING...yet they Dreaded the coming of the *FOOD SHIP*

FREQUENTLY emaciated and ravenously hungry, the people of St. Kilda's, the lonely island off the Scottish coast, dreaded the arrival of the supply ship from the mainland. They realized that though it brought food to the wilderness it brought also civilization's curse—the common cold. Illness and death invariably followed the rattle of the anchor chain. In the Arctic, the Eskimos had the same experience.

Reviewing such cold epidemics, scientific men came eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts although these may be contributing causes.

Colds *are* caused by germs, they say—but by germs unlike any others previously known. Germs, if you please, that cannot be seen. Germs so small they cannot be measured except as they exert their evil effect upon the human body. Bacteriologists call them the filtrable virus because they readily pass through the most delicate bacterial filters. Using a liquid containing this mysterious virus, they have been able to produce repeatedly by inoculation, one man's cold in other men.

Under ordinary conditions, this virus enters the mouth, nose, or throat to cause the dangerous infection we call a cold. Accompanying it are certain visible germs familiar to all; the pneumococcus, for example, and the streptococcus—both dangerous. They do not cause a cold—they complicate and aggravate it.

To Fight Colds—Fight Germs

Obviously, the important part of the fight against invisible virus



and visible bacteria should take place in the mouth and throat. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep it, the less chance germs have of developing.

"The daily use of a mouth-wash," says one eminent authority, "will prevent much of the sickness which is so common in the mouth, nose, and throat. Children should be taught the disinfection of the mouth and nose from their earliest years."

For oral hygiene, Listerine is ideal—so considered for more than fifty years both by the medical profession and the laity. It possesses that rare combination absent in so many mouth washes—adequate germ killing power plus complete safety. And of all mouth washes, it has the pleasantest taste.

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We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a Booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. MW-11, St. Louis, Missouri.

For Colds and Sore Throat... **LISTERINE**... The Safe Antiseptic

Radio MIRROR

VOL. 3 NO. 1

NOVEMBER • 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

s p e c i a l

f e a t u r e s



youngsters of their own, they plan to make the lives of at least three tiny tots happy and secure. Maybe you'll help them choose.

According to Helen Morgan, "a husband is a man who'll see you through all the troubles you wouldn't have had if you hadn't married him."



The beautiful torch singer shied away from marriage for years, then suddenly she became Mrs. Buddy Maschke. She has refused consistently to talk about her recent separation from her bridegroom, but in the December RADIO MIRROR she confesses all and tells you what this union did to her.

Roxy is back on the air. For years this famous showman had one of the most important programs on the wavelengths. Radio has changed since he started broadcasting, and in his own story, signed by him he tells you what radio needs now and what he's going to do about it.



A few years ago they used to call Buddy Rogers "The flappers' darling." But the handsome young man who gave up the movies and has gone in for a radio career is a changed person. Next month you'll meet the new Buddy and learn the amazing reasons for the change.

The handsome bachelor on the airwaves, Everett Marshall hides his emotions with a casual air, but he comes out from behind the mask for the readers of RADIO MIRROR and reveals the facts about his spectacular success and the truth about his own personality.

Next month you'll learn what all the air famous do when they're not working; you'll hear about the surprising popularity of the Sinclair Minstrels and how they convinced a sponsor their type of entertainment was not outmoded; you'll read about James Melton, the boy from the South who's been wowing listeners-in; you'll ride the ranges with the cow-boy entertainers and you'll have all the latest news and gossip of the Pacific coast, the Middle West studios, the short waves as well as a gorgeous collection of new pictures.



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This "no-scrub" way makes clothes last longer

YOU'LL save lots of money, washing clothes the Rinso way. For there's no scrubbing to streak colors—waken fabrics—fray edges. Clothes not only last 2 or 3 times longer but they come from a Rinso soaking 4 or 5 shades whiter.

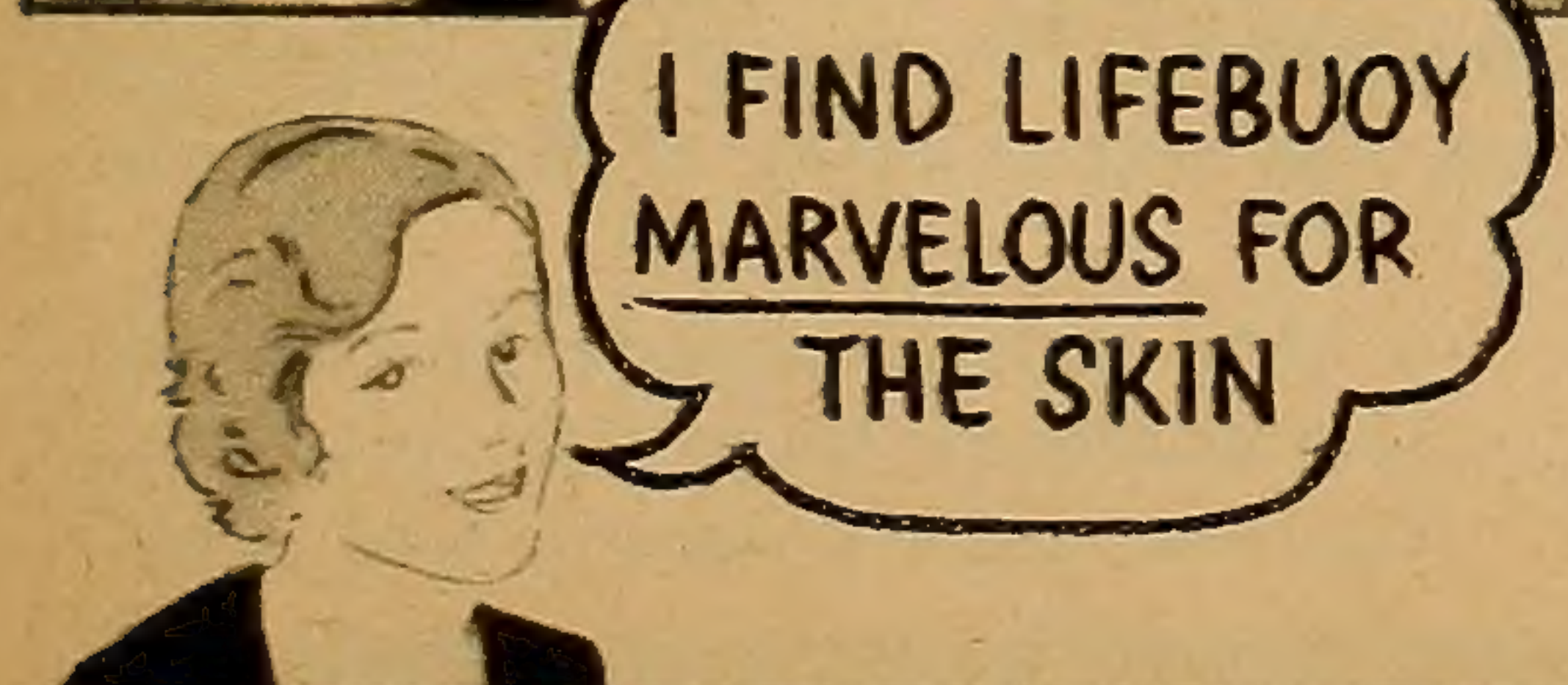
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Rinso gives lots of rich, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Get it at your grocer's.



The biggest-selling package soap in America

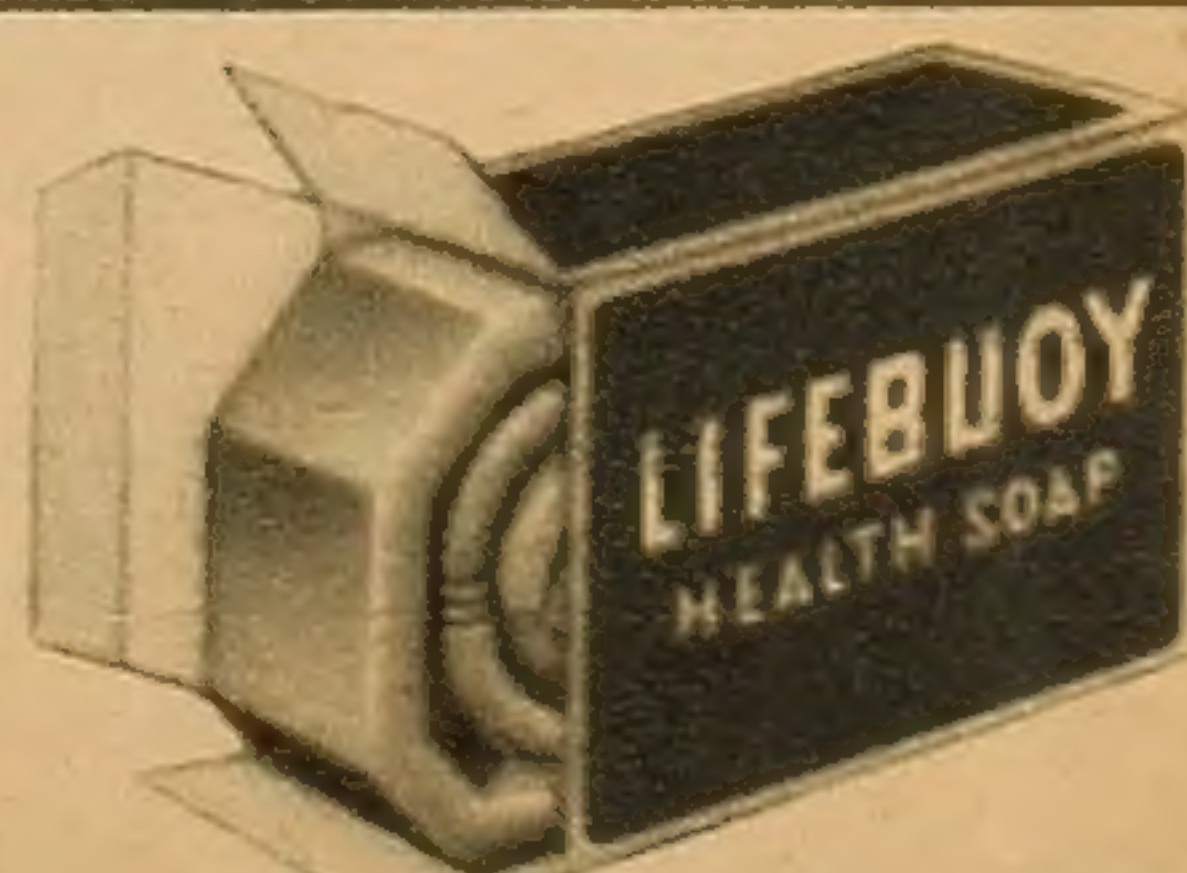
THEY BOTH OFFENDED... BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT



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Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

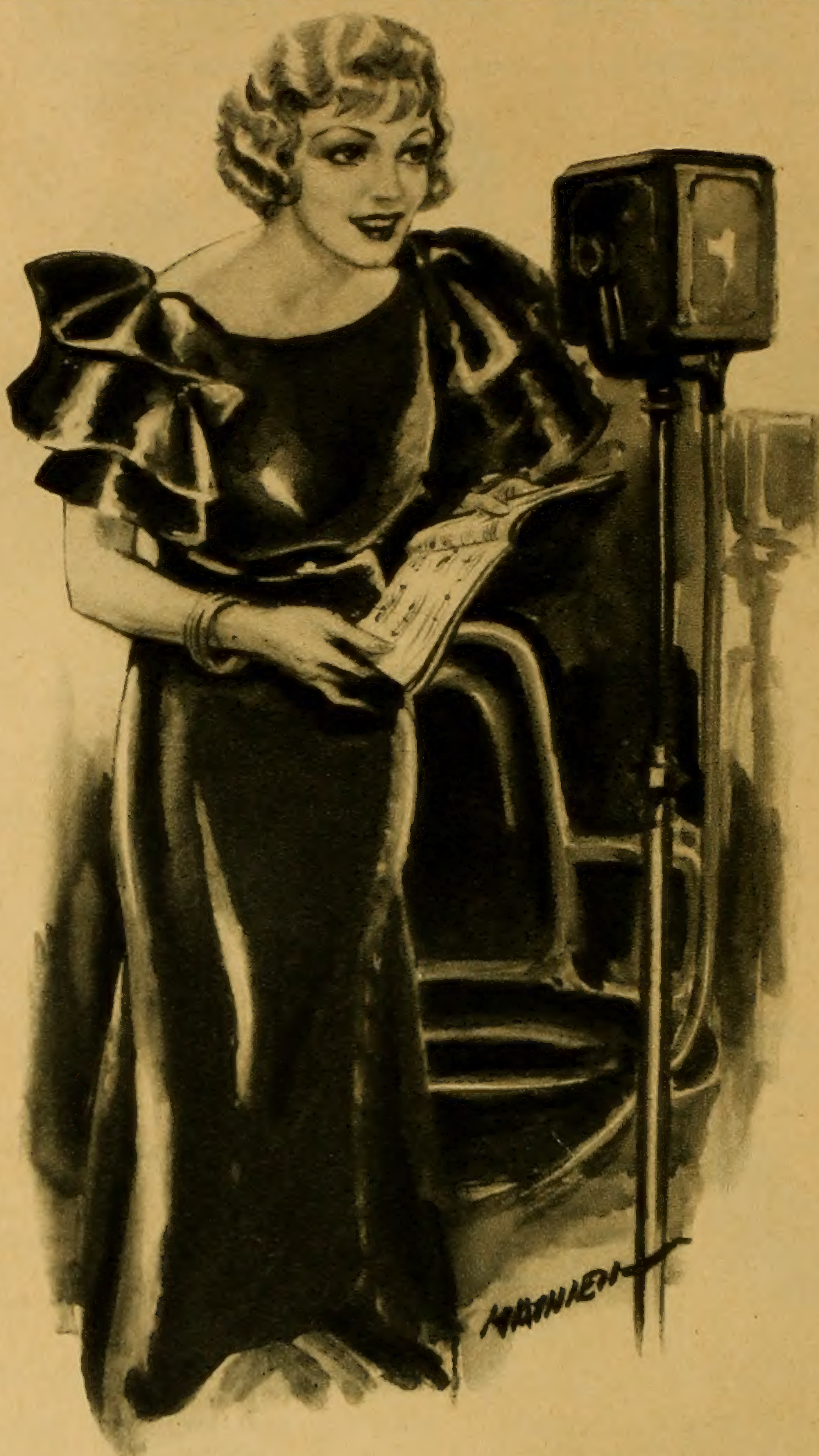


Too Many Blues

TORCH carrying on the ether waves has its place but this continuous overdose of blondes crying about lost love, brunettes weeping over the "moonlight without you" and redheads wailing ditties concerning the man who's gone away, is like too much lemon meringue pie with every dinner.

It's one thing to have Ruth Etting get into a "Melancholy Baby" mood with her listening public, for Helen Morgan to tell you, in minor chords, that she "can't help lovin' that man," or for Gertrude Niesen to do justice to these contemporary sad lyrics. But when hundreds of lesser and undistinguished ladies of the blues school give out those ineffective imitations, it's plain aggravating. For the past several months there's been a menacing epidemic of that type of radio entertaining which improvises on the wares of Tin Pan Alley, and the worst of it all is that they apparently find it easy, not only to get a hearing from broadcast officials but to get spots on dozens of programs which might be used to far better advantage.

Orchestra leaders are largely responsible for the vogue. Where, a few seasons ago, the trumpet player would lay down his instrument and warble a few lines of a chorus during the broadcast of a dance program, now the ork pilots consider it essential to have a female blues singer interrupt their musical presentations at regular intervals and do "her stuff." If they can get a fairly good singer of her type it's all right, but otherwise they just engage a pretty girl who is decorative for personal appearances and coach her in the intricacies of splitting notes, murdering chords and doing a little seesaw stunt with accepted theories of song singing. Some of these unknowns who have suddenly sprung into the limelight have managed to achieve a fairly good technique; a very few have become popular favorites and have obtained air engagements as regular soloists, but a large majority are just excess raucous noise. There are some on the large chains who should never be there, but there's a regular army of them scattered around the smaller individual stations, and if you tune in on those daytime hours when they're broadcasting, it's



enough to make you loathe popular music forever, except that when you do hear an expert deftly handling the same tunes, you realize that blues singing can really become an art.

Some of them seem to think that if they can only get into a tearful frame of mind and make their voices sound that way as they slide down the musical scales into the realms relegated to baritones they are putting it over. Others adopt the cute and coy attitude and try the saccharine type, but it's actually more like quinine than sugar.

Not long ago I heard dozens and dozens of girls auditioning for an air spot that required an individual singing personality for a heroine part. I was happy that it wasn't up to me to decide on the fortunate girl because as I listened to one, after another, the episode became nerve-racking. Not only did most of the aspirants choose the same song in their trial programs but most of them murdered even the simplest musical phrases. And even the best was not what I would consider outstanding. Enduring the talentless efforts one wanted to send these would-be radio stars

right back to their homes and their business courses. Even if they should achieve mediocre success they represent nothing but a passing vogue, and when that's gone there's no place in broadcasting for such as they.

The other afternoon I turned the dials until I had taken in every station. There were some talks in which I had no interest, an orchestra of sorts that was doing a very bad imitation of Guy Lombardo and the rest of the wavelengths were occupied by girly songstresses who were ruining a number that Bing Crosby has made pleasant hearing. One of them was affecting the Etting finale, another was blaring forth in what she believed was Kate Smith style, while the remainder were lost somewhere in between the Niesen renditions and the appealing mike manner of Sylvia Froos. What they managed to effect was nothing better than static. The experience certainly lessened my respect for the capabilities of those whose job it is to spot talent.

May some kind fate that hovers over radio destinies deliver us from the misery of too many bad blues.

Julia Shawell

BEHIND the MIKES

By MERCURY

DEEMS TAYLOR is composing a new opera and who do you suppose is working on the libretto? None other than Mary Kennedy, his recently divorced wife . . . Those wise in the ways of the theatre insist Benny Fields, husband and partner of Blossom Seeley, was the first crooner. Fields was singing lullabies in the back rooms of Chicago saloons when Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby were still wearing knickers . . . Since he does his composing after 3 o'clock in the morning, Don Bestor had to find a soundproof apartment so that he won't disturb the neighbors.

Donald Novis has a new car . . . Johnny Green, 25-year old Harvard graduate who serves as Columbia's musical consultant when he isn't leading an orchestra or writing songs, is the author of "Mr. Whittington," the English musical comedy success . . . Carmen Lombardo can vote now—he became 21 recently . . . Tony Wons prevents colds with a special fish soup prepared by his missus. Mixed with sour cream it is a concoction from which even pneumonia germs take flight . . . The Landt Trio and White chew gum during their broadcasts. If they don't, they say their throats go dry.

Lud Gluskin, CBS orchestra leader, is married to Erica Telekte, former premier dancer of the Hungarian Budapest Opera Company . . . Harry Horlick, A. & P. Gypsy leader, has a pleasing quirk—he insists upon picking up all dinner and lunch checks . . . Pat Barnes, the narrator, is the husband of Eleanor Gilmour, the concert singer . . . Vincent Lopez is now so strongly influenced by numerology that he won't hire a musician or a singer until submitting them to the number test . . . Alice Faye has been accepted by Hollywood's 400 and is now a welcome guest in the most exclusive circles.

"The trouble with most radio live wires," observes Eddie Garr, the impersonator, "is that they seldom have any connections worth while." With that thought for today it might be recorded here that Eddie, a really clever mimic who has had a hard time getting established on the American airwaves, has been in London recently broadcasting for the BBC.

Take it from Fred Allen, life is like a cornet—when you get ready to blow it, you find you haven't any breath left. . . . Walter Winchell influence reached the nadir with the issuing of

(Continued on page 7)

Here are a few DON'TS about laxatives!

Don't take a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens you!

Don't take a laxative that is offered as a cure-all—a treatment for a thousand ills!

Don't take a laxative where you have to keep on increasing the dose to get results!

TAKE EX-LAX—THE LAXATIVE THAT DOES NOT FORM A HABIT

You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. Ex-Lax doesn't force—it acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative should be.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

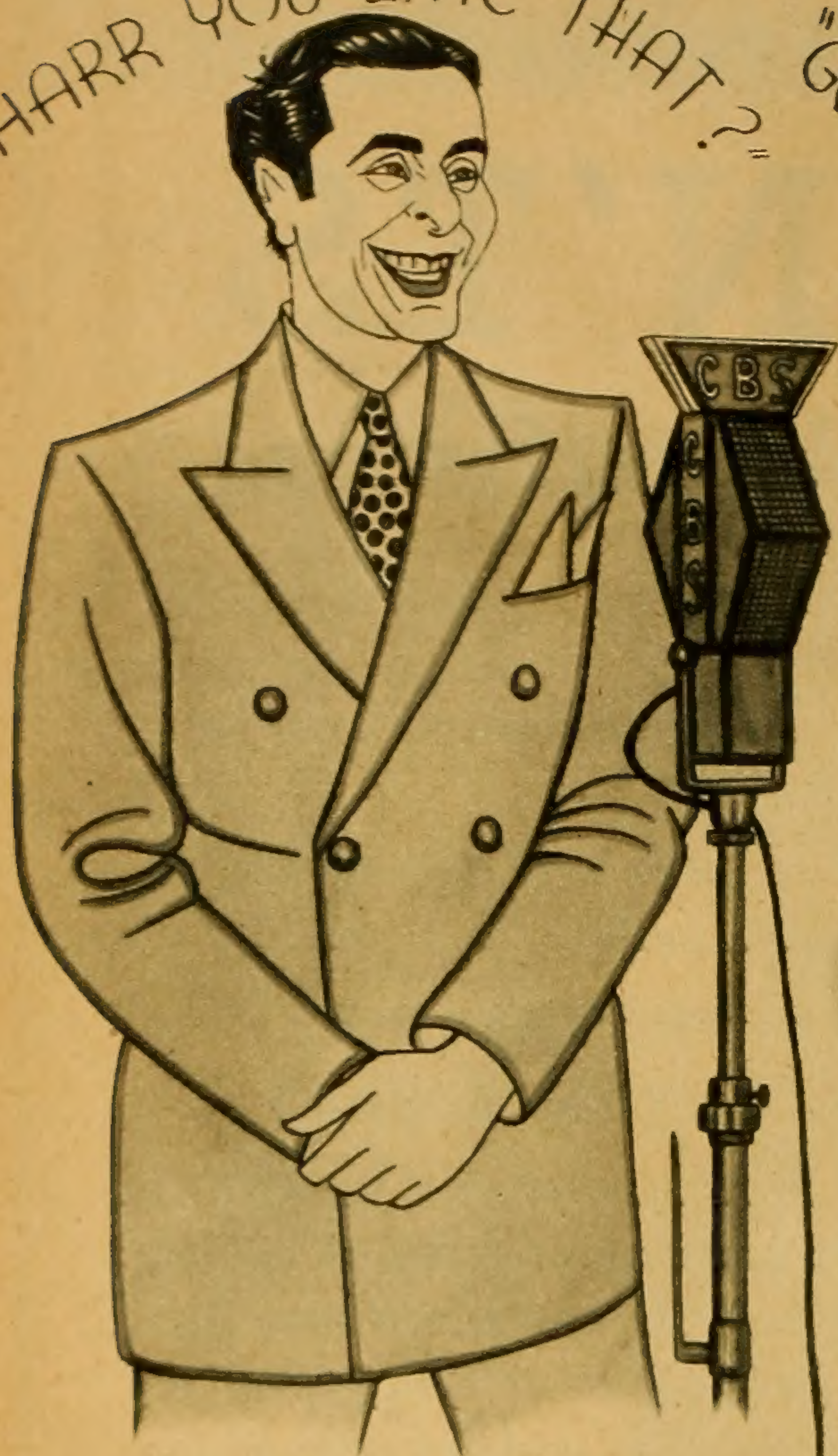


Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

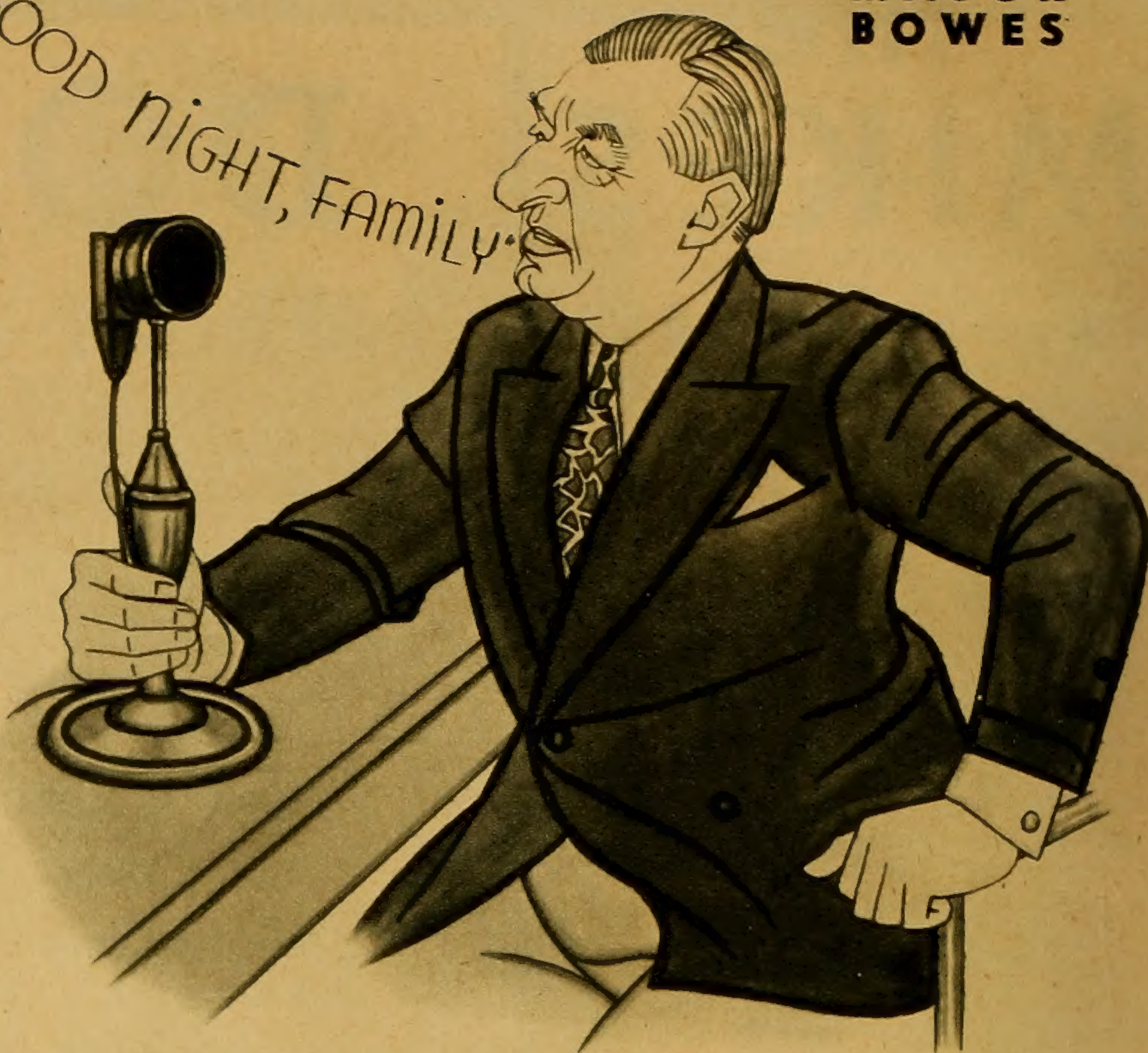
GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE

"HARR YOU LIKE THAT?" "GOOD NIGHT, FAMILY"

MAJOR
BOWES



GEORGE
GIVOT

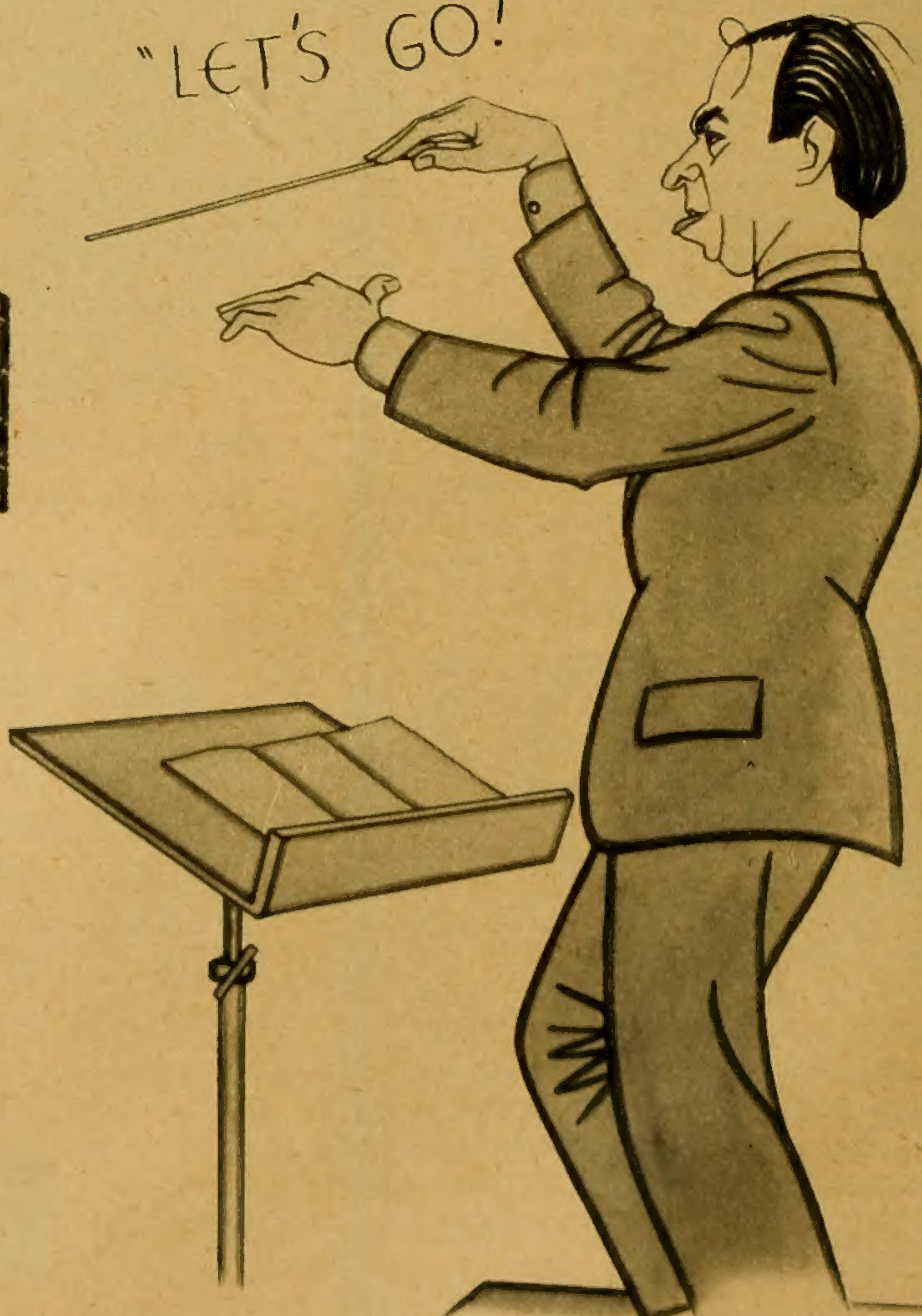


"BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE!"



FRANK BUCK

"LET'S GO!"



PHIL SPITALNY

GARD, FAMOUS CARICATURIST, CATCHES CELEBRITIES AT THE MIKES.

Behind the Mikes

(Continued from page 5)

bulletins forecasting blessed events in the kennel of Ilomay Bailey and Lee Sims. Their Great Dane was represented as knitting tiny garments, preparing the bassinet, baby-buggy shopping and what not . . . In 11 years of broadcasting May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose, "The Sweethearts of the air," have been absent from the studios but two weeks. They took that time off for their honeymoon.

Grace Moore has definitely gone Hollywood—she has bought a home there . . . Ditto, Irvin S. Cobb, who acquired Greta Garbo's beach place . . . The Rudy Vallee Rooters celebrated their idol's 33rd birthday by issuing a magazine. It was illustrated with pictures revealing Rudy in various stages of childhood. One of the most interesting showed the great crooner as an entrant in a baby contest . . . And no matter how crooner is defined in the dictionary, Tin Pan Alley insists that anybody can be taught to play a saxophone but a crooner has to be born. But for that matter, don't we all?

Mrs. Jack Denny has never attended one of her husband's broadcasts. So far as known she is the only wife of a maestro enjoying that distinction. Some of them are more in evidence in the studios than their hubbies . . . Joe Cook's son, now in his teens, is Joseph Cook, Jr., according to the records, but the household refers to him as Joe-Joe to distinguish him from his dad. . . . The scripts of "Home, Sweet Home" are written by Burr Cook, brother of Phil. Burr was also the author of those "Harbor Lights" episodes which enjoyed such a vogue a few years ago.

Frank Buck, the wild animal man was formerly the husband of Amy Leslie, for many years dramatic critic of the Chicago *Daily News*. Legend has it that Buck was a bell hop at the time of his marriage to the noted newspaper woman. * * *

After five years of broadcasting over NBC, CBS and WOR as a baritone, dramatic actor and comic, Jack Arthur spent his first real vacation from the air at Monte Carlo, the famous French resort. But it proved only a "motor-man's holiday" after all for Jack, unable to keep his mind off the "mike" spent most of his spare time at the receiving end of a short-wave set getting the latest radio news from this side of the water. * * *

One thing that Al and Lee Reiser, the pianists, admit radio has done for them and that is to show them how the sun rises. They have to get up at 5:30 a. m. in their Long Island homes to make an 8:30 o'clock commercial five times a week. Another thing it has taught them is how to make coffee for otherwise their wives would also have to get up at the crack of dawn to prepare breakfast. However, the boys have a system. Since their homes are adjacent to each other, Al invites Lee in for breakfast for a week, then Lee has Al in the next week, and so on.

I WONDER HOW SHE DID IT...
SHE WAS SKINNIER THAN I AM!



GIRLS WITH "NATURALLY *Skinny*" FIGURES

...AMAZED AT THIS ENTIRELY NEW WAY TO ADD
5 LBS. OF SOLID FLESH IN 1 WEEK...OR NO COST!

New Natural Mineral Concentrate From the Sea, Rich in FOOD IODINE, Building Up Weak, Rundown Men and Women Everywhere.

Hosts of thin, pale, rundown folks—and even "Naturally Skinny" men and women—are amazed at this new easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month—5 lbs. in a week—are reported regularly.

Kelp-a-Malt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea gets right down to the cause of thin underweight conditions and adds weight through a "3 ways in one" natural process.



"Gained 15 Pounds on My First Bottle"
I gained 15 pounds on my first bottle of Kelp-a-Malt and noticed an improvement in strength, energy and vitality. Kelp-a-Malt's minerals were just what I needed.—Bill Riesen, Ashland, Mont.

First, its rich supply of easily assimilable minerals nourish the digestive glands which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest the fats and starches, the weight-making elements in your daily diet. Second, Kelp-a-Malt provides an amazingly effective digestive substance which actually digests 4 times its own weight of the

flesh-building foods you eat. Third, Kelp-a-Malt's natural FOOD IODINE stimulates and nourishes the internal glands which control assimilation—the process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy. Three Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes; more calcium than 6 eggs; more phosphorus than 1½ lbs. carrots; more FOOD IODINE than 1600 lbs. of beef.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows and the new energy and strength it brings you! Prescribed and used by physicians, Kelp-a-Malt is fine for children too—improves their appetites. Remember the name, Kelp-a-Malt, the original and genuine kelp and malt tablets. There is nothing else like them so don't accept imitations and substitutes. Try Kelp-a-Malt today, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of good, firm flesh in 1 week the trial is free.

100 jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets cost but little. Sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about FOOD IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelp-a-Malt Co., Dept. 260, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

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We have with us—

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

● Irene Taylor, hails from Dallas, Texas, and is the soloist on Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra over CBS

● S U N D A Y

11:30 A. M. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY—Waldo Mayo conductor and violinist; guest artists. WEA and associated stations.

An old friend with new voices.

12:30 P. M. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY—Radio City Symphony orchestra; chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Rockefeller can be proud of this one.

12:30 P. M. TITO GUIZAR'S MIDDAY SERENADE. (Brillo Mfg. Co.). WABC and associated stations.

He strums a guitar and sings soft songs.

1:00 P. M. "LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE"—Dale Carnegie and orchestra. (Malting Cereals Co.). WEA and associated stations.

This one will teach you things.

1:30 P. M. LITTLE MISS BAB-O'S SURPRISE PARTY—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' orchestra; guest artist. (B. T. Babbitt Co., Inc.). WEA and associated stations.

A high-school miss crying about the blues.

2:00 P. M. THE MOHAWK TREASURE CHEST—Ralph Kirbery, baritone; Martha Lee Cole, interior decorator; James Meighan, narrator; Harold Levey's orchestra. WEA and associated stations.

Well-balanced entertainment.

2:30 P. M. LAZY DAN, The Minstrel Man—Irving Kaufman. (A. S. Boyle Floor Wax). WABC and associated stations.

He certainly takes his time.

2:30 P. M. DRAMATIZATION OF ONE-ACT PLAYS. (Lux Soap). WJZ and associated stations.

The curtain rises promptly.

3:00 P. M. NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA. WABC and associated stations.

Just the music for Sunday afternoon.

3:00 P. M. TALKIE PICTURE TIME—sketch with June Meredith, John Goldsworthy, John Stanford, Gilbert Douglas, Murray Forbes and Virginia Ware. (Luxor Ltd.). WEA and associated stations.

All the Hollywood atmosphere.

3:30 P. M. THE MAYBELLINE MUSICAL ROMANCE—Harry Daniels' orchestra; Don Mario Alvarez, soloist; and guest stars. WEA and associated stations.

Good music and always a surprise.

4:45 P. M. BIG BEN DREAM DRAMA—sketch. WEA and associated stations.

Then, you wake up when the alarm goes off!
5:00 P. M. ROSES & DRUMS—dramatization of Civil War stories. (Union Central Life Insurance Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Back to crinoline love.

5:00 P. M. SENTINELS SERENADE—Edward Davies, baritone; Charles Sears, Tenor; Mary Steele, soprano; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (The Hoover Co.). WEA and associated stations.

No awkward pauses to this one.

5:30 P. M. "THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD" with Tony Wons and orchestra. (S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.). WEA and associated stations.

● Robert Simmons, tenor, now heard in several programs, had his first big chance with the A. & P. Gypsies



RADIO MIRROR

Philosophy with old-fashioned trimmings.

5:30 P. M. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON with Jack Shilkret's orchestra. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.

Your old friends getting better and better.

6:00 P. M. GEORGE GERSHWIN. (Health Products Co.—"Astordun"). WABC and associated stations.

The master of modern rhythm.

6:30 P. M. SMILING ED McCONNELL. (Acme White Lead). WABC and associated stations.

You'll smile, too.

7:00 P. M. SILKEN STRINGS—Charles Previn and his orchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.

A sockful of melody.

7:00 P. M. STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS with Richard Himber's orchestra. (Studebaker Sales Corp.). WABC and associated stations.

How Mr. Himber has come along.

7:30 P. M. WARD'S FAMILY THEATER—Buddy Rogers and Jeanie Lang—with the Three Rascals. (Ward Baking Company). WABC and associated stations.

Buddy's in his real element.

7:45 P. M. THE FITCH PROGRAM—Wendell Hall and his ukelele. (F. W. Fitch Co.). WEAf and associated stations.

Red-headed music master with the southern drawl.

8:00 P. M. CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Jimmy Durante, comedian and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Coffee). WEAf and associated stations.

Well, he's had his months of airing.

8:00 P. M. COLUMBIA VARIETY HOUR with Cliff Edwards, Master of Ceremonies. WABC and associated stations.

A little bit of everything.

8:00 P. M. GOIN' TO TOWN with Tim and Irene, comedy sketch; Grace Hayes, soprano; Newel Chase, pianist; Leopold Spitalny's orchestra; Ed Lowry, master of ceremonies. WJZ and associated stations.

We'll take the trip.

9:00 P. M. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND. Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra direction Jacques Renard; Men About Town. (Dr. Lyons Tooth Powder). WEAf and associated stations.

Tamara has a mike way with her.

9:00 P. M. GULF HEADLINERS. WJZ and associated stations.

A veteran period with a new lineup.

9:30 P. M. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS. Also Thursday. (Ford Motor Company). WABC and associated stations.

Arrangements that can't be beat.

9:30 P. M. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayr Aspirin). WEAf and associated stations.

Mr. Munn and those two pianists are good.

9:30 P. M. THE JERGENS PROGRAM with Walter Winchell. (Andrew Jergens Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Now for the latest gossip.

10:00 P. M. WAYNE KING's orchestra. Also Monday. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.

The Monarch of the Waltz offers a new one.

10:00 P. M. HALL OF FAME—guest orchestra. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.). WEAf and associated stations.

The great and the near great take their turns.

10:00 P. M. MADAME SCHUMAN-HEINK AND HARVEY HAYES. (Gerber & Co., Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

The Grand Old Lady singing in her grand old style.

10:30 P. M. MELODY MASTERPIECE with Mary Eastman, soprano; chorus; Howard Barlow's Symphony orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Selections you'll remember.

10:30 P. M. PONTIAC PROGRAM. WEAf and associated stations.

Pleasant motoring in new lanes.

10:00 P. M. LITTLE JACK LITTLE and his orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

A veteran singer has gathered around a lot of instruments and the idea's a success.

MONDAY

10:00 A. M. BREEN AND DE ROSE—vocal and instrumental duo. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAf and associated stations.

Good morning to old friends.

10:15 A. M. BILL AND GINGER. (C. F. Mueller Company). Also Wednesday and Friday and Tuesday and Thursday at 10:00 A. M. WABC and associated stations.

They're always nice visitors.

10:15 A. M. CLARA, LU 'N' EM—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King—gossip. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAf and associated stations.

How these three do go on.

10:30 A. M. TODAY'S CHILDREN—dramatic sketches, with Irna Phillips, Bess Johnson and Walter Wicker. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

It's amazing how well liked these people are.

12:00 Noon THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE daily except Saturday and Sunday. Also Sunday at 6:45 P. M. (Wasey Products). WABC and associated stations.

Everybody's telling him their troubles.

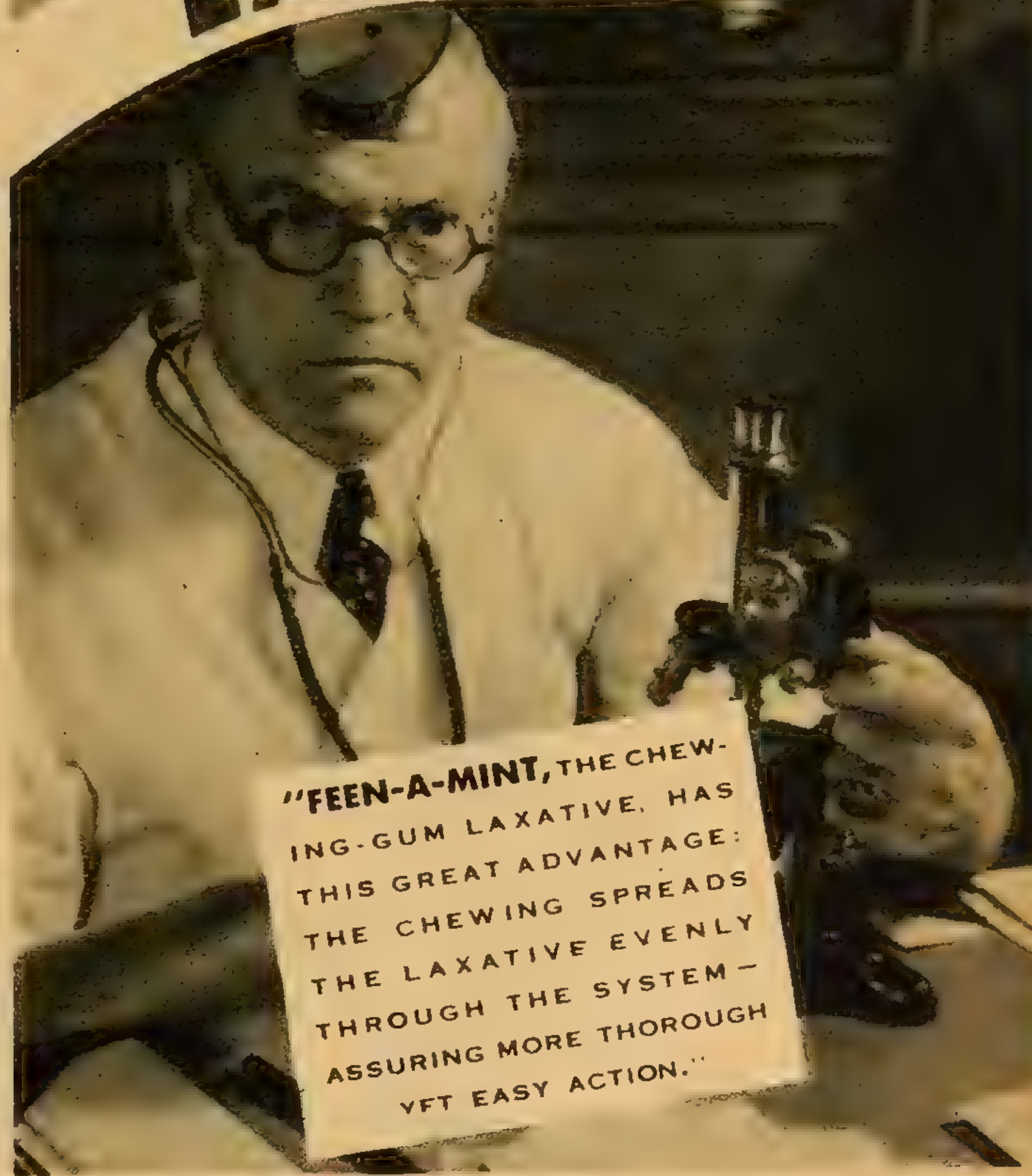
5:30 P. M. THE SINGING LADY—Nursery jingles, songs and stories. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Can you remember that far back?

5:30 P. M. JACK ARMSTRONG—All American Boy—daily except Sunday. (General Mills, Inc., Wheaties). WABC and associated stations.

**DON'T SUFFER
CONSTIPATION—**
*there is effective relief
if you just*

**CHEW
YOUR
LAXATIVE**



"FEEN-A-MINT, THE CHEW-
ING-GUM LAXATIVE, HAS
THIS GREAT ADVANTAGE:
THE CHEWING SPREADS
THE LAXATIVE EVENLY
THROUGH THE SYSTEM—
ASSURING MORE THOROUGH
YET EASY ACTION."

To get pleasant, thorough relief, it is not necessary to use violent, habit-forming laxatives. FEEN-A-MINT gives you more complete relief than other laxatives because you chew it as you would gum. The chewing spreads the laxative evenly throughout the sluggish system—gives you easier, more thorough relief. Over 15,000,000 men and women know this about FEEN-A-MINT from their own experience.

And it is easy and pleasant to take. Children don't struggle—they think it is just ordinary chewing gum. FEEN-A-MINT is gentle enough for their young systems—and effective for adults. Try it yourself the next time you need a laxative. 15¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores.

I FINALLY FOUND THAT
A LAXATIVE DOES NOT
HAVE TO TASTE BAD
TO BE EFFECTIVE. CHEW-
ING FEEN-A-MINT IS
JUST LIKE CHEWING
MY FAVORITE GUM.



Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

The youngsters enjoy this interesting boy.
5:45 P. M. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—Childhood playlet with Shirley Bell, and Alan Baruck. Daily except Sunday. (Wander Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Thrilling adventures in childhood.
5:45 P. M. THE OXOL FEATURE—with Gordon, Dave and Bunny. Also Wednesday. (J. L. Prescott Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Just keep tuned in.
6:00 P. M. BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY—Curtis Arnall and Adele Ronson. Also Tues., Wed., and Thurs. (Cocoa-malt). WABC and associated stations.

You'll never know the truth of these prophecies.
6:15 P. M. BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Hecker H-O Cereals). WABC and associated stations.

Adventure while the kiddies eat.
6:30 P. M. THE SHADOW—drama. Also Wednesday. (Delaware Lackawanna & Western Coal Company). WABC and associated stations.

What a bold, bad man he is.
7:00 P. M. MYRT AND MARGE—dramatic sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Wrigley Chewing Gum). WABC and associated stations.

Two girls getting along.
7:15 P. M. GENE AND GLENN—comedy sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAf and associated stations.

They're really very funny.
7:15 P. M. JUST PLAIN BILL. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kolynos Sales Co.) WABC and associated stations.

Exactly what it says.
7:30 P. M. THE SILVER DUST SERENADERS. Paul Keast, baritone; Rollo Hudson's orchestra. Also Wednesday and Friday. (The Gold Dust Corp.) WABC and associated stations.

When shadows fall and you get romantic.
7:00 P. M. AMOS 'N' ANDY—blackfaced comedy team. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Pepsodent Tooth paste). WJZ and associated stations.

There's a pair in Harlem.
7:30 P. M. RED DAVIS—dramatic sketch. Also Wednesday and Friday (Beach-nut Chewing Gum). WJZ and associated stations.

Back again and better than ever.
7:30 P. M. THE MOLLE SHOW with Shirley Howard and the Jesters. Also Wednesday and Friday. (Molle Shaving

● Peggy Allenby is the girl whose voice you often hear in the dramatic moments of the Palmolive Hour

● After years of European success, Lud Gluskin orchestra director came home and immediately corralled three commercial programs on CBS



Cream). WEAf and associated stations.

A pleasing miss with a pleasant voice.

7:45 P. M. BOAKE CARTER—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.) WABC and associated stations.

As he reads the headlines.

7:45 P. M. DANGEROUS PARADISE—dramatic sketch with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. Also Wednesday and Friday. (Woodbury Soap). WJZ and associated stations.

That Hitz voice gets you.

8:00 P. M. STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—with Richard Himber's orchestra and Joey Nash, tenor. (Studebaker Sales Co.) WEAf and associated stations.

Mr. Himber again.

8:00 P. M. YEAST FOAMERS—Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Northwestern Yeast Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

He's been playing this style for a long, long time.

8:00 P. M. KATE SMITH and her Swanee Music. Also Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

Kate, we missed you and we like you more now that you've changed your style.

8:15 P. M. EDWIN C. HILL, "The Human Side of the News". Also Wednesday and Friday. (Barbasol). WABC and associated stations.

An expert's idea of what's going on.

8:30 P. M. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE Garden Concert, featuring Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano, and William Daly's symphonic string orchestra with Margaret Speaks, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor and Frank Chapman, baritone. WEAf and associated stations.

A lovely singing lady with some clever associates

8:30 P. M. THE PLOUGH PROGRAM. WJZ and associated stations.

9:00 P. M. A. & P. GYPSIES—direction of Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor. (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.). WEAf and associated stations.

They just keep rolling along

9:00 P. M. ROSA PONSELLE with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations

We know you like it.

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Persons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Cliff Soubier, end men; band direction, Harry Kogen. WJZ and associated station

Old-time entertainment enjoying a new vogue

9:30 P. M. BLOCK & SULLY; Gertrude Niesen with Lud Gluskin and his Continental orchestra. (Ex-Lax Company). WABC and associated stations



Two amusing people with a promising new orchestra.

9:30 P. M. COLGATE HOUSE PARTY—Joe Cook, comedian; Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; orchestra direction Don Voorhees. (Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co.) WEA and associated stations.

Joe still holds his title of radio's craziest man.

9:30 P. M. PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS—drama with Douglas Hope, Alice Hill, Peggy Davis and Arthur Jacobson. (Princess Pat, Ltd.) WJZ and associated stations.

Entertaining theatricals without too much effort.

10:00 P. M. CONTENTED PROGRAM — Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer. (Carnation Milk Co.). WEA and associated stations.

It makes us feel that way.

11:15 P. M. GLEN GRAY and his Casa Loma Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

You can't help dancing to this program.

TUESDAY

12:00 Noon CONNIE GATES—songs. Also Thursday and Saturday. WABC and associated stations.

One of radio's simple pleasures.

4:15 P. M. THE SINGING STRANGER—Wade Booth, baritone; dramatic sketch with Dorothy Day. Also Friday. (Bauer & Black) WJZ and associated stations.

He's a friend by now.

5:45 P. M. ROBINSON CRUSOE, JR. dramatic program. (Bureau of Milk Publicity). Also Thursday, Friday and Saturday. WABC and associated stations.

Going places and doing things.

7:30 P. M. WHISPERING JACK SMITH and his orchestra. Also Thursday and Saturday. (Ionized Yeast Co.). WABC and associated stations.

A little voice with a lot to it.

8:00 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA with Phil Duey, baritone. (Philip Morris Cigarettes). WEA and associated stations.

One of our own pet programs.

8:00 P. M. ENO CRIME CLUES—dramatic sketch. (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.) Also Wednesday. WJZ and associated stations.

They do keep you on edge.

8:00 P. M. "LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" with Frank Munn, tenor; Muriel Wilson, Soprano, and Gustav Haenschen's Orchestra. (Bayer's Aspirin). WABC and associated stations.

Back to the olden days.

8:30 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his orchestra. Also Wednesday. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WEA and associated stations.

Mr. King again and he's very welcome.

8:30 P. M. PACKARD CAVALCADE. WJZ and associated stations.

A thrilling parade.

8:30 P. M. "MELODIANA" with Abe Lyman's orchestra, Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor.

(Philips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.

And Mr. Lyman knows how to do it.

9:00 P. M. BEN BERNIE and his orchestra with guest talent. (Premier Pabst Sales Co.). WEA and associated stations.

Massa Bernie still selling his beer.

9:00 P. M. HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES—Edgar A. Guest, poet; Alice Mock, soprano; Charles Sears, tenor; vocal trio; Josef Koestner's orchestra. (Household Finance Corp). WJZ and associated stations.

Turning back the pages.

9:00 P. M. BING CROSBY — songs. (Woodbury Soap). WABC and associated stations.

After all, what more can you ask for?

9:30 P. M. ED WYNN, the Fire Chief with Eddie Duchin's orchestra. (Texaco Motor Oil). WEA and associated stations.

Not so loud, Ed Wynn.

9:30 P. M. MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT and Josef Koestner's orchestra. (Simmons Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

The First Lady Broadcasts for sweet charity's sake.

10:00 P. M. PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; John Barclay, Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, and others; Nat Shilkret's orchestra. (Palmolive Soap). WEA and associated stations.

They fulfill their promise of a high-class program.

11:15 P. M. JACK BERGER and his Hotel Astor Orchestra. WEA and network.

Dancing in the spotlight.

WEDNESDAY

7:30 P. M. IRENE RICH for Welch—Dramatic sketch (Welch's Grape Juice). WJZ and associated stations.

A Hollywood Lady makes good on the air.

8:00 P. M. EASY ACES—comedy sketch. Also Thursday and Friday. (Jad Salts). WABC and associated stations.

An amusing pair who make this highly diverting.

8:00 P. M. TENDER LEAF TEA PROGRAM—Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Tea). WEA and associated stations.

There's no end to this hilarious fabricating.

8:30 P. M. "EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VARIETIES"—Everett Marshall, baritone and master of ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, contralto; Victor Arden's Orchestra; and guest stars. (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.

Listening to Mr. Marshall is our idea of a pleasant occupation.

9:00 P. M. TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Fred Allen, comedian; Songsmiths Quartet and Lennie Hayton's orchestra. (Bristol-Myers Co.). WEA and associated stations.

(Continued on page 57)

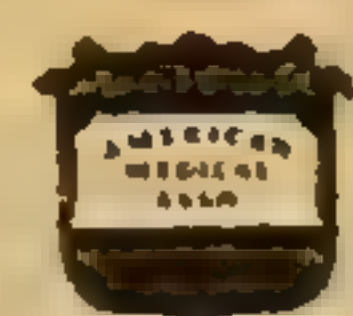


■ YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM of giving your little girl a sheaf of raw wheat when she can have its goodness concentrated in delicious cereals and bread. THEN WHY give children bulky cod liver oil when there is a better, really convenient and delicious way to take it...White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets?

Medical science proves the

HEALTH-PROMOTING VITAMINS A AND D

*of cod liver oil are concentrated in
these candy-like tablets*



The seal of the American Medical Association (Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry) bears witness to this fact.

Science now gives you a pleasant, most convenient way of feeding your children the precious vitamins A and D of cod liver oil—without the nauseating, fatty acids which are so often upsetting. It gives you these valuable vitamins in candy-like form—White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets.

Each tiny tablet contains the vitamins A and D of a teaspoonful of cod liver oil...Contains those qualities which aid in building resistance and promoting growth...Fine for teeth and bones.

Your child gets an accurate dose...You can be sure that the vitamin potency is always constant. The tablets are protected against the destructive effects of time, light, and atmospheric changes.

Grown-ups find these tablets easy to carry, easy to take—no bulk, no mess.



White's COD LIVER OIL
CONCENTRATE
TABLETS



A THOUSAND

for the

FOR more than three hundred years now, America has marked the debarkation of the little band of courageous Pilgrim Fathers at bleak Plymouth Rock by sitting down on the last Thursday of each November to a dinner of turkey and stuffing and cranberry sauce and all the rest of the gastronomic tid-bits that go with the time-honored treat. So firmly has the custom of Thanksgiving turkey become established that families who unpatriotically eschew the tasty fowl in favor of chicken or beefsteak or pork chops are viewed with something akin to suspicion. A year ago, a hardy housewife who dared to serve a nicely browned duck on Thanksgiving Day would have been talked about in the neighborhood.

It was only a little more than a year ago that a young vaudeville comedian came to the airwaves, convulsed millions of listeners with a zany line: "Wanna buy a duck?" and, as a result, more Thanksgiving diners will sit down to

• Joe Penner's been fattening up all those gift ducks admirers have sent him to provide Thanksgiving Day dinners for tiny inmates in eastern orphanages

B Y



PENNER DUCKS

Orphans' Thanksgiving

a feast of duck this year than ever before in the history of the nation. Authority for that seemingly sweeping statement is no less than the Long Island Duck Growers' Marketing Co-operative, Inc., which impressively named organization, composed of the principal duck raisers in the principal duck raising center of these United States, further declares that since the rollicking Joe Penner made his radio debut about eighteen months ago, the sales of ducks have increased more than forty percent!

Just how the nation at large will view this radical change in its Thanksgiving eating habits is a matter of conjecture, but one thing is certain. That is, that scattered in various orphanages and childrens' homes throughout the land are several hundred youngsters with razor-edge appetites who will welcome the change with cheers that will resound from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. They will reap the benefit of a unique charity which Joe Penner, now in Hollywood making a movie, will institute this Thanksgiving.

You must remember that this Thanksgiving finds Joe in the peculiar position of having more for which to be thankful than he ever had before. Two years ago he was thankful because he was a fairly well paid vaudeville performer, who worked pretty regularly, and who liked his job. A year ago, he offered up heartfelt thanks because he had landed a radio job, and was trying with all his might and main to make good on it. This Thanksgiving he will be able to give more fervent thanks than ever before—thanks that at last, after years of hard work, everlasting plugging, he has reached the topmost rung of fame's tricky ladder.

And oddly enough Penner, to whom fame came in large part because of that one crazy line: "Wanna buy a duck?," will have for his Thanksgiving dinner out there on the coast . . . a nice tender turkey!

"Say, I couldn't eat a duck," he explains. "Why I'd almost feel like a cannibal!"

You'd probably feel the same way about ducks if ducks had done as much for you as they've done for this modest, retiring young man. But to get back to the story of the cheer that Joe will dispense this Thanksgiving among the kiddies in the orphanages and homes.

A couple of days after Joe made his very first broadcast over a national network, as a guest star on Rudy

Vallee's program, an expressman brought to the offices of the National Broadcasting Company, then at 711 Fifth Avenue, in New York, a canvas-covered crate from which emerged noises of such a peculiar nature that artists, page boys, hostesses, musicians, and executives alike paused to peer and speculate. The crate was addressed to "Joe Penner, care of Rudy Vallee program, National Broadcasting Co., 711 Fifth avenue, New York City." The express charges were prepaid and, unaware of the vociferous contents of the mysterious crate, none of the NBC staff knew exactly what to do about it. The relieved expressman deposited his burden, and hurried away from there. Finally one, more intrepid than the rest, raised the edge of the canvas cover. There was a hissing, honking squawk that defied description, and the astounded beholders saw, encased in the crate, a duck. Eye-witness stories conflict with regard to which appeared more bewildered—the group of NBC executives or the duck.

At any rate, the executives acted first, although of course, they do not deserve too much credit for that, because they had it on the duck. They were not in a crate and the duck was. One of the executives sensed a connection. "Oh, I remember now," he enlightened the others: "That fellow Penner, on the Vallee broadcast the other night, had some line about a duck that got a big laugh. Bet this is a come-back from some witty listener." They decided to send the duck to the office of Marty Sampter, Penner's manager.

Sampter tried to pass the buck—or perhaps it should be "pass the duck"—by sending it on to Penner's apartment, but the doorman wouldn't let it in. So back it went to Sampter's office again, by this time a pretty disgruntled duck, and quite fed up with life in a big city. Sampter found the duck in his office the next day. He didn't even know what ducks eat. He offered it various delicacies from the restaurant downstairs before he hit upon the happy thought of phoning a pet shop. That solved the duck's problem, but not Sampter's.

That night sitting disconsolately in a Broadway restaurant, Sampter happened to meet Nils T. Granlund, a well-known character in the night spots of Mazda Lane. To Granlund he confided his dilemma concerning the unwelcome duck in his office. "Send it out to my farm in New Jersey," the obliging Granlund offered, and so elated was Sampter that he paid the dinner (Continued on page 76)

R U T H G E R I



because he had too much to do! That was his income as general musical director of the World Broadcasting System, makers of electrical transcriptions. Haenschen continues to supply the music backgrounds for the Bayer half-hour periods on both CBS and NBC and for the Captain Henry "Show Boat" program on the latter. If he can find the time Haenschen may form his own company to manufacture wax recordings of broadcasts, in which event he hopes to make much more than the \$50,000 annual salary relinquished.

* * *

Then there is Bing Crosby. That personable young man is doing so well that he has organized himself into three

By MERCURY

Ben's...
one...
ack...
rally...
regards
to
G.
Sweetest,
en, tempo
ive heard in
ages—Music
by Joe Venuti

John Boles-offered
a Chicago
Commercial

Leah Ray
is a knitting
champion!

● RED DAVIS
CHAMPIONS, these
attractive basketball
players are all the
popular NBC star's
leading ladies



Leon Belasco in
to be a big movie
producer —
Lillian R.
husband
won't let
her

leave
good old
New York

AS this modern Mercury scurries about serving as the messenger of the radio Gods, he, she or it—take your choice—finds conditions in the air castles most exciting. All the old favorites are back on the kilocycles, as well as some new ones, and is business booming!

Such an Autumn hasn't been known in the big studios in years. In fact, there is so great a demand upon the facilities of the chain broadcasters that Columbia is contemplating a second network. If it materializes CBS will be on an equal footing with NBC which already has two coast-to-coast circuits, although most listeners forget that the Aylesworth Airways consist of two distinct units.

Columbia now finds itself unable to accommodate advertisers eager to buy time on the choice evening spots—from 7 to 10 p. m.—and the same condition obtains at NBC. This is forcing a lot of sponsors to daytime periods and that means bigger and better salaries for a lot of deserving artists.

* * *

If you don't think things are prosperous along Radio Row consider the case of Gus Haenschen, the popular handsman. He just quit one job and a salary of \$50,000 a year

different corporations—one for his radio work and recordings, another to handle his movie contracts and the third to cover the business activities of his California ranch. Which reminds Mercury that Russ Columbo, whose name was bracketed with Bing's a few seasons ago in the famous "battle of the baritones," has also taken out papers of incorporation. So far Russ has found Russ Columbo, Inc., a great gag at parties. When called upon for a song, Russ explains he can't oblige—every offer to sing must first be passed upon by his board of directors!

Returning to Crosby, an interesting sidelight on his personality comes to Mercury's ears from a Hollywood informant. As you know, Mack Sennett, famous producer of screen comedies, recently went into bankruptcy. And it

was Sennett who gave Crosby his first chance in the movies—and not as a bathing beauty, either. And so what? Well, Bing is now staking Sennett, coming to his financial assistance, while the once glorifier of gorgeous girls who never went near the water is rehabilitating himself. This, mind you, is all being done very much sub rosa for Bing is not one to parade such deeds before the public.

* * *

RANDOM ITEMS

Things are really happening so fast along Radio Row that it is difficult to keep up with the current of events but here are some random items:

Phillips Lord and NBC, after a series of misunderstand-

ings, have kissed and made up. By the time you read this in your favorite radio magazine, the cruise of the *Seth Parker* should be resumed on the airwaves. Lord got into several jams trying to pilot his windjammer (no pun intended) around the world and suddenly got becalmed. John Royal, NBC vice-president in charge of programs, responding to Lord's SOS, went to the rescue and finally steered the *Seth Parker* off the shoals.

Jack Benny has again changed sponsors and now is cutting up capers for General Foods . . . The Soconyland Sketches are off the air after a run of seven years, something of a radio record. They gave their 378th performance when the final curtain rang down September 25th . . .

Mildred Bailey is broadcasting again, now being associated with Willard Robison's orchestra, a fine organization which has also had its radio ups and downs.

"Going to Town," which you hear Sunday nights on an NBC-WJZ hook-up, came near being suddenly suspended. Ed Lowry, Tim and Irene Noblette, Grace Hayes and her fiancé, Newell Chase, are among the stars on that variety bill. Well, it seems they held widely divergent ideas as to who is the real star of the program. And fell to bickering so among themselves over this momentous matter that NBC executives became disgusted and nearly threw the whole combination right off the air. With any program where the entertainers are together (Continued on page 58)



● Elizabeth Day unleashes a spine-chilling yell during the "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood" broadcast over CBS

NOT
and
AIRY

The Switchman's Son becomes a KING

WAYNE KING started out to be a railroad man. Because his father was a railroad man.

Harold Wayne King was born in Savannah, Illinois, thirty-four years ago. He has three brothers, all of them widely separated. His father was a boomer switchman, an itinerant sort who worked there for a time and then went on to another town. The wife and mother died when Wayne was seven years old. Life couldn't have been easy for the King family for Wayne remembers that he and his brothers were burdens to their parents.

Wayne's first job was as a boy assistant to a doctor in an Oklahoma town. The doctor paid him seventy-five cents a week for working before and after school. He answered the telephone, cleaned up the place and ran errands. One day he found the doctor's shotgun. He wondered if it was loaded. He pulled the trigger. It was. Unfortunately when the gun went off it was pointed directly at the doctor's desk. It blew in the side of the desk and put in a big hole right through the doctor's bills payable file. The result of that escapade was that the doctor never did find out again just who owed him what and why. And Wayne was fired.

Down in Texas the young King started in his father's profession through the sheer inertia of boyhood. Like most fifteen-year-old kids he had no particular ambition. His dad was a railroader. So Wayne would be one. But already he was starting to show his love for music. The father got him a clarinet. He practiced on it and soon railroading was far from his mind. At an age when most kids live in comfortable family circumstances depending on mothers and fathers for everything, Wayne was already on his own. If he wanted to go to school he would have to work it out for himself. In fact anything that he wanted to do was his own problem.

By his own labors and resources Wayne educated himself. At Valparaiso University in Indiana he prepared himself



● The Waltz King in his own plane talks over new plans with his air sponsor, Lady Esther

to become a certified public accountant. He put himself through school playing that clarinet in the school orchestra. In those days Judge Elbert Gary was preparing young college men to work in his steel mills at Gary, Indiana. There they even had a university club. All of which led to dances and parties at which Wayne and his college companions furnished the music.

Nowadays Wayne King is famous the land over. He's successful and prosperous. He wins popularity contests. He has a wife and a year-old daughter. He lives in the Edgewater Beach apartments on Chicago's northside in a roomy penthouse. He drives a big car and an airplane. He owns a beautiful wooded tract in Wisconsin which he calls a farm but which to any one else would be a rustic country estate. He plays nightly to thousands at the Aragon ball room just a few blocks from his home. In addition he does four commercial programs a week over both the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting system networks for a cosmetic sponsor (Lady Esther) and next fall may add two more.

JUST off the stage of the Aragon he has a little office of his own. The handle has been taken from the door. You can't get in unless the person inside opens the door for you. The office is sparsely decorated. There's a picture of Wayne and George Olsen with Paul Whiteman when they met Paul on his arrival in Denver to be married. There's a fraternity foolscap and another showing him to be a Shriner. No one gets in that private office except those few people Wayne trusts and respects and before whom he can speak and act freely. There he unburdens himself.

The band was playing outside as he told us of his early life. There are parts he skips over quickly, like the first days when he was out of college . . . when at times he could only afford ten-cent meals, when he'd go into a cheap restaurant with only a dime and get whatever (Continued on page 62)

Poverty and unhappiness were the early lot of Wayne King who worked up to monarch of waltz time . . . By CHARLES GILCHREST



• The famous leader, Wayne King, with his wife who was Dorothy Janis, who gave up a film career for marriage

FATE SHOWERED GIFTS

Gladys

She's from Missouri, this beautiful young opera singer with the All-American career, now a big air favorite

BY ROSE HEYLBUT

● Miss Swarthout is the "Met's" most perfectly groomed star, and one of the prettiest of mike's songbirds



ONE Sunday night, about four years ago, I was in the wings of the Metropolitan Opera House. The Sunday night concerts, as you know, are made up of solo numbers by great stars, not-so-great stars, and just plain singers. The routine is for the performers to remain in their dressing-rooms until called for their own turns, and to go back directly after. As a general thing, only the call-boys adorn the wings. But this night, there was someone else there. A slim, svelte girl, in a gorgeous red velvet gown, sat there, on a battered piano stool, throughout the entire performance, studying the artists, watching their every breath with those great dark eyes of hers, absorbing every note of what went on. It was the first time I had ever seen a music-student back stage, and it was pretty thrilling to note her keenness. Then the assistant conductor beckoned to her, saying, "You're next, Miss Swarthout!" She got up unconcernedly, went out before that great gold curtain, and sang something out of Tchaikovsky's "Joan of Arc" . . . one of the most difficult arias of operatic repertoire. Then, when the thunder of applause had subsided, she came back to that stool in the draughty wings, and went on studying the methods of the stars. That was around 1930 . . . she wasn't nearly a star herself then, and when the other singers spoke a word to her in passing, she rose and addressed them standing. You'd give more than one glance to a girl like that.

YOU like Gladys Swarthout for her earnestness, her tremendous enthusiasm, her easy charm of manner, quite regardless of the fact that she's extremely beautiful to look at and listen to. She's sympathetic. She's likeable. There's something about her . . . Maybe it's that easy, breezy Western-ness that makes you think of space and sunshine and natural things. She was born in Deep Water, which doesn't mean trouble in this case, but a small mining town in Missouri, at the foot of the Ozarks, where the entire population would fill one concert hall. She has always been musical and comes from a musical family. One of her cousins is Dean of Music at the University of Kansas, another occupies the same post in the University of Southern California, and her sister, Mrs. Roma Swarthout Slaughter, is her vocal teacher. Incidentally, Gladys gives her the entire credit for her career.

She tells you that the most thrilling recollection of her childhood goes back to the day when a grand piano was delivered to her home. She determined to be a singer at seven . . . not for the glamour of the job, but because the contralto soloist at church didn't please her, and she felt that she *just had* to do better (Continued on page 77)

ON

Swarthout



© Out of an Ozark mining town Gladys Swarthout worked her way up to her sensational success in opera and radio

Why You Can Laugh

THIS is the saga of a young feller tryin' to get along. And not making a bad job of it. His name—and it's the square moniker—is Walter O'Keefe. The initials, you'll notice, are "O. K." So is Walter. The old man's name was Michael. And before His Riverince made her Mrs. O', his mother was Mary Mulcahy. He went to St. Thomas Academy to study for the priesthood. After that to Notre Dame. Perhaps you're gathering that the O'Keefe is as Irish as the black cows of Kerry. He is. Even now a bit o' the brogue slips from his agile tongue to flavor his words with a breath of peat smoke. He has a way with him, has Walter

His, too, has been the luck o' the Irish. Mostly bad. But what's ill fortune to a lad gifted with grit? And that's what Walter has nothing else but. When a fellow can laugh like a Limerick Leprachaun when he's seized in the grim and ghastly grip of a scourge like infantile paralysis, that's proof enough of pluck. Ask F. D. R. He knows!

But, whoa, Nellie, we're getting ahead of the story! So let's go back a bit, because it is necessary to know the beginnings of O'Keefe in order to understand what manner of man he is, the reason of his success, and why he is destined for greater glories in the field of entertainment which he has marked as his own. He'll realize all his ambitions.

Hartford, which I understand is in Connecticut, is the old home town. And baby O'Keefe took his first bow on August 18, 1900. To save the trouble of counting on your fingers, that makes him thirty-four. No, he doesn't look it, does he? Well, that's what good, clean living will do for a chap. The first dozen years of his life were pretty unimportant. Then things began to happen. At twelve he was shipped off to an uncle Mulcahy in England, and put in two years at an English public school—which is really private—near London. Wimpleton, to be exact. That brings the record up to 1914. There was a war that year. Walter came home. And finished his prep schooling in the U. S. A.

Although by now he had abandoned the youthful idea and ideal of a priestly career, the boy was filled with a burning ambition to continue his education. An ambition, incidentally, that stays with him still, and always will. He likes to learn. When he was graduated from St. Thomas he selected Notre Dame to be his Alma Mater. No lesser university would do. Not for the O'Keefe. Yet there was



● He wrote his first big song hit when he was recovering from an attack of infantile paralysis in a middle-west hospital room

divvil a dime at all for educational purposes in the family exchequer. For the family hadn't stopped with Walter. There was Theresa and Jack. And it costs money to rear a family.

But—and now you're getting a first slant at the O'Keefe character—Walter had determined to attend Notre Dame. And attend he did. He worked his way through. It wasn't a soft touch. But it gave him his chance. Many men revere Knute Rockne's memory for many things. O'Keefe never ceases to be grateful for aid extended by the great grid-iron genius during that first year. And Walter wasn't even material for a fifth horseman.

Nevertheless, he roomed in Rockne's house. The daily schedule was something like this: Up at five to be at the offices of the South Bend "News-Times" at six. From six to eight he pushed 'phone plugs at the newspaper switch-board. Then classes until noon. Half an hour for lunch—which didn't help his digestion—and then an hour's rehearsal with the Glee Club before lectures again until three. Until five-thirty his labors were in the laboratory where he arranged botanical specimens. And from then until nine, back on the "News-Times" job. After that, nothing to do 'til tomorrow! Except, of course,

a few hours' intensive study to keep up with the rigorous requirements of Notre Dame. No, it wasn't a soft touch. But O'Keefe has what we refined folk call intestinal stamina. Guts to you.

He went back for more the second year. And somehow found time to play a part in the varsity play. He was "Pete, the Pest" in the South Bend version of "The College Hero". Now, here was a youngster avid for education, willing to sweat and save and sacrifice in order to emerge from the dumb-bunny class. But when President Wilson said the word, and George Cohan wrote "Over There", the boy discarded every personal consideration and signed on with the Marines. He joined the Navy, but he didn't see the world. Indeed, all he saw was Paris Island. Which was a major catastrophe to a kid—an Irish kid, at that—who craved action in Flanders fields.

However, Walter was sufficiently the philosopher to know that the percentage is all against fighting Fate or City Hall. He took it as it came, and when he was mustered out of the service, calmly took up where he had left off. Back at Notre Dame he established a (Continued on page 73)

● Notre Dame gave Walter O'Keefe his educational background, but trouble and illness taught him how to smile at fate when things seemed to go wrong for this favorite radio entertainer

now with

WALTER O'KEEFE

● O'Keefe sings with gestures
his own song hit, "The Man
on the Flying Trapeze"



BY HERB CRUIKSHANK

They sing their Love Song every day



OZZIE
NELSON

HARRIET
HILLIARD

OZZIE Nelson said, "Boo! G'way!"

That was when he was asked about his heart. There's nothing the matter, you must understand, with Ozzie's heart, except that it beats a bit faster than the thrum of the rhythm section of his orchestra when he turns, as he often does, during a broadcast, and gazes upon a slender, satiny blonde—name of Peggy Lou Snyder.

"G'way," said Ozzie. "You understand? I duwanna talk about that."

"You nasty man," I shouted, "maybe you're married to this Snyder girl."

"Boo! Shoo!" cried out the Snyder girl, who, I almost forgot to mention, is named professionally, Harriet Hilliard.

So I booed and went to Milton Roemer, who used to sell furniture, but who went radio mad and became a martyr to broadcasting.

"Scram!" thundered M. Roemer. "There's to be no publicity about that romance business. It's bad for Ozzie; it's bad for Harriet. The public likes 'em young and single. Sappy young men like to imagine themselves the beloved of Harriet; certain young women, indicate by their mail, that they'd like to have Ozzie for a sweetheart. That's good theatre; good radio. Whether Ozzie loves Harriet, or vice versa, or both, it's nobody's business."

"Says you," I says to Mr. Roemer, "so who wants it official? All we have to do is stand beside Ozzie when he sings a love song and



BY MIKE PORTER

watch the bovine aspect of his eyes; or if that is unconvincing, get yourself a load of the wrapt expression of that Snyder girl when she coos into the mike and steals side glances at Nelson, who, you may have heard, is one of the youngest and most popular of the band masters. It's been that way for three years nearly, and, well, if the two of them are one, nobody ever was able to find it in the books—and personally, I think they're still single, because I never have known a married man, or even a married woman to look so moony at a mate as Nelson looks at Hilliard—and the other way around.

It's a gag in the studios to stand by and watch 'em as they sing. To the professional eye it is obvious that only instinctive showmanship prevents each from forgetting all about the audience.

Look up at the title to this piece and quote it, and you're saying what everybody on Radio Row says—"They Sing Their Love Song Every Day". And we on Radio Row know that their singing is not all done for the delectation of the public's ears.

But there's this to remember if you're suspecting that Ozzie and Harriet might (if they haven't already) run off any day and tangle themselves up in the matrimonial skein—that Ozzie said to a sob sister, not long ago: "I will not marry as long as I have to run an orchestra."

Unfortunately for both of these youngsters, Ozzie must needs do quite a spell of orchestra conduction to reach his financial independence. But of course, if you're a big-hearted philanthropist and want to hasten things, well you can toss Ozzie a check for half a million and tell him to go ahead and marry the girl.

The talk of marriage, even of wooing, or of any tender emotion between Ozzie and his platinum-topped vocalist, is thoroughly discouraged by his entourage. And by "entourage", I mean, of course, the stooges who act as his advisors and managers. The very taboo of this subject is the most eloquent confirmation of the existence of the tender passion. Both Ozzie and Harriet agree (they must still be single when they agree so heartily) that romance inside the organization, especially when it is an entertainment unit, is bad business. But what can one do when one is overcome by the Great Sentiment? One cannot dismiss that palpitation of the heart, or disguise that caressing note that slips into one's song, when one is in the throes. Ah, but they're both young. Perhaps all of us shall live to see the day when the press agents openly refer to the Nelson-Hilliard tie-up as that of radio's happiest married couple.

But at the moment, Ozzie says, "Boo!" And Harriet echoes, "Boo—go 'way!" The talk (Continued on page 60)

● Ozzie and Harriet go into their radio act but it's real love in bloom for these two



Cinderella's



By R. H. ROWAN

Boy friend

RADIO has found its modern reincarnation of Cinderella and given her a crooning troubadour for a Prince Charming who chose his heroine, not with a glass slipper but with a nation-wide test of blues voices. Cinderella doesn't need beautiful feet any more and her good godmother is a soup company. Their kingdom is a network of airwaves that will carry the story of their romance over eighty-six stations so that millions in homes all over the world will follow, week by week, the up-to-date version of a glamorous, thrilling romance.

When the Campbell Soup Company decided to put "Hollywood Hotel" on the air for three years they signed handsome Dick Powell of the flickers as the leading man for the broadcasts. Then they searched the country for a heroine and through a series of local and national auditions finally selected Rowene Williams, a Minneapolis girl who had won the Chicago test for the role. Commencing with October 12, nations tune in and follow the exciting episodes of this new fairy story with Hollywood as a background and with such well known air artists as Ted FioRito's orchestra, El Brendel as a waiter, Cy Kendall as a hotel manager and Louella Parsons, prominent movie critic with her famous guest stars of the film world all participating in the entertainment.

Only this time Cinderella takes second place and Prince Charming, known to countless fans as Dick Powell wins the spotlight. Feminine thousands who have built Dick into a camera star will sigh with envy at Cinderella's opportunity. Young Powell is ideal material for the part he plays in "Hollywood Hotel". It's really his own story. In the past two years from the obscurity of master of ceremonies in the middle west

and Pennsylvania towns he has risen to one of the important cinema celebrities around whom ornate and extravagant musical productions are built. Now he's established as an ether "Cinderella's Boy Friend".

Dick is six feet tall, has blue eyes and auburn hair, weighs 172 pounds and with his exciting voice sings his way into all those fluttering feminine hearts. He was once a husband, in fact, before he was twenty-one but the marriage didn't last and he's again a Hollywood bachelor. Nobody knows for how long.

His real name is Richard E. Powell and he was born thirty years ago in a small settlement of the Ozark Mountains, Mount View, Ark., to be exact. On No-

vember 14 he'll observe his thirtieth birthday. He's a real product of the hill-billy section of America and did his first crooning at the age of four when some railroad engineer taught him to warble "Casey Jones". He still sings it on special occasions. The town where his earliest years were spent boasted of only 1,200 inhabitants and when he saw his first street car at the age of ten he was so frightened, he couldn't understand what had become of the horses he thought should draw it.

He's the middle one of three brothers, the eldest of whom is also a singer and when Dick learned his ABC's he had to ride miles to the small country school, jogging along on an old horse behind the older Powell boy. Their father sold harvester machines to the whole countryside and it looked to the boys in those days as though all their lives would be spent in the Ozarks. They did move during Dick's childhood to Berryville which was slightly larger than Mount View and on the north boundary of Arkansas, and when Dick was ten they packed their household belongings once more and took up the family residence in Little Rock, the state's capital. It was here that Dick saw his first street car and where he finished grammar school with all the laurels of an honor student. He didn't repeat this success in high school, just getting by but at that time he was so much more interested in music than in algebra or languages, he could not give the academic course his best efforts.

While a high school sophomore he took singing lessons, learned to play a cornet and decided he wanted to join a band. His family were so tolerant of his ambitions his father bought him a saxophone and his mother a baritone horn. Then they all had to listen to Dick every night. What the neighbors thought has never been admitted. But soon Dick organized what he called "The Peter Pan" orchestra, playing for week-end dances around Little Rock. Dick not only played one of the wind instruments but he usually offered a vocal chorus.

Dick's brother, a tenor in a church choir got the younger Powell offspring into the choir and sixty dollars a month compensation to boot. Later he obtained a job in a synagogue for the Friday night services and also sang at weddings and funerals. In between he clerked in a grocery store, was a soda jerker another summer, worked as a meter tester for a power company and frequently did heavy manual
(Continued on page 70)



● Dick Powell, singing star of the films and radio, becomes Prince Charming



The Beautiful

CONCLUSION

● The studio door swung open. The three men looked up. Margy Wayne took two steps into the studio, paused and smiled charmingly at them.



HAVING walked out on the radio act, given Toby and the Professor the air, Margy was in none too happy a frame of mind when she woke up the next morning. Her slumbers had been interrupted many times with waking thoughts as she went over the past few days. She was worried about Toby. He might give up his whole radio career en-

tirely and she was very much afraid the professor might go back to his heavy drinking again.

As she answered the ringing telephone, she yawned sleepily into the mouthpiece—

"Good morning, Margy". She recognized the voice instantly. It was Professor Gus. She almost laughed out loud because he didn't sound as if he had spent a night with a bottle of brandy.

"I'm down at the corner," he continued. "May I come up for a few minutes?"

"Give me ten minutes—no, eight will be enough, to dress and put some coffee on and come on up," Margy said.

In exactly eight minutes the buzzer sounded. The professor entered the apartment and Margy's anxious eyes brightened when she saw he

Stooge

BY PETER DIXON

The thrilling adventures of two men and a beautiful girl seeking success in the broadcast studios where Toby Malone, vaudeville ham, became a popular air comedian with the help of a gag-writing college professor and Margy, the red-headed waitress, who learned about stooging and love in two radio auditions



“Men,” she said to herself, “Are either the darndest fools or the darndest liars. In this case, I think my boy friends are both.”

Illustrations by Carl Pfeufer

looked remarkably fit. His eyes were just a trifle tired but there were no other signs of dissipation.

The professor grinned engagingly at Margy.

“I hope I didn’t wake you,” he said.

“I’m glad you did,” Margy answered. “How about a cup of coffee?”

“Splendid.”

Both of them carefully avoided mention of what had happened the day before until the professor had a second cup of coffee in front of him.

“My dear,” he began, looking first at Margy and then down into the steaming black fluid. “I’m going to be very presumptuous.”

Margy said nothing.

“It’s about yesterday. Uh . . . about your change in plans!”

Margy didn’t look angry when she spoke. There was a hint of a smile.

“Professor, you’ve come to ask me to go back in the act with Toby.”

He was silent for a moment, then he nodded his head slowly. “Yes. I think I can explain Toby. Toby

wouldn’t have behaved as he did,” the professor continued, not quite at ease, “if it hadn’t been for his—uh—emotional condition.”

“Excited, you mean?” Margy asked, looking keenly at him.

“No, Toby—uh—Toby is in love!”

“What?”

“In fact, I have good reason to believe that he is in love with you.”

MARGY stared wide-eyed at the professor. This was something she hadn’t expected. In fact, the idea that Toby had ever given her a second thought other than as his stooge had never entered her mind. Nor did the professor’s statement harmonize with Toby’s utterances of the night before.

“You’re wrong, professor,” she said. “Toby isn’t in love with me. Not a bit. Besides I think he’s got a wife some place.”

“Had a wife,” the professor corrected. “He found out last week that she had divorced him in Chicago!”

“Oh,” said Margy. “Toby hadn’t mentioned that.”

"But what I wanted to say was that under the stress of his—uh—emotion, Toby was probably very careless in what he said. I'm sure he was upset at the very thought of you not working beside him."

Margy laughed shortly.

"And because Toby is in love with me—and I doubt it very much—you think I ought to go back and work with him?"

"I'm terribly worried about Toby," the professor said. "I'm really quite fond of him. Heart of gold sort of chap and all that sort of thing. Margy, I'm afraid he'll slip terribly as a result of this—uh—misunderstanding."

"Take to drink, you mean?"

"Yes. Possibly."

"Give up his whole career?"

"I'm afraid so. He said as much to me yesterday!"

Margy considered that a minute.

"Have you a script for the audition?" she asked.

"Yes," said the professor, "I finished it about three o'clock this morning."

"And the brandy too?"

"Brandy? I didn't have any brandy? I say, what are you talking about?"

"Nothing professor. I'd forgotten you were practically a tee-totaler these days. . . . May I see the script?"

"I have a copy here. Then you will be ready to rehearse this afternoon?"

Margy shook her head. "I didn't say that. But I'd like to see the script."

"But you will, won't you?"

● "David and I," said Margy proudly, "are engaged. We're going to be married."



"I don't think Toby would want me back—after what happened yesterday."

"Oh, I'm sure he would," said the professor earnestly. "Why, he's nuts about you. Uh—those were his words, not mine."

"By the way," Margy said innocently, "if this audition doesn't go through what will you do?"

"Oh, say. I forgot to tell you. I've been offered my old job back at the college. Might be a bit dull after this jolly radio business but still, it might be fun to train the young mind again. But, it's on account of poor Toby, you must give it another trial."

MMARGY had been glancing through the script.

"I'll think it over, professor," she said.

And she didn't say much more after that because she was thinking. The professor finished his coffee, excused himself and left.

As she heard his footsteps going down the stairs, Margy spoke to herself.

"Men," she said, grinning without realizing it. "Are either the darndest fools or the darndest liars. In this case, I think my boy friends are both."

After a while she said: "I wonder if either one of them really care for me?"

And still later—

"That will fix them!"

* * *

Toby and the professor met at the Consolidated studios at noon. Toby looked through the script and was enthusiastic.

"Prof, if we only had Margy, we'd be set," he declared.

"I think you're right, Toby! Perhaps she'll change her mind."

"Well," said Toby thoughtfully. "Dames are funny. She might at that."

NNEITHER even hinted to the other that they had seen and talked to the girl.

David Mason happened along the corridor.

"Already for the audition tomorrow night?" He asked.

"No," said Toby, "we aren't. I've heard every possible stooge in New York and there's not one of them good enough."

"What are you going to do?" Mason asked. He looked worried.

"Cancel the audition, I suppose," Toby said. He didn't dare let himself be too hopeful about Margy.

"You can't do that, Toby. That cigar account will go to National or Columbia and we'll lose the biggest piece of business that has come in in years. And you'll be through here."

Miss Gordon of the casting bureau came hurriedly through the corridor. She saw Toby.

"Oh, Mr. Malone. I've been looking everywhere for you," she gasped. "I think I've got just the girl you're looking for for that audition."

Toby and the professor jumped up in their excitement.

"Where is she?" Toby demanded. "I want to hear her right away!"

"That's the trouble," Miss Gordon said sadly. "She can't come in today. I believe she said she was calling from out of town. But she'll be in tomorrow by four o'clock!"

"What?" Toby spluttered. (Continued on page 66)

★ Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars ★



D O R I S K E N Y O N

This blonde beauty from the west coast is another film celebrity who has lent her singing voice to the airwaves. Miss Kenyon, the widow of Milton Sills, and now a concert star, is heard frequently on the Pacific stations

This genial ork pilot was on the Notre Dame football team, but found he'd make a better musician, so he bought a baton, organized an orchestra, obtained an air spot and is already a radio favorite

CHARLIE DAVIS

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson





Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

AL & LEE REISER

They're not brothers at all, Al and Lee Reiser, this veteran piano team of cousins who've been entertaining radio audiences on the NBC for a number of years and are now heard weekly over WJZ and WEA.

● R A L P H M A C B A N E

You'll hear more about this virile-looking actor who's recently joined radio's dramatic ranks. He has been heard in sketches on NBC and, before coming to America, was one of Max Reinhardt's actors in European productions.

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson





Portrait by Maurice Seymour

● B A B S R Y A N

She's peppy and she's cute this young songster whose vocal solos have brightened the Fred Waring programs on CBS this past year. Babs is heard in trick arrangements with her two brothers, also of the Waring crew

When I was

I KNOW all my friends will be greatly shocked to learn that I once was in jail. Irene Hubbard, or Maria, as I am better known to my radio audiences who tune in on the Maxwell House Showboat Hour; the Irene Hubbard who was educated at various schools and wound up at Vassar and then finally found her first and only love—the stage, actually stole a pair of silk stockings.

Think of it! And, as Captain Henry would say, "It was only the beginnin' folks". I was brutally herded into a patrol wagon by two burly men of the law and arraigned in court. I was accused of petty larceny, had to bear the deep humiliation of having my finger-prints taken, and what is more, I was given a number. I was branded a criminal. I can just hear you all saying, "wasn't that awful", "how shocking", "it must have been terrible."

But before you learn of this episode in my past through some other channel which might not reveal the true facts, the Editor of RADIO MIRROR kindly consented to let me make my confession in these pages, and before you judge me too harshly, please read on.

Years ago—and more years than I care to remember—I specialized in emotional histrionics. Yes, I was what was known then, as the "leading lady" of an itinerant stock or repertory company. I was billed as the "Lady of a Thousand Sorrows". I gloried in my art and was able to turn the tear ducts on and off at will. You must remember that in those halcyon days theatrical fare was a little to the "heavy" side and although the mechanics of a three-act play were a bit cumbersome and the denouement was always obvious after the first intermission, the audiences took their entertainment seriously and were super-loyal in their affections to the actor or actress who could stir their emotions.

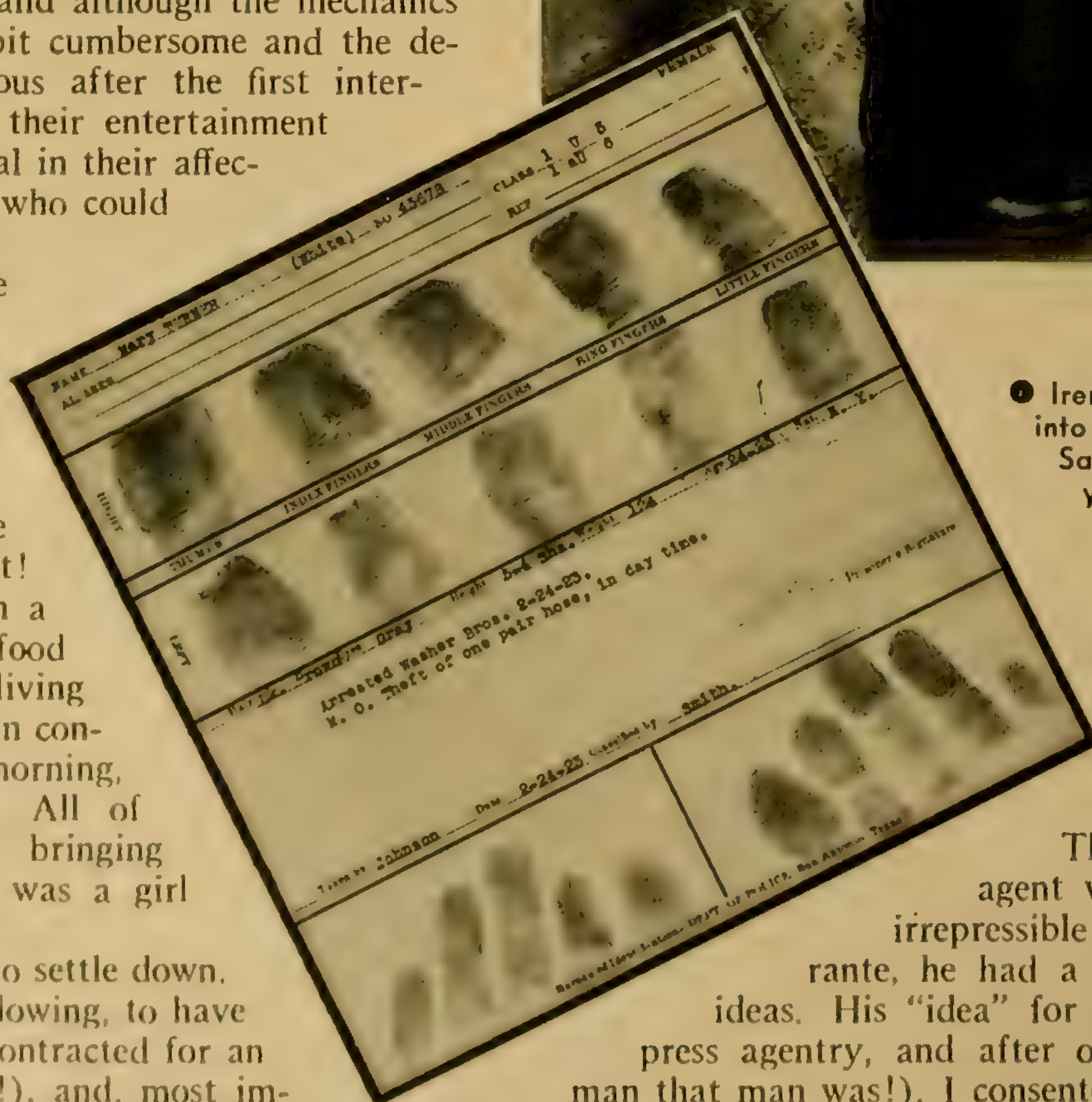
After a few seasons of one night stands and barn-storming (literally), I received an offer to enact the leading female roles in a stock company in San Antonio, Texas, my own home town. Ah, the thrill of it! My apprenticeship had been a hard one—cheap hotels, the food wasn't the best, practically living in a trunk, making those train connections at 3 p. x. in the morning, ad nauseam, ad infinitum. All of these weren't conducive to bringing out the best in a girl's (I was a girl then, if you please!) nature.

Here was an opportunity to settle down, to build up a permanent following, to have my own apartment (I was contracted for an entire season—imagine that!), and, most important, the company which had engaged my services enjoyed considerable reputation as a proving ground for ambitious young actresses.

My debut was to be in the role of Mary Turner, the wrongly-accused shop-girl in Bayard Veiller's most sensa-



● Irene Hubbard as she was helped into the "Black Maria" down in San Antonio, Texas; right, the young actress being finger-printed at headquarters



tional novel, "Within The Law". The theatre press-agent was one of those live-wire, irrepressible souls, and like Jimmy Durante, he had a "million of 'em"—I mean ideas. His "idea" for me was a daring piece of press agency, and after outlining it (what a salesman that man was!), I consented to be a component part of the stunt.

As the story goes, Mary Turner in the first act was sentenced to a long term in prison by the owner of the department store in which she worked, because she had been unjustly convicted of stealing a pair of silk stockings. It

in Jail

● The real Irene Hubbard as she appears on the Showboat Hour, many years after she went to jail to get her name on the front pages in Texas

BY IRENE HUBBARD

SHOWBOAT'S MARIA

● A ride in a police patrol, fingerprinted at Headquarters, the ignominy of iron bars, a thrilling rescue by a handsome actor—for publicity!



was quite a dramatic sequence and always managed to wring a few lachrymose tears from the hardest-hearted audience.

With this one bit in mind, our friend, the publicity man, secured the cooperation of the local police chief and made a further "tie-up" with the leading department store in San Antonio. Wearing the raiment of a poor but honest working girl, I was to enter the store and steal a pair of stockings from a counter. The store detective was to pounce upon me just at the psychological moment, newspaper photographers were to be posted at strategic points and all details were carefully gone over.

Naturally, I was a bit nervous and wanted to back out at the last minute but my sporting instinct made me go through with my part of the bargain as promised.

I backed up to a counter, put my hand behind me and (Continued on page 64)

He plants Stars

BY DORA ALBERT



Bing Crosby



Lee Wiley



Morton Downey

Helen Jepson



IN the dizzy firmament of radio, where fame so often strikes unexpectedly and failure stalks the tragic figures of those who were told that success would be theirs for the asking, there is one man who has shown an almost uncanny ability to pick out the future stars of the air. Paul Whiteman. To him belongs the credit for the discovery of Bing Crosby, Morton Downey, Mildred Bailey, Lennie Hayton and a host of others. It was he who took a composer of popular tunes, George Gershwin, and inspired him to write America's most famous modern symphony, "Rhapsody in Blue". And to bring this story up to date, he has just discovered Helen Jepson. She sang with Paul Whiteman's band a couple of times, and lo and behold the Metropolitan Opera Company signed her to play leads.

To be discovered by Whiteman is almost like having stardom placed in your lap. Sooner or later, most of Paul's discoveries become stars on their own. Even though for years they may have to croon their tunes to an indifferent public.

Crosby and Al Rinker were nothing but a vaudeville team playing in cheap theatres when Paul Whiteman discovered them. Al Rinker, by the way, is Mildred Bailey's brother, Rinker being her real name.

Paul Whiteman liked Crosby's voice and signed Rinker and Crosby.

"I guess that was just about the biggest thrill I've ever had," Bing said later in telling about it. "The idea that a great band leader like Whiteman should actually send for a couple of punks like us seemed too inconceivable to be true."

But just because Paul Whiteman liked Crosby's voice was no sign that the public was going to take to it like a duck to water. It didn't.

When Paul took the two boys East on a tour of various theatres they flopped cold. He added a third member to the team, Harry Barris, and called them the Rhythm Boys, but

they still flopped cold. But Whiteman's faith didn't swerve.

When Bing Crosby sang on the Paramount stage, the management of the Paramount Theatre objected.

"For heaven's sake, Paul," they told Whiteman, "we know most of your act is good, but what's the idea of sticking a team like that into it? Don't you know that this chap, Bing Crosby, can't sing? Why don't you drop him from your act?"

"I had to pay the trio \$750 a week not to sing," Paul Whiteman told me, grinning. "The two boys played the piano and Bing slapped a cymbal. Two years later Paramount was paying Bing a few thousand dollars a week just to sing.

"Lots of young people all over the country were wild about him; but at first I couldn't convince any of the theatre managements of that. Nor could I convince the people who were at that time sponsoring my radio program. They kept on telling me to drop Bing Crosby from my act. When I kept him on, they sent me letters threatening to fire me unless I fired him.

"Finally we got out to California. After a short time there, I was all fed up and ready to go back East, but Bing didn't feel that way about it. He'd spent five or six years trying to make a hit in the East and he had never clicked, so he thought that perhaps his big chance lay in California. He got an offer to sing with Gus Arnheim's Orchestra, and he asked to be released from his contract. I couldn't blame him exactly for wanting to try his luck in the Cocoanut Grove on the Coast. Even then he didn't click immediately. But when he did—zowie!

"Bing Crosby is one of my pets. He's a hit in pictures

in the Ether Sky

Paul Whiteman, still King of Jazz, knows how to pick potential air stars as well as hit tunes. He's helped a dozen artists to stardom in the past two years



Paul Whiteman, famous musical director, who's played godfather to dozens of aspiring artists



Jane Froman



George Gershwin



Mildred Bailey



Ramona

now, but I think he'll be even bigger if they let him play some good strong comedy leads. Bing is a natural comedian. He doesn't need any Jack Oakie in his pictures. He can carry a romantic lead and a comedy lead at the same time."

Morton Downey, in a way, is another discovery of Paul Whiteman's. I say "in a way", because, let the truth be told, Paul didn't like Morton Downey's voice when he first heard it.

"What," he groaned, "another Irish tenor! Why, if we go on a concert tour, John McCormack will lap up all the cream in every town we come to, and we'll come trailing behind him. Who'll care to hear another Irish tenor after hearing the magnificent McCormack?"

But Hugh Ernst, who was at that time Paul Whiteman's manager, was enthusiastic about Downey's voice. Since he couldn't make Paul see things his way, he signed up Downey while Paul was away on a trip to Europe. Then Paul had to take Downey with him, willy-nilly.

The Leviathan was at that time making her first passenger voyage under American colors, and Paul Whiteman's band was engaged to give concerts on the way across. Morton Downey, then a youngster of eighteen or nineteen, sang with the band.

"To get around the difficulty of his being another Irish tenor, I put a French horn in his hands," Paul Whiteman told me. "He couldn't play it, but I figured people would think he was a pretty good Irish singer for a fellow who held a French horn. Eventually he got so enthusiastic about the French horn that I had to put a cork in it to keep him from blowing it."

The truth was that Downey was pretty effective singing an Irish melody to his French horn. Even though he had objected to signing up Downey, in a short time Paul Whiteman was crazy about his voice. (Continued on page 71)

Howdy



● Charles Winninger, genial, white-haired pilot of the Maxwell House "Show Boat Hour," spent all his working years in the theater before turning to radio

Caricature by Cyrano

HOWDEE! Howdee!! Howdee!!!

Folks, meet Charlie Winninger, the triple personality boy from right off the boat! The "Show Boat". Twenty or thirty million of you know Charlie in the character he has assumed for a hundred solid weeks on the air. You've heard his "Happee New Year", and responded to the boom of his voice telling you that "this is only the beginning". Once upon a time the boys in the beanery and the scions of the salons were at one in shouting for a "shot of Java", or telling the Grik to "draw one in the dark". But Charles Winninger made American multitudes coffee conscious. Now it's Maxwell House or bust.

Scarcely fewer numbers recognize the snow-thatched star as a film fixture in the Hollywood firmament, and as a skilled, versatile veteran of a hundred theatrical hits. But materially in the minority are you who know Mr. Winninger as an exuberant "Good Time Charlie" who turns hand-springs on the dance floor of New York's exclusive Mayfair Club before an enthusiastic audience of staid, or stewed, celebrities of Gotham's gayer life. And, unless you're in the profesh, you'd never think of this same C. W. as a high-powered executive who perches behind a huge desk in a floor-filling suite of offices on the peak of a cloud-cutting skyscraper!

But, nevertheless, there he sits, answering long-distance calls from Hollywood studios, conferring with moguls of the show world, scanning continuities for coming broadcasts, and in between times auditioning acts which he, himself, independently sponsors to radio clients, agencies and public. Indeed, this Charles Winninger was new to me, too. I felt that I knew

By MARIS ANNE LANE

folks”



"Cap'n Henry," away from the broadcast studios prepares to enjoy an hour's quiet reading in his own home

him reasonably well in his other aspects. And I expected to talk to him as he cold-creamed the make-up off in some movie dressing-room, or in some corner of a broadcasting studio, or even over a cup o' tea, or something, in a cafeteria, or preferably a cafe without the teria. Even the back-stage atmosphere of the theater wouldn't have thrown me off balance. But when I entered that office marked "Private" and saw the Big Shot behind that desk at the far end, I felt as though I might be seeing Charlie Schwab or one of the Rockefellers for "Fortune".

When you're in a spot like this, the best way out is to sling a nice, general question that would take hours to answer, and let the other guy talk. That's what I'd do with a Rockefeller. That's what I did with the Winner.

"What about radio?" I asked. And he fell for it. I didn't have to speak again all afternoon.

"Ah, yes, radio," murmured Mr. Winner, or maybe it was "radio? Oh, yeah?", "well, there's room for vast improvement in programs. It seems to me that radio stands now just where the movies were about fifteen years ago. They were pretty chaotic then, you remember, but they were making a mess of money. That's the way with radio today.

"One error they're making is the mistake of some muscle-bound brains in attempting to exclude theatrical folk from the air. They'll tell you stage training is worthless on the radio. Shucks! No such thing! (He didn't say "shucks", but we'll keep it clean.) All this mystery about broadcasting is the bunk. And to prove it, why, after making a crack like that, do they go out and sign up Helen Hayes, Helen Menken, Walter Huston and dozens more to speak line for line through microphones scenes enacted on the stage?

"Another thing, I believe the sponsor of a program should get a break. Give the players a legitimate billing, yes. But that a program should become known as the Joe Doakes Hour, after the featured star, and the sponsor remain unknown, unhonored and unsung is not only bad business, but lousy showmanship. I'd like to inject a little showmanship into radio. And, by Jiminety, I'm going to try!

"They'll have to go to the theatre for both stars and material, just as Hollywood has been forced to do. There aren't enough show brains in the world to provide original shows for one time air presentations. It's a wicked waste even if it were possible. And, also, they are falling into the Hollywood error of mis-casting their people. For instance, once they gave Al Jolson proper material and roles, he became sensational, before that he was tottering. Just because he was mis-cast. The same applies to that marvellous comic, Al Trahan. It makes me weep when his talents are wasted. But some day they'll come to life. (Continued on page 68)



Miss Francis wears this Watteau velvet with jade green ostrich trim designed for her by Rose Sapphire

Winter Arlene



The saucer beret of black velvet with a sprig of paradise feather and a grosgrain bow perched on the edge of the brim



The old-fashioned sailor back again. Arlene's is of hatters' plush with metal ribbon and tiny veil reaching the eyes

THIS is one season when your last year's hat won't do at all. Fashions in late fall and early winter chapeaux are so decidedly new what with colors on black hats and feathers on everything. Arlene Francis pretty dramatic actress on the Borden's "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood" program over the WABC chain shows you the various models which Rose Sapphire, well known New York importer and designer favors right now.

First there is the Watteau of black velvet trimmed with jade green ostrich. It's typical of the eighteenth century and must be worn as Miss Francis shows you with most of the back of the head showing.

The pert little number in the beret family is a saucer shape of black velvet and putting the beret in the dress-up class with a strip of paradise trimming and tricky grosgrain bow right in front. Sailors are back again too, smaller than ever before of hatters' plush with metal-fringed ribbon trimming finished with a bow in the back and boasting of an eye-length fragile veil.

Rose Sapphire favors the large hat of felt and grosgrain combined for the cocktail hour.

Miss Sapphire has gone to India for inspiration in another afternoon hat which is called the Maharajah turban of ambre-ciré with ribbon fringe tied in front after the fashion of the Turkish aigrette. This will remind you of the dressy tea hats your mother used to wear when you were a girl.

Miss Francis whose dark tresses lend themselves as a glossy crown for these millinery prizes is ready for brisk days in town in a tweed felt beret with a perky little quill. The hat itself is cut along tricorné lines and is suitable with



Crowns for Francis



From India comes the inspiration for this smart Maharajah turban of ambre-ciré with aigrette of fringed ribbon



Below is the perfect hat for daytime wear in town, a triangular type beret of tweed with a perky quill for trimming

Photographs made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Bert Lawson



Miss Francis ready for a cocktail party in this large hat of black felt combined with wide grosgrain ribbon

tweed town clothes or cloth coats.

Fashion dictators this season have gone very gay on hats. They've searched into the dead centuries for ideas and the result is that the ladies may be as picturesque as to head gear as their type will allow. Of course, if you're the outdoors type, you'd be ridiculous in some of these extreme little numbers which are designed for the feminine woman.

On the other hand, even sports things have taken on a more romantic air in the process of softening their lines. Furthermore, according to Paris and New York, tweeds are proper everywhere, even at afternoon tea parties but instead of the severe sweaters, they've combined suits with flattering blouses of gorgeous new materials. This is one year when you'll have to do careful shopping if you want to look smart and your bank account entails strict limitations. This is not only true of hats but of dresses and coats which will be more difficult to copy this year than when houses were putting out what they called "Ford" models.

The gowns, whether for evening, street wear or informal occasions are all made on the simplest lines. The charm is in the material—gorgeous velvets, heavy crêpes, satins and the softest woollens.

Trains, as a general rule, are out on evening gowns which are again floor-length and even all around. So if you're planning to make last year's model do for this winter you'll have to get the scissors out and straighten the hemline.

Most of the big designers have gone in for purple in a big way and combine it with that luscious shade of dark red that was once called magenta. For the first autumn in several years blue is being shown, a deep midnight shade that's flattering for certain types.



On PACIFIC

Latest news and newest happenings behind the microphones and

HOW about starting the western journey this month by dropping into San Francisco, then up into the northwest and finally to the southwest?

Only, of course, while around the Golden Gate we mustn't mention the earthquake, fog or call it 'Frisco. Course you know it really was a fire, the fog is only a light mist and to call it 'Frisco would be to call down on all of us the wrath of the Native Sons of the Golden West and all the other like groups.

● Betty Jane Rhodes, thirteen-year-old high-school student has been given a two-year contract as a singer with station KFWB



Now that the Monday night KFRC jamboree gets on the CBS chain for part of the program, we might as well drop around and see some of the performers. The studios are a bit dingy, but what it lacks in that respect, is made up by the spontaneity of the folks there.

Harrison Holliway skippers the craft. He was the one-man technical force years ago. Now he runs the whole works. There's Edna O'Keefe, whose middle name is Patricia . . . born back in '12, the daughter of an Irish father and an Italian mother. The popular songster, with the wistful eyes, is a native daughter . . . got an audition when she finished school and has been radio-minded ever since. In private life she is the wife of Ronald Graham, a KFRC baritone.

Ronald Graham was born in Edinburgh, the son of a retired English army officer . . . travelled a good deal before settling in the bay region, graduating from Tamalpais High school and then to radio. Some twenty-five years old, he plays tennis, does pen and ink drawings rather well . . . six feet tall, about 160 pounds, blue eyes and brownish hair.

Then there is Earl Towner, whose specialty is directing vocal ensembles, but just now devotes his jamboree work to a male quartet. A graduate of Boston's famed music conservatory, he lives in Berkeley with his wife and three children, and his hobby is carpentering. Bespectacled, about 5 feet six in height, he has hazel eyes and a ready smile.

Now for Arnold Maguire, a native San Franciscan in his early thirties, who is "President of Hodge Podge Lodge," KFRC fun maker program, and heard also on the jamboree in character work. In rapid succession he has been an artist, photographer, salesman, reporter, stage actor and then to radio years ago. He has reddish brown hair, dark eyes and is married.

Harrison Holliway, master of the jamboree, was born in San Francisco 35 years ago, graduating from Lowell High and studying law at Stanford for awhile. He is an amateur yachtsman . . . (his father was a sea captain) . . . has a couple of youngsters . . . and never yearns to go back to the sea where he was once a commercial wireless operator before going into broadcast activities. We'll meet some more of the gang at another time.

* * *

Now that KJBS, San Francisco, and KQW, San Jose, have come under one ownership, with studios for both in San Francisco, Lena May Leland is heard more often, though she plays from the San Jose studios.

She has been staff pianist and music head of

BY DR. RALPH

the AIRWAVES

among the artists of the broadcast studios along the west coast

KQW for several years. She was born there and her young son is now in school. Rather small and petite in type, she is of Irish ancestry, and has dark hair and blue eyes. By the way, she is no relation of Charlie (Charles Bradford) Leland, who left Los Angeles for Chicago radio a year ago and seems to have disappeared from public sight and hearing.

And maybe you didn't know that Dudd Williamson, new KJBS-KQW announcer, used to be Dudd on the NBC Tom and Dudd duo. Dudd was born up in the Yukon territory thirty years ago; lives in the bay district and has one small son. He is heavy-built, six feet tall, weighs about 200, with sparkling dark eyes and coal-black hair. Besides straight announcing work, he is good at dialect impersonations. Wonder where his former team-mate Tom (Alfred T. Smith) is these days. He was a fine hockey player in off moments when not before the mike.

* * *

Did you know that Raylyn Kinney, KYA's well-groomed contralto, used to be a professional stage dancer? Yep. 'Tis true.

Or that Dixie Marsh, with her "Piano Intimacies" program on Oakland's KTAB, was born in Birmingham as Helen Marsh and in private life is Mrs. A. E. Ryan, and the mother of a 15-year old daughter who is a musical prodigy?

Or that Harold Peary, once with NBC but now at KTAB, was born in San Leandro, Cal. and the family name used to be Perez.

And my bay crystal-gazer also reports that Sam (Samuel P.) Moore, likewise of KTAB, was born in Monticello, Florida, on June 28th, 1887. Peary does dialect-type work, while Moore prefers the guitar and string instruments.

And I almost forgot to add that keyhole gossip says that NBC's contralto, Nanette La Salle, has been baby buggy shopping, and will have a new artist in the fold ere this reaches print.

* * *

A few years ago the name of Ted Roy, known as Oregon's "Singing Blacksmith," was second place winner in the national Atwater Kent nationals . . . The big, broad shouldered lad, who was born in Pilot Rock, Oregon, was a student at the Oregon State College in Corvallis when he won the singing contest and a scholarship at the Curtis Institute of Music.

With the contest won, he returned to Corvallis for his degree and married his accompanist, Barbara Edmunds. He has been on northwest stations, but since '32 has been with the NBC staff in San Francisco and as a member of its Knickerbocker

Male Quartet. He's also heard frequently as a soloist.

The "Singing Blacksmith" . . . his father was a smithy and Roy worked at the forge in vacation time . . . had to leave apartment after apartment when non-musical neighbors started to holler. So he rented a barn on a long-time lease for \$5 a month and, with his wife assisting, the one-time stable loft is now one of the coziest of 'Frisco studio-apartment places. It's comfortable and what's more important, neighbors aren't near (Continued on page 84)

● Glamorous Elissa Landi of the films who has appeared on programs which were broadcast out of the big studios in Los Angeles



L. POWER

A water boy at fifteen, a "Met" opera star at twenty-five, Everett Marshall is now an air sensation. The tall, handsome singer goes over some of his fan mail at the desk in the living room of his attractive Manhattan apartment



A visit with Everett Marshall



Mr. Marshall enjoys a leisure hour in his comfortable fireside chair; above, the popular baritone cooks his own breakfast

*Photographs made exclusively for
Radio Mirror by Bert Larson*

When Autumn Comes



(Left) Lowell Thomas and his young son enjoy a canter over the Cloverbrook Farm, Pawling, N. Y.



(Above) Announcer David Ross talks over a new song with Connie Gates as they enjoy a pleasant view from a hilltop

(Below) A bicycle built for one provides exercise and beauty aid for Rosa Ponselle, the "Met's" most famous songbird in radio



(Above) Ah, get a load of that exhilarating air that Rubinoff seems to be absorbing by himself



Gertrude Nielsen pauses on a bridle path to feed her horse, Major, a piece of sweetmeat

By the Oracle who knows all about stars, programs and personalities from Coast to Coast and who'll tell you anything you want to know

ARE Myrt and Marge off the air? What program is Jeanie Lang with now? How old is Billy Page in "One Man's Family?"—Vivian J., Hanks, N. Dak.

Myrt and Marge returned October 1. Jeanie Lang is now on the Ward Sunday Night program with Buddy Rogers out of Chicago. Billy Page is fourteen years old. O. K.?

Please tell me something about Bill Smith with Harold Stern's orchestra. His voice is wonderful.—Rose Grey, Indianapolis.

You, too, Rosie? He was born in New York on June 4, 1906. Attended La Salle Academy and later Georgetown University, majoring in dramatics. Joined the Stern orchestra in 1930 as drummer and vocalist. He's five feet, ten inches tall, blue eyes, brown hair, wants to be a dramatic actor and is happily married to a former Providence school teacher. Now is that enough?

Will you please tell me how old and how tall Jackie Heller is?—Frances O., Schenectady.

A lot of you girls are asking about Jackie Heller. Kinda like his voice don't you? He was born May 1, 1908 and he's five feet, one.

Where does Paul Whiteman hold his audition contests and what day does he have them?—L. B., St. Louis.

There are no auditions at present but information can be addressed to Mr. Whiteman, Park Central Hotel, New York. When auditions are held notification is sent to names on file.

Are the Singing Lady and Eileen of "Today's Children" the same person?—Mrs. S., Freeport, L. I.

Irene Wicker is the Singing Lady and also plays Eileen.

Where can I address a letter to George Givot? In "Melody in Spring", did Lanny Ross play the whole part or did someone else do the acting?—Ruth Lorey, Jamaica.

George Givot can be reached at Columbia Broadcasting Co. 485 Madison Avenue, New York. Lanny did both the singing and acting in that picture.

You're so wise and helpful to other readers, why can't I join the ranks? What are the real life names of the characters of "Today's Children" and which parts do they play?

Who are Vic and Sade and Rush? Are they associated with other programs?—Susa B., Wilmerding, Pa.

Come right in, Susa; you're welcome. The cast of Today's Children follows: mother, Irna Phillips; Frances, Bess Johnson; Bob Crane, Walter Wicker; Katherine Norton, Irna Phillips; Terry Moran, Freddy Van; Dorothy Moran, Jean McGregor; Lucy Moran, Lucy Gilman; Eileen, Irene Wicker. Vic is played by Art Van Harvey; Sade is Bernardine

Flynn and Rush is Billy Idelson. Miss Flynn and Idelson are frequently cast in other dramatic programs originating in the Chicago Studios.

What is the name of the Goldbergs' theme song? Eddie Duchin's theme song? Who plays the guitar with Rudy Vallee?—Ray C., Bloomsburg, Pa.

"The Goldbergs" signature is "Toselli's Serenade." Eddie's is Chopin's "Nocturne in E Flat" and Frank Staffa is the guitarist with the Vallee Orchestra. Do we please you?

Where does Phil Harris hail from? Is he married? Do you think he's a success? I think he has a marvelous personality?—Pauline G., Los Angeles.

Do we think he's a success? That's been proven already. He's quite popular on the air and in person. He was born in Linton, Ind. and dry those tears when we tell you he's married.

Is Max Baer's sketch "Taxi" any place on the air at present? Where can I direct a letter to him?—G. I. L., New York.

He's not on the air at present as the sketch was discontinued. He'll get mail you forward to NBC Studios, Rockefeller City, New York.

Does Bing Crosby have another name besides Bing? Is it true he won't be able to sing after 1935?—Marcia D., Los Angeles.

Bing's real name is Harry Lillis Crosby. Who said he wouldn't sing after 1935? That's silly, do you want to break all the girls' hearts?

I read about how the different band masters lost so much weight, Dick Himber lost thirty pounds, Jacques Renard, twenty pounds. I also have too much of me—Maude L., Peoria, Ill.

Diet and exercise,





WANT TO KNOW?

only all reducing should be done under expert supervision and only after a thorough physical examination.

How can I get in touch with Rosa Ponselle?—Mrs. L., Valley Stream, L. I.
Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Could you tell me if Ben Bernie is as old as he represents himself? Can you get pictures of him in the magazine?—Mrs. D., Washington.

No, can't you take a joke? He's no juvenile, but he's not old, either. RADIO MIRROR had a complete story of Ben with several pictures in the January issue, 1934.

I have heard Walter Winchell referred to as Captain. Kindly tell me how Mr. Winchell acquired the title.—W. G. C., Fairmount, W. Va.

If he was ever a captain, he certainly succeeded in keeping it from all of us. We guess he's just captain of his soul.

If it isn't asking too much could you tell me the ages of these stars? Frances H., Windsor, Conn.

It's not asking too much. We're here to answer questions and we'll give you their birthdays: Bing Crosby, May 2, 1904; Jimmie Melton, January 2, 1904; Eddie Cantor, January 31, 1892; Frank Parker, April 29, 1906; Lanny Ross, January 19, 1906.

Does Dick Powell still sing on the "Old Gold" program: What station is Jack Turner on? How can I get pictures of Ozzie Nelson and Harriett Hilliard?—Janice R., Springfield, Mass.

Dick Powell is now on the new "Hollywood Hotel" program from California; Jack Turner has been associated recently with WMCA; look in this issue and get your pic-

tures of Nelson-Hilliard. Like 'em?

Is there any way to obtain a picture of Winston, Lanny Ross's brother?—

Loyola R., Covington, Ken.

Maybe Lanny will get one for you. Winston's in England. Write Lanny at the NBC Studios in New York or care of Paramount Pictures, Hollywood.

Is Joe Morrison married? Where is he now? Will he be back with George Olsen?—Evalyn S., Baltimore.

He's single or he was when this was written but he's out in Hollywood now completely surrounded by beautiful girls. He's not scheduled to return to Olsen's band.

Like your magazine very much and would like to ask you a few questions? Is Wayne King Married?—Erna E. S., Chicago.

Wayne King is married to Dorothy Janis and you can read all about him in this issue. About those personal questions on Russ Russell, the announcer, would suggest you communicate with him.

Can you tell me if Johnny Marvin will be back on the air in New York?—E. B., Wharton, N. J.

He's not scheduled on any of the chain stations' programs now.

Does Rubinoff answer his fan mail, and where can I address a letter to him?—Jane W., Portland, Me.

Yes, he does. Address him care of The National Broadcasting Co., Rockefeller City, New York.

Is Frank Parker married and where can I address a letter to him?—Ada M., Springfield, Ohio.

You mean you hope he's not married and you're in luck because he isn't. Write him at the NBC Studios, Rockefeller City, New York.

Can you tell me where Captain Henry's Showboat broadcast is held?—O. P., Gary, Ind.

At the NBC Studios in New York.

Do radio stars personally autograph their photos? Does Bing Crosby answer his fan mail?—A. C., Woonsocket, R. I.

Some do and some don't. Bing does answer his fans but we imagine there are times when the deluge is just a little too much for him.

Would you kindly tell me the name of the woman who takes the part of Mrs. Goldberg in "The Goldbergs" program? Would it be possible for you to send me her picture?—Dorothy H., Media, Pa.

Gertrude Berg has been taking the part and she also wrote the scripts. The May issue of RADIO MIRROR carried a picture and biography of her.

Do you want to know something about your broadcast favorites? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City

THANKSGIVING *dinner*

RAH-RAH-RAH—y-e-a team! A multitude of excited strained voices dying out in the distance. A flash of brightly colored pennants snapping in the cold air of a November morning all combine to paint a glorious picture of a gala Thanksgiving day football game.

Keenly whetted appetites are temporarily forgotten as the ball is kicked off for the last quarter.

After the final whistle the bowl is slowly emptied as everyone rushes home with anticipation for the Thanksgiving dinner.

We suggest a dinner which without a doubt will be thoroughly enjoyed by your family and guests.

Menus have changed since the olden days when preparations for the Thanksgiving feast were started days in advance and when the festive board was laden with enough food for a week's consumption.

THANKSGIVING DINNER

Fruit cocktail
Clam Broth
(with a dash of
whipped cream)
Celery - Olives - Nuts
Hearts of lettuce
(with Russian Dressing)
Turkey
Wild Rice Dressing
Mashed Potatoes
Turnips
Brussels Sprouts
Creamed Onions
Cranberry Sauce
Mince or Pumpkin Pie
Nuts - Candies

TURKEY

Clean out turkey thoroughly, remove hairs by singeing, holding the bird over a flame constantly, changing position until all parts of the surface have been exposed to the flame. Take the giblets and wash clean. Place in pan, cook until tender, with tips of wings and neck, putting them in cold water and heating water quickly so that as much of the flavor as possible may be drawn into stock which is used for making gravy.

Stuff the turkey with dressing; if the body of bird is full, sew skin, if not full, use a skewer to bring skin together. Draw thighs close together and insert steel skewer under middle joint, running it through body and bringing it out under middle joint on other side. Tie a string around the drumsticks which are crossed and fasten to tail. Place wings close to body and insert another skewer through wing, body and wing on opposite side. Fasten wooden skewer to draw neck skin under back. Cross string attached to tail piece and draw it around each end of lower skewer, again cross string and draw it to each end of upper skewer, knot the string and cut off ends.

Place on its side on rack in dripping pan. Rub entire

surface with salt. Take $\frac{1}{3}$ cup melted butter mixed with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour; spread over legs, wings and breast. Dredge bottom of pan with flour. Place in hot oven 450° F. When flour on turkey begins to brown reduce oven temper-

ature to 350° F. Baste every fifteen minutes with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter melted in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water. After this is used baste with fat in pan. Pour water in pan during the cooking to prevent flour from burning. Use buttered paper to prevent burning if turkey is browning too fast. Cook about 3½ hours. Olive oil may be used to rub over the turkey to make a nice crisp skin just before placing in oven.

TURKEY GRAVY

6 tablespoons fat from
roasting pan
6 tablespoons flour
3 cups stock water, salt,
pepper

Brown fat with flour. Pour on gradually stock left in pan; Cook five minutes; season with salt and pepper; strain.

WILD RICE DRESSING

1½ cups wild rice
3 large onions
3 yellow leaves of raw
celery
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. chestnuts
1 tablespoon turkey dressing

4 slices raw bacon

Wash wild rice, boil until it becomes soft. Remove from the fire, strain and dry thoroughly. Take the onions and bacon, chop finely. Put onions in raw bacon and cook until bacon turns a golden brown. Boil the chestnuts until done. Add one tablespoon poultry dressing, the finely chopped celery and chestnuts. When dressing has cooled put in wild rice, stirring well.

PUMPKIN PIE

2 cups stewed and strained pumpkin	2 eggs
2 cups rich milk	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup brown or granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger
	2 teaspoons cinnamon
	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice

Mix pumpkin with milk, sugar, beaten eggs, salt and spices and beat two to three minutes. Pour into lined pastry pie dish. Place oven at 475° F. and put in pie. Allow to remain in oven fifteen minutes; reduce heat to 400° F. until filling is firm. (About 40 minutes).



Illustration by Harlan Crandall 3rd



Blonde or Brunette?

IF you were born a brunette and have always dreamed of being devastating as a blonde there is no reason why you should not change your crowning glory, and later your mind, provided of course that you have features and skin texture which go with the accepted idea of what a blonde's coloring should be. Chemists and hair experts have perfected the various methods of coloring hair so that if the process is done properly and only the best ingredients are used, hair may be tinted a new shade without spoiling the quality or endangering the health.

The number of really natural blondes who are in the limelight is small in proportion to those who were born another color and went blonde in the beauty parlor. On the other hand, Fifi Dorsay was a movie failure as a blonde until some expert suggested she become a brunette and immediately her luck changed. Bebe Daniels, Carmel Myers, Joan Crawford and several other actresses have been blonde, brunette and even titian-haired at various times in their career and some of the stars of the air are not as they once were, regarding their golden tresses. There is this to remember, though. Amateurish efforts at home are generally bound to be failures. It takes an expert to do this job thoroughly and once you've changed your hair, you're really a slave to the beauty parlor. There's nothing so ugly as dark center parts on a golden head nor discolored streaks in a sleek black coiffure.

For the many RADIO MIRROR readers who have asked our advice about hair dyeing, as well as the effect of perma-

nent waving on various types of hair we consulted Pierre, well known New York hair expert who serves some of New York's smartest society women as well as prominent stage, screen and radio stars. Pierre has arranged and cared for the crowning glory of Claudette Colbert, Constance Cummings, Whitney Bourne, Kay Francis, Peggy Fears, Tallulah Bankhead, Grace Menken, and planned some of the novel headdress effects worn by the late Lilyan Tashman.

Hair dyeing, Pierre says, is a difficult procedure and if not properly applied will not only ruin the hair but also injure the scalp and some of the vital organs of the head. He sees no reason why some brunettes should not be blondes if they choose, nor why blondes who'd like to be titian-types should not achieve their ambitions. He admonishes that the client should be in excellent health and there must be no scratches nor marks on the scalp. A trustworthy shop guarantees the result of hair dyeing.

It is wiser and safer to have a rinse, which is a coloring that will blend well with the present shade of your locks, but if you want something revolutionary, be sure of your operator and then go ahead.

Medicated shampoos, Pierre explains, are wonderful for the hair and are often sufficient to give the hair a live, glossy look without the rinse. The hair is the first feature of the body affected by excitement, sorrow or any great change in your life. It loses its luster, becomes lifeless and often the color is changed. (Continued on page 87)

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney



• Tony Wons, radio's amiable philosopher, raids the ice box in his own kitchen for one of those quick meals between jobs

DURING the summer and early fall when we manage to spend most of our leisure time out of doors, radio plays only a minor part in our pursuit of pleasure. Now with the arrival of November with its chilly evenings, our radio once more takes its place as the main source of entertainment. The various broadcasting networks are featuring many of our favorite stars in a variety of programs which are designed to suit the tastes and moods of the listener-in.

Although you may never think of your radio stars along these lines, we have taken the trouble to see what some of them do during the time that they are not on the air. We have found that they not only shine at the microphone but also in the kitchen.

From their experimental cooking and their successful efforts in culinary realms they bring you their specially recommended dishes which you can try out in your own home.

Let us turn the dial and listen to the lovely soft voice of Rosa Ponselle who says spaghetti in almost any style is avory to her, and suggests spaghetti with clams.

In the

SPAGHETTI

Add a handful of salt to a pan of water. Bring water to the boiling temperature. Add one pound of spaghetti, cook twenty minutes and pour the spaghetti through a drain.

- 1 pound of spaghetti
- 2 pounds of small clams
- 1 clove garlic
- 4 tablespoons pure olive oil

Steam the clams for five minutes, using one cup of water. When steamed take the mussels from the shells and strain water through a cloth.

Brown the garlic in the olive oil.

Add a cup of strained tomatoes.

Cook for ten minutes, and then add the water from the clams. Cook this ten more minutes.

Five minutes before serving add chopped parsley to the clams and mix the whole thing with the (already cooked) spaghetti.

An old English dish, Apple Staffen, is a favorite of Kathleen Stewart, pianist on the NBC network.

PIE CRUST

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 cups pastry flour | $\frac{1}{3}$ cup crisco or |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder | shortening |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt | $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter |
| | Ice water |

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Work in shortening using tips of fingers. Add water drop by drop, until mixture is of right consistency to roll. Toss on floured cloth, pat, and roll out: dot with butter, and roll up like a jelly roll, repeat this several times, chill, roll paste $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, allow more paste for upper than the lower crust. When placing on a pie plate allow a little paste for shrinking. Put in filling.

Line a deep baking dish with butter and brown sugar. Put in the pie crust and fill with apples sliced as for a pie, sweeten with sugar, sprinkle a few raisins in. Cover top with more pastry and cook in medium oven. When done turn up-side-down on a platter. The sugar and butter will have melted to a delicious caramel covering. Serve hot. Hard sauce is a delicious accompaniment with this.

HARD SAUCE

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter | $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon lemon extract |
| 1 cup confectioners' sugar | $\frac{2}{3}$ teaspoon vanilla |

Cream butter, add sugar gradually beating constantly. Add flavoring.

Whether its the blue of the night meeting the dawn of the day, or the dawn of the day meeting the blue of the night, Morton Downey still says his favorite is ice cream and plenty of it.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar | 2 cups milk |
|---------------------------|-------------|

Stars' Kitchens

1 tablespoon flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 2 eggs slightly beaten

2 squares chocolate
 2 cups cream
 1 tablespoon vanilla

Scald milk with chocolate, mix dry ingredients, sugar, flour, and salt, add eggs. Combine mixtures and allow to cook over hot water until thickened. Cool, add cream and vanilla. Strain and place in the freezer.

June Pursell, contralto, recommends Old Indiana-Corn-bread to her many RADIO MIRROR friends.

OLD INDIANA CORN BREAD

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups corn meal
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 1 heaping teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon butter
 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups creamy milk
 1 egg

Sift dry ingredients and add milk and beaten egg and butter. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Fredric William Wile, that informative personality of the air, rates Griddle Cakes aces high. Here is his favorite recipe.

GRIDDLE CAKES

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
 3 tablespoons sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 1 egg lightly beaten
 1 tbl. melted butter
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk

Add milk and butter to egg, add dry ingredients mixed together stirring vigorously until dry ingredients are just dampened. Heat and grease griddle iron. Drop mixture from tip of spoon on griddle iron.

Tom Waring, whose singing you have enjoyed so much over the CBS network, suggests Creamed Chipped Beef for your luncheon.

CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound dried chipped beef
 1 heaping tablespoon flour
 1 tablespoon butter
 1 cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon white pepper

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and seasonings. Mix well, add cold milk,

stirring until creamy and smooth. Boil 3 to 4 minutes.

Vera Van, not only sings well but she can make some of the most delightful dishes. When you have tried her Brown Bread I am sure you will be convinced.

BROWN BREAD

1 cup graham flour
 1 cup corn meal
 1 teaspoon salt
 5 teaspoons baking powder

1 cup ground rolled oats
 1 $\frac{1}{3}$ cups milk
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup molasses

(Continued on page 67)

Julia Sanderson is an expert home manager as her husband, Frank Crumit, will admit after one of the dinners this attractive star often prepares for him



DEPARTMENT BY SILVIA COVNEY

BY CHASE
GILES

CHICAGO GO

NOW that Chicago is ending its second year of the Century of Progress we look back over the two seasons of festivity and wonder what was the best radio story of all the world's fair radio stories we heard. We think back through dozens of yarns concerning big names and stars in search of the best anecdote of all . . . and we finally choose for that honor one which concerns people you've never heard of. But it's the most human of all the world's fair radio stories we heard during the last two years, though there have been plenty of them.

Let's break the yarn down into parts . . . just like a play. We'll have a Part I, a Part II and a Part III.

Part I—The time is forty-one years ago. The place is Chicago. The setting is the world's fair of 1893. The characters are two young guards. The fair has transformed the city into a giant carnival. People come from all over the earth, thousands of people, to see the wonders and the amusements. Hundreds of guards are necessary to keep order and to direct people through the maze of sights. Two of those guards are chaps named Smith and Noble. They are young fellows. They'd never met until the fair threw them together. They became inseparable pals. They work side by side. They share a room in a boarding house. They eat their meals together, work together, and when the day's duties are over they play together. When the fair ends the buddies must part, each going back to his own home to carry on. The farewells are fond and fraternal. Always they will be pals. Every now and then they'll manage to get together again. They'll write letters regularly.

But you know how those things go. As the years sped by they gradually drifted farther and farther apart. The letters became fewer and fewer. Finally they lost track of each other.

Part II—The time is last summer. The place is Chicago. The setting is the Century of Progress, Chicago's world's fair of 1933. The characters are world's fair officials and Frank Mullen, agricultural director of the National Broadcasting Company. Somebody thinks of a bright idea. Wouldn't it be nice to find the old guards from forty years before and bring them to the present fair? They would reminisce and compare the two fairs. Everybody agrees it would be a swell idea. But how to go about it? After all forty years is a long time and people wander and drift about. Finally they call in Mullen from NBC. He suggests they might be able to get the old guards together by announcements over the complete NBC network during the national farm and home hour period. The announcement is made. Then they get stories in newspapers all over the country. They ask



• Two ex-movie stars who now broadcast regularly from Chicago on the Columbia networks, Francis X. Bushman and the canine hero of the Rin Tin dog dramas

BREVETTES

Latest gossip and
news along the
Middle West
ether lanes

the old guards to write, also anyone and everyone who knows the present whereabouts of any of the old guards. They sit back and wonder what will happen.

Part III—The time is just one week later. The scene and characters are the same as in Part II. Three hundred and nineteen of the old guards have been located. Their letters come from thirty-six states of the Union. One lives in Alberta, Canada, another in Alaska. One letter has been kept aside. It came from one of the old timers who wanted the help of the Century of Progress officials. He wants them to try to help him locate a long lost pal, a friend from forty years before when both were guards at the 1893 fair. Yes, you've guessed it . . . the letter came from Smith. It was signed John Smith and it came from Fostoria, Ohio. John is old now, his eyesight has dimmed, his thinning hair has grayed. He lives pretty much in the past as is the wont of old people. And among his most treasured memories are those of the good old days with Noble at the 1893 fair when both were young and full of life. Will the Century of Progress officials help him locate his old pal?

Well, they don't know if they can but they are willing to try. That letter has been kept aside on the bare chance, the one in a million gamble, that Noble might also respond to the call for old guards. A day later it comes. It's Captain Noble, now, retired from the army. For twenty-five years he was commandant of Culver Military Academy. Now, in the evening of life, he lives in Shreveport, Louisiana. Noble writes to find if they can help him locate a long lost pal from the 1893 world's fair. You couldn't write this as fiction. It is too far-fetched for anything but a true story. The Century of Progress could and did—reunite the long lost pals.

* * *

FRANK BUCK, CHICAGOAN

Frank Buck, whose "Bring Them Back Alive" jungle adventures are now on the air, and Frank Bering, who is head man at the Sherman hotel in Chicago are pals of long standing.

In fact—although you may not have known it—Buck claims Chicago as his home despite Texas being his birthplace.

"There'd probably be an argument about that home thing," Buck explains. "Probably Chicago would say it was Texas and Texas would blame it on Chicago."

As a young boy he ran away from his Texas home and came to Chicago. That was in 1901. He started as a check-room boy at the old Morrison hotel . . . back in the days before quarters and dimes were placed on the counter as sacrifices to the blonde beauty of the Venuses who shame us into rebuying our chapeaux. (Continued on page 81)



• Peggy Davis, young dramatic star of the Princess Pat Players is descended from another Peggy Davis who appeared in London stage productions 200 years ago

"OUR PUBLIC"

OUCH! Some of those radio announcers ought to go and stand in a corner after they hear what a part of their listening public really thinks of their pseudo Oxford accents, or slovenly diction. "Talk naturally and don't say too much" seems to be the consensus of those who have expressed themselves.

Advertisers who have too much to say about their own products, who exaggerate the values of the wares they sell on the ether are also denounced. But we asked for honest opinions, no matter how much they hurt and we're getting them by the thousands!

What do you think of RADIO BROADCASTING? How do you react to what you hear on the air? Are you satisfied with what you get and thankful for these ether entertainers or have you definite suggestions for changes and improvements? Tell us your real opinions, not only about broadcasting but about your own RADIO MIRROR. Not only do we ask for constructive criticism but we're willing to pay for it—TWENTY DOLLARS FOR THE BEST LETTER, TEN DOLLARS FOR THE SECOND BEST, AND ONE DOLLAR EACH FOR THE NEXT FIVE!

Write today to the CRITICISM EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City; letters to contain not more than 200 words and to be sent before Nov. 22.

Here are this month's SUCCESSFUL LETTERS:

\$20.00 PRIZE

A lot of people have complained, I daresay, about slovenly or inaccurate diction on the part of radio announcers. But how many, I wonder, have ever actually tried to do something about the opposite evil—this business of affected accents, affected pronunciations and dramatic pauses the star broadcasters seem to be going in for at present. It looks to me like a case of pseudo-culture. Like a Kentuckian taking up the Harvard "a" for instance.

Last winter I tuned in on Bernard Shaw one evening. He was speaking to a sophisticated audience in New York City. His cultivated delightful voice was as clear as a bell. And as naturally musical. No studied oral effects for Mr. Shaw.

And the winter before that, listening to the Philharmonic broadcasts which to me are the greatest gift radio has to offer, I was compelled to note the difference in diction used by Olin Downes, music critic of the New York Times who was explaining the program, and his announcer, Frank Knight. Mr. Downes, a scholar and critic of long standing, spoke simply and directly and had a great deal to say. While Frank Knight unrolled one suavely polished platitude after the other off his glib oily tongue till I yearned to wring his neck across some thousand miles of ether.

MRS. RAYMOND PEARCE, New Orleans, La.

\$10.00 PRIZE

To have my radio out of commission is "a little death."

I'm for variety—everyone's tastes differ and radio is for everyone. People should be willing to listen to the necessary advertising—often it's interesting. Long, identical perorations at beginning and end of programs are boring. Too extravagant claims bring forth, "Oh yeah?" Men advertisers are more natural; most women sound affected. I have benefited by trying many radio advertised products.

I object strenuously to this "ask your mother" business; Heaven knows children would ask for a pink elephant with a little urging. It's somewhat cheap and I think rather

antagonizes parents.

My pet peeves are unexpected blares of noise when the kids are asleep, and third-rate political speeches replacing good programs.

I love contests. They give us "dear Homemakers" a little excitement, anticipation, a chance to use our brains (?) instead of our tired hands.

Your magazine is a stand-outer; I like your including sponsors' names and your fine photography. I wish you could indicate contest programs somehow.

MRS. BEATRICE MERRICK, Springfield, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

"Our Public" broadcasting is a swell idea—like your entire magazine, in fact, and what an opportunity to tell these grudging and unappreciative persons, who raise such hullaballos over radio advertising, a thing or two.

I'm more than willing to listen a few minutes, at the beginning and ending of a program, to the advertising of a product. After all, who pays for these expensive artists that entertain and amuse us, and the time on the waves, but the manufacturer of said product?

How would you like, dear listener, to pay for your radio amusement yourself? I'd imagine there would be still more outbursts from some of you.

After all, broadcasting is expensive, and the money it takes must be made up in returns from the purchase of a product. Not that we should all rush out to buy every soap and silk—that would be beyond the wildest dream of a sponsor, but we all use some of those offered, thus making for ourselves splendid entertainment at precious little cost to our depleted pocketbooks. What say?

MRS. JOHN T. SHEWMAKE, Seattle, Wash.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Some day, perhaps, the sponsors will awaken to the fact that brevity is the soul of advertising. Meanwhile, we need announcers with less matter and more art; announcers who can present the commercial side of the broadcast with such quiet dignity, subtlety, and charm that the transition from the sublime to the ridiculous is scarcely apparent. Milton Cross is a master par excellence of this art. Announcers who try to act "cute" (we have too many of these) have no place on any program. It is the business of the comedians to act cute—if they can!

It seems just a bit impertinent to criticize so perfect a magazine as RADIO MIRROR, but I should like to see some space devoted to the "irregulars" of the air waves; the guest artists who appear a few times each season: Mischa Levitski, Heifetz, Lucrezia Bori, Schipa. And why not reserve a corner during the winter for the broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera?

EDITH OAKLEY BAXTER, Wichita, Kansas.

\$1.00 PRIZE

This letter is quite contrary to form for its purpose is to commend, and commend highly, the superior quality and wide variety of current radio programs. The educational world, through radio, shares with us its knowledge. Travel experiences, news-events, and questions, political, social, financial, and religious are discussed and explained for us. What more interesting or enjoyable way could we study and learn?

The entertainment world brings to radio and to us the

BROADCASTING

best of everything it has to offer. Opera, light-opera, and musical comedy artists sing for us; masters of classical and popular music play for us; comedy teams provoke our laughter; and stage and screen present their stars in the most attractive manner they can devise.

What more could we ask for—we who have nothing more to do than choose our favorite types of programs? That we be spared a few minutes of advertising? Personally, I think that is expecting too much for nothing—and that we should be more appreciative!

EVELYN KELLY, Headland, Ala.

\$1.00 PRIZE

The controversy on radio advertising seems to be waxing strong on the pages of my favorite radio magazine. Each writer appears to be skimming the surface according to his or her personal preferences. May I add my opinions to this most important subject of the moment?

I, too, appreciate the generosity of the sponsors for giving us their fine programs. Likewise, I feel that it remains their privilege to devote a few minutes to voicing the merits of their products. But I think I speak for the multitude when I say, "Isn't there a limit to the merits of any product regardless of its reputation?"

I am interested in a tooth paste that has proven beneficial, but I doubt the lengthy paragraph that ends thus, "guaranteed to remove film in three days, etc."

Every woman wants to use a smooth powder but the following test, as broadcast by a nationally known firm, is an insult to feminine intelligence; "and after dancing with several girls, I selected the one who used so-and-so powder, because her cheeks were that smooth, etc."

Then there is the cream that takes off ten

years in ten minutes; the cigarette that "revives" your energy; and while you are preparing "the only coffee that is fresh" you are reminded by a certain fashion reporter, that your nails must be blood red (UGH!) if you would be correctly groomed. She would convince us that her advice (plus her enunciation) is strictly Park Avenue.

BUT WE LIKE TO REMEMBER WHAT HONEST ABE LINCOLN SAID ABOUT FOOLING THE PEOPLE.

PEARL SYVERSON, San Francisco, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Radio tries to please everyone and, as a whole, succeeds very well. The types of programs have to be diversified to satisfy all, but cannot help displeasing many, because of the differences in human natures.

I don't believe we can criticize the radio artists themselves too strongly, because they must be good to get where they are. Since individual taste so often prompts rash criticism, we should not bear down too hard on either the programs or the artists.

My real kick is in the stations themselves—not the large stations, but the ones in medium-sized towns. These local stations are privileged to carry network broadcasts and programs, yet how they abuse that privilege. They either cut in on a good orchestra, drama, or news broadcast to tell of a "wonderful bargain", or cut in to play phonograph records.

When clearer reception of a network program can be attained through a local station, that, of course is the one to be dialed; but interrupting a good program (or programs) so much that it gets monotonous, gives the station itself a "black eye".

RAY BRESNAHAN, Struthers, Ohio.

● Little Jack Little (at the piano) grown up from singing-pianist to orchestra leader, broadcasts over the CBS chain





Dialing the

Short waves

WHEREVER you turn your dial—be it in the broadcast band, the amateurs, or the short-wave foreign group—you can tune in on a law-breaker.

That's a mighty strong statement, and I wouldn't dare to make it unless I could back it up. Would you like to hear some of the evidence as to the rackets that flourish in radio, particularly those off the waves occupied by regular commercial stations?

An amateur, according to Funk & Wagnalls' dictionary, is "One who practices an art, not professionally, but for the love of it". This is the thought which the Government has had in mind ever since radio amateurs have been licensed. They know, when they apply for permits to construct their transmitters, that they are violating regulations if they send messages for pay.

And yet this practise had become so prevalent, and was cutting in so seriously on the business done by the commercial radio communications stations, that special rules have had to be passed.

The offending amateurs were sly enough, but still they were caught. This is the way in which they worked.

Smith is a business man in New York. He has a large number of dealings with Jones, who is in business in Los Angeles. Smith and Jones

find it necessary to be in constant communication. The mails are too slow, so they use the telephone and telegraph. But at the end of the month they find this is excessively expensive.

Smith gets a bright idea. Somehow he learns the name and address of a nearby amateur operator, whom he visits. They strike up a deal for the ham to handle messages for Smith and Jones, using some Los Angeles operator, with whom the New York ham is acquainted by radio, as the West Coast contact. They usually work out some simple code, so that if a government radio supervisor happens to be listening in, the commercial nature of the message won't be too obvious. And Smith and Jones pay off the amateurs with whom they work, either in cash or in tubes, condensers or other radio parts.

That was a good racket while it lasted, but it was stamped out at the latest session of the Radio Congress. Why, you may wonder, should anyone object to a system whereby the amateurs turned an honest dollar while helping business men save money?

The answer is simple: It wasn't an honest dollar. The amateurs were harming the business of regular communications companies, such as Western Union, Postal Telegraph, RCA Communications and the (Continued on page 79).

BY GLOBE TWISTER

We Have With Us

(Continued from page 11)

He's so funny in his own quiet way.
9:00 P. M. WARDEN LAWES in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing." (W. R. Warner Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
Expert advice on how not to meet this man.

9:00 P. M. NINO MARTINI with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

He's so romantic.
9:30 P. M. JOHN McCORMACK. (Vince Program). WJZ and associated stations.

This is another heralded and welcome return.

9:30 P. M. THE ADVENTURES OF GRACIE—Burns & Allen with Bobby Dolan's orchestra. (General Cigar Company). WABC and associated stations.

It takes a smart girl to be as dumb as our Gracie.

10:00 P. M. THE BYRD EXPEDITION BROADCAST with Mark Warnow's orchestra. (Grape Nuts). WABC and associated stations.

Thrills among the penguins.
10:00 P. M. LOMBARDO-LAND featuring Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians; Pat Barnes, master of ceremonies. (Plough, Inc.). WEAf and associated stations.

Ah, Guy we've been waiting hours for this.
10:15 P. M. MME. SYLVIA IN HOLLYWOOD. (Ralston-Purina). WJZ and associated stations.

How's your silhouette?
10:30 P. M. CONOCO presents Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his orchestra and John B. Kennedy. (Continental Oil Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Broadway done up in baritone notes.

11:00 P. M. HENRY BUSSE and his orchestra from Chicago. WABC and associated stations.

Wherein we enjoy Chicago hospitality.

THURSDAY

6:30 P. M. SPORTS PROGRAM. (Shell Eastern Petroleum). WABC and associated stations.

For the big outdoors folks.
8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees; guest artists. (Fleischmann Yeast). WEAf and associated stations.

You'd think this program couldn't be improved upon, but somehow they do it.

8:00 P. M. GRITS AND GRAVY—mountaineer sketch with George Gaul, Peggy Paige and Robert Strauss; Anthony Stanford, director. WJZ and associated stations.

Life in the Ozarks.

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winninger; Lanny Ross, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band. (Maxwell

House Coffee). WEAf and associated stations.

A leisurely boat ride in charming company.

9:00 P. M. BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS. Carson Robison and his buckaroos with a dramatic cast. (Feenamint). WABC and associated stations.

Adventure with the bucking bronchos.

9:00 P. M. DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatic program with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy; orchestra direction Joseph Bonime. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Making it exciting for the lonesome cowboys.

10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL—Al Jolson, entertainer; Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and radio entertainers. (Kraft-Phoenix Cheese Corp.). WEAf and associated stations.

We like Al's new style and of course are devoted to Whiteman's art.

10:00 P. M. BORDEN'S "FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD." (Borden Sales Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Microphones planted in camera land.

11:00 P. M. DON BESTOR and his Hotel Pennsylvania orchestra. WJZ and network.

He's quite a favorite now.

FRIDAY

8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette, soprano and the Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. WEAf and associated stations.

That beautiful Dragonette voice.

8:30 P. M. TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS. (True Story Magazine). WABC and associated stations.

Real life in its most thrilling moments.

9:00 P. M. WALTZ TIME—Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products). WEAf and associated stations.

Dancing in the moonlight.

9:00 P. M. LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer. (Northam Warren Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.

We do.

9:00 P. M. MARCH OF TIME—events of the day. (Time, Inc.). WABC and associated stations.

Dramatizing the things that happen.

9:30 P. M. PICK AND PAT IN ONE NIGHT STANDS—orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singer. WEAf and associated stations.

Some ether barnstorming.

9:30 P. M. THE ARMOUR PROGRAM featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaugh-

ton, Mabel Albertson, Irene Beasley, blues singer, and Roy Shield's orchestra. (Armour Products). WJZ and associated stations.

Mr. Baker knows his radio technique and his humor in any medium.

9:30 P. M. "HOLLYWOOD HOTEL"—Dick Powell, Rowene Williams, Louella Parsons, movie stars and Ted Fiorito's orchestra. (Campbell Soup Co.). WABC and associated stations.

What we're all waiting for.

10:00 P. M. FIRST NIGHTER—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Compana Corp.). WEAf and associated stations.

Waiting for the curtain to rise.

10:30 P. M. THE GENERAL TIRE PROGRAM with Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Frank Parker, tenor; Don Bestor's Orchestra. WEAf and associated stations.

In his own way, Benny puts it across.

SATURDAY

7:45 P. M. FLOYD GIBBONS—the headline hunter. (Johns-Manville Co.). WEAf.

Can you keep up with him?

8:00 P. M. SWIFT & COMPANY—orchestra under direction of Sigmund Romberg; William Phelps, master of ceremonies and Richard Bonelli. WEAf and associated stations.

If you like the better music, you'll never miss this.

8:00 P. M. ROXY'S VARIETY SHOW. (Fletcher's Castoria). WABC and associated stations.

The master showman comes back to the airwaves.

9:00 P. M. ONE MAN'S FAMILY—dramatic sketch with Anthony Smythe. WEAf and associated stations.

This program seems to be more popular with each broadcast.

9:00 P. M. THE SMITH BROTHERS, Billy Hillpot and Scrappy Lambert, with Nat Shilkret's orchestra. (Smith Brothers Cough Drops). WJZ and associate.

The boys behind the beards.

9:00 P. M. GRETE STUECKGOLD with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

The cream in your coffee.

9:30 P. M. THE GIBSON FAMILY—musical comedy with Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault; Don Voorhees, musical director. (Ivory Soap). WEAf and associated stations.

Something romantic for tonight.

10:00 P. M. RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS CUCKOOS; Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy; Jack Arthur; The Sparklers and Robert Armbruster's orchestra. WEAf and associated stations.

Crazy, but amusing.

11:30 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY. WEAf and associated stations.

Everybody's invited.

Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 15)

long enough to get acquainted—there are arguments about headline honors.

Dave Freedman is one of the more adroit of the radio gag writers. His experience creating comedy for Eddie Cantor, George Givot, Fannie Brice and Al Jolson among many others, is the inspiration for a series of radio stories now running in a national magazine. He is also the compiler of a glossary of terms used by gagmen. Here are some of them: A "technocrat" is a great gag which cannot be fitted into a script; a "dragola" is an off-color joke; a "buffaroo" is a powerful quip almost certain to cause a belly laugh; a "weakie" is a feeble jest retained in a script until a better one is substituted; "ti ti mi tita" means a sophisticated Park avenue crack; "dynamite" is material that can't miss or possibly is dangerous; and a "hup cha de bup cha" is a sure-fire laugh provoker.

Richard Himber, who has plenty of avoirdupois, finds himself from three to five pounds lighter after a broadcast. But don't you worry, dear listener, that Dick will waste away to a skeleton if he continues as a conductor. The pounds that pass away as he performs on the podium are always restored by a good night's sleep. It is all very mysterious. Less mysterious are the 80 pounds Jacques Renard, another weighty maestro, has lost in five months by dieting. You can see they are gone permanently by merely counting his chins.

"Lazy Bill" Huggins was a life guard at Virginia Beach for three years. Between times when bathing beauties got into distress, Bill used to strum a ukulele and sing. Discovering one day that the mermaids were more interested in his songs than in being saved from the sea, Huggins decided on a career as an entertainer. Incidentally, he likes being called lazy; indeed, he holds it as a distinction. "Some of the greatest men in history were lazy," languidly observes Bill, "but I'm too lazy to look up their names!" Which is Mercury's idea of keeping strictly in character.

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

Sponsors despair of ever luring to a microphone O. O. McIntyre, widely syndicated newspaper columnist. In the last two months he has turned down a small fortune in offers . . . Edward Melvin, Jr., juvenile "Dixie Circus" performer, has an interesting sideline—he designs boys' clothing . . . Roger Wolfe Kahn, youthful millionaire maestro, is experimenting with television programs

Ruth Etting has two whippets which are proving consistent winners at California dog tracks . . . Jimmie Grier plays piano, violin, banjo, flute and clarinet. He can also play the sax but doesn't. Nize mans!

Between night club engagements Harry Richman flew to Hollywood for a short holiday. And back came a fan-

tastic story of what happened when he went acalling on Clara Bow, once a flame of his, as you may recall. Either the night club sheik is losing his grip or the California sunshine is too much for him. Anyway when he knocked on the door of Clara's bungalow one of the "It" girl's girl friends responded.

Then, according to the story, Harry rushed through the doorway and gathered her in his arms in a bear-like hug. "Oh, Clara, you are more marvelous than ever!" he is supposed to have exclaimed as he planted right where it did the most good a great big kiss.

"Sir," shouted the lady, breaking away from his embrace, "how dare you!" And it was only then—still according to Mercury's Hollywood scout—that Richman discovered his error. Whereupon he is reported to have become so upset and mortified that he beat a hasty retreat. But not before mistaking Clara, appearing to see what all the commotion was about, for her maid!

Relief from financial troubles via the bankruptcy courts—a method popular with film folks—isn't sought much in radio circles. Perhaps it is because ether entertainers are more provident and don't find it necessary to go in for extravagant display. So when one does file a petition in bankruptcy it becomes a real item of news. All of which is introductory to recording here that Irene Taylor, under her real name of Irene Martin, acknowledges debts of \$5,938 with no assets. Of this amount \$5,450 represents commissions a firm of booking agents is trying to collect for getting engagements for Irene. The \$488 liability remaining is listed as payments due on a car.

Just because he left strict injunctions not to be disturbed under any pretext while occupied with his radio rehearsal, Al Jolson is \$30,000 poorer. His broker tried to get him on the phone at the studio to warn him certain stocks were dropping. A page boy, standing sentinel at the door, wouldn't allow the message to be delivered. A \$30,000 loss, however, doesn't spell bankruptcy to Jolson—he has got plenty. Of course, you've noticed that Jolson doesn't remain on the air more than five or six broadcasts in a row. Here's the reason as Al explained it to Mercury: "No matter how big you are, if you try to stay on week after week, year after year, people get tired of you and you go the way of all flesh. How can any one go on for 40 weeks in a row and find a good script every week?"

STARS ARE STYLISTS

Radio stars all possess a certain special flare, known colloquially as "It." Each is distinguished by an original style, developed under various environments and influences.

Kate Smith, for instance, gives the

majority of her songs a ballad treatment. She sings each song "straight", hitting every note as it was written, never ad-libbing or improvising. Her hearty, direct style was developed during her first experiences before an audience, when she sang war time ballads to entertain soldiers in camps around Washington.

Bing Crosby, on the other hand, rarely sings a song "straight". He treats each number with different variations "swinging" a song while his accompanying orchestra carries the melody. His special style of syncopation was developed when he was one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, where he had valuable training in ad-libbing and harmony.

Fray and Braggiotti, whose two-piano programs are distinguished from the way they "kid" the old masters, Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, by playing "Yankee Doodle" as they would play it, and by mixing classics with sophisticated arrangements of popular tunes, fell accidentally upon their amusing style. Both were serious music students in Paris, and both were a little bored with highbrowism. So they began to burlesque the highbrows, and were so successful commercially that they haven't stopped since.

Vera Van's "intimate" style of singing blues was developed when she was soloist with Gus Arnheim's band, aiming her voice softly at the ears of dancers who gathered around the bandstand. Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians reached fame partly on the strength of college medleys and glee club specialties first developed by Fred in his campus days at Penn State University.

Nino Martini, one of the few opera stars who perfectly understands microphone technique, owes his flawless tenor voice, with its depth of feeling, its lack of strain and pretention, to a life lived for music. He denies himself late hours, smoking, drinking, or anything which might be injurious to his voice. His style is youthful, unspoiled and executed with perfect technique.

Walter Winchell revived the rumor that Lanny Ross is married and contributed the additional information that he is a daddy. The bride wasn't named, so Radio Row assigned that rôle to Lanny's business manager, the personable Olive White. All parties concerned emphatically deny the story. But Olive and Lanny are terribly devoted. She even accompanies him to Hollywood where he is making a picture.

There is a new racket being played on radio celebs. A mysterious voice over the phone warns that a gang of kidnappers are plotting to do their stuff. The next day's mail brings a letter from a man offering his services as bodyguard for \$25 per diem. Few radio stars have fallen for the dodge; those frightened into hiring protection usually apply to a reliable detective agency.

Dreams come True

for the girl with a **CAMAY COMPLEXION!**



THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE is as smooth as her skin, for the girl with a clear, fresh complexion. And the peach-bloom beauty that Camay gives the skin is the beginning of many a romance.

The Soap of Beautiful Women can improve your beauty. You'll notice the fresh glow of cleanliness it brings to your cheek. And others will say you're a lovelier woman. For the regular use of Camay on your skin helps every good point of your features.

Win Your Daily Beauty Contest with Camay's Help!

You probably are far too modest to enter a Beauty Contest in which girls strut and

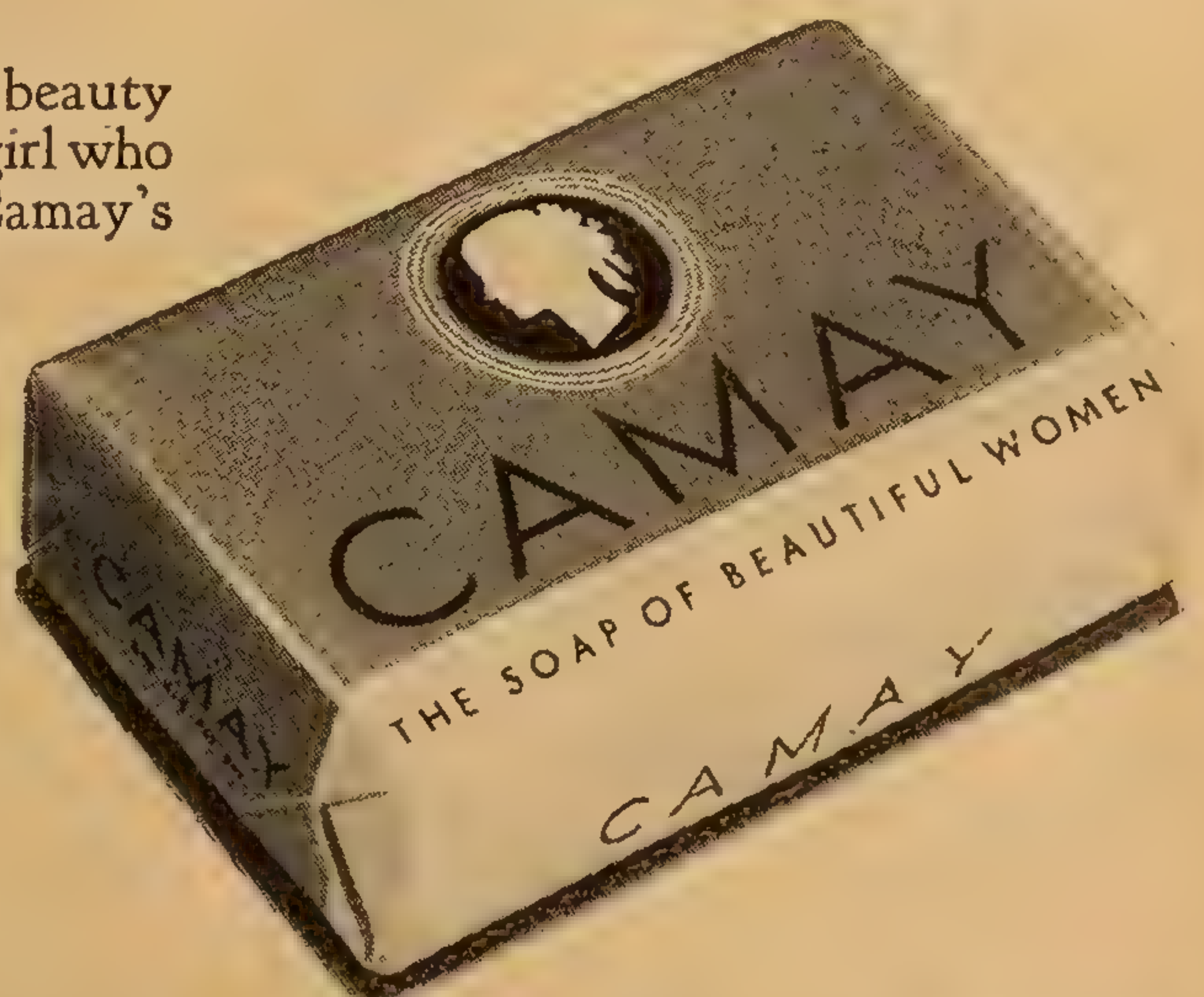
pose before "beauty judges." But in daily life, your beauty is judged whenever someone glances at you. For every day is a Beauty Contest. And compliments, admiration are awarded to the girl with a lovely Camay Complexion.

"If I had to choose only one beauty aid, it would be Camay," said a girl who attends an Eastern college. "Camay's rich fragrant lather leaves my skin so soft and refreshed."

"My skin has looked ever so much fresher since I began using this mild, pure beauty soap," said one lovely bride. Try Camay and convince yourself. It's the creamy-white

beauty soap with the delicate lather that can do wonders for your good looks! Get Camay today! It is beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, and is sealed in Cellophane.

Copr. 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.



CAMAY . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

They Sing Their Love Song Every Day

(Continued from page 23)

READ FREE OFFER BELOW



Glorify Your EYES

How to give them life, mystery, charm in 40 seconds!

"**W**HY didn't I try it before?" You'll say to your mirror, after beautifying your lashes with a magic touch of Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, lovely eyes are woman's greatest charm.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly



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If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

of love agitates their tender cardiac regions. So what more may one ask in the way of proof?

It's been that way ever since they met, nearly three years ago. In fact, there is no good reason to doubt that Ozzie was smitten at the very first sight of this Snyder lass, who has become Harriet Hilliard, the stately, slender blonde, who affects such ravishing gowns and such queenly poise. It's not difficult at all to be attracted by five feet and nearly five inches of exquisitely formed body, clad in attire such as Harriet wears with regal poise. It was up in the Glen Island Casino, on a moonlit evening, I think, when they first laid eyes on each other. It seems that Ozzie either needed a singer, or was indulging in one of those time-worn press agents stunts of holding auditions. Usually nothing ever comes of these tests, except an increased patronage in the shape of relatives of the contestants. There were plenty of amateur warblers and relatives on hand for the tests too, but Miss Hilliard, who had come from the stage, and who was then swaying gracefully among the featured pretties at the Hollywood Restaurant, barged into the scene and said:

"**I** WANNA be a radio singer. I hear you are looking for a girl who can sing. I can. How about giving me a break?"

"Uh-huh," said Ozzie, "I sure will. Get up there and warble."

Harriet got up and warbled while Ozzie experienced alternate chills and fever, and nearly twisted the cork handle off his baton as he listened.

Harriet not only warbled. She really sang. And it was a torrid ditty that she tossed off, but it seemed positively scorching to Ozzie.

When she stepped down, Ozzie whispered:

"P. S. You get the job."

Now, we all know that Harriet is no Galli-Curci, nor even a Virginia Rea, but when it comes to knocking over a blistering product of Tin Pan Alley, or engaging in one of those boy-and-girl talk-songs with Mr. Nelson, she is really caloric, and she was quite a help to the band, both professionally and visually. It was nice thereafter for patrons to walk into a gay night spot or a studio and gaze upon Harriet, who added color and charm to the picture, and a bit of gaiety to the music.

Ozzie thought so, and Harriet progressed to a long-term contract, with raises.

Never the twain shall part, it seems—and we all hope. They're nice kids, but they needn't be so bashful about being in love.

Harriet is a moody girl, and it's no use trying to get her to tell you about herself. They gave her, a couple of years ago, a biographical questionnaire to fill out at the NBC offices, and she skipped over most of it.

Ozzie is more talkative, except on the heart ailment business.

In fact, when Ozzie gets started you can hardly stop him. He will tell you all the ups and downs of the orchestra business—even if you are an orchestra leader yourself and know more about the racket than Ozzie has yet learned. I heard him give Jack Denny some fatherly advice one night in the Paramount Grill. But there's no denying that Ozzie is a pretty good musician at that and a lad with ideas. We should have lost an attractive radio character had he proceeded with his original design to practise law. As a matter of fact, Ozzie is actually a lawyer. Becoming one was his ambition when he started in at school. And you might say, in broad terms that Ozzie is one of those local New York boys who made good. In reality, he is a Jersey native, but that's really New York suburban. He was born in Jersey City in March 1906.

Of all things, his mother named him Oswald, because she hated nicknames, and thought that "Oswald" would flabbergast anybody who wanted to play tricks with her boy's tag. But when Ozzie got to Rutgers, he had been "Ozzie" for several years, and this Ozzie went through the University like axle grease through a tin horn and became a quarterback, starred in swimming, boxing and lacrosse. He became a pretty good pugilist; was editor of the college paper, which was supposed to be humorous, and by the time he graduated in 1927, he had organized an orchestra and changed his mind about law and briefs and habeas corpus. This despite the fact that he had pottered around the Jersey Law School for quite a time. His band sort of fascinated him and somehow it fascinated a lot of other young folks, and Ozzie developed to be quite a fellow around at the parties, and then somebody, as somebody always does, said: "Humph! Why don't you go on the radio?"

SO Ozzie dug himself up a manager and the manager managed to get him on the radio. I think it was WOR that first took a chance on him, as it did on Lopez and many others. And then, just as if you'd snap your fingers, there was Ozzie and his band tooting away at the Glen Island Casino, a joint that was swanky in those days, and which still likes good orchestras, or why does it keep Glenn Gray and the lads saxophoning around in these times? In the winter time, Ozzie got booked into the Barbison Plaza, in the Ritz Towers, etc. and one winter he went to Miami, and would you believe it, during all this time, Ozzie began thinking that maybe it wouldn't be a bad notion to get himself a sponsor or two, and snap! Just like that, Ozzie got 'em, and first thing you know he was up there with Joe Penner, another young fellow trying to get along, and, well for a few weeks, the program didn't seem so hot, so Ozzie got together with Harriet, and Harriet and he did a lot of trick singing (always with the affectionate tones

quite palpable) and away they went to hit the top rating, right beside Joe Penner, who was doing a bit of expert skyrocketing himself. And there, you have the story of what happened to Ozzie.

And what happened before all this to Harriet?

Well, as I was saying a ways back, Harriet was originally Peggy Snyder. She has been an actress, a showgirl, a ballet dancer and such. From all this you might suspect that she comes from a theatrical family. Well, I won't fool you. She does. And both she and the family met with success, even though they all started out in Des Moines, Iowa, which is quite a step from New York. Harriet's just 23, having passed that birthday on July 18th last. Her papa was a stage director, and one of his first directions was to direct Harriet to stay off the stage, but you know how it is. Really, Harriet played her first dramatic rôle at the ripe old age of six weeks when she was rolled onto the stage in a cradle to be the chee-ild in one of those snowstorm, Down East draymas. Later she played child parts, and what's odd about that, says you, since she was quite a child? I don't know, but she played 'em. But all play and no work is not so hot, and Harriet's mother up and said one day that this Peggy youngster would have to go to school and learn something besides stock company patter. So Peggy was packed off to the St. Agnes Academy in Kansas City. One of her classmates was Ramona, the piano-vocalist gal who is such a help to the Paul White-man outfit.

AT fifteen, Harriet got to twinkling her toes and became a ballet performer under the tutelage of Chester Hale. Know Chester Hale? He's the fellow who directs the Capitol ballet and sends out pretty gals in pink dresses all over the country and does very well, though I never have been able to figure out what good a ballet dancer does in the world. Harriet didn't seem to think it amounted to much either, but it built up a pretty sturdy pair of props for her, and then, when she was fed up with hops, skips and jumps, she made one last jump and got into vaudeville. A couple of times she played in acts with Bert Lahr, Ken Murray and others. Then her beauty attracted that eagle-eyed connoisseur of feminine charm, Nils T. Granlund, who was then directing the famous Hollywood Restaurant. He employed Harriet to add to the eyefulls there, and Harriet lost no time in advancing herself to the job of being a sort of cute mistress of ceremonies, and maybe Ozzie Nelson first saw her there, instead of at the Casino, as I said, and maybe he fixed it with Granlund to enter her into the audition contest, so he could employ her, but Ozzie says he didn't. But who can believe this fellow Nelson? He says he isn't married to Harriet. He says—no, he doesn't say that he doesn't love her. So, well, maybe we'd better let it go at that, but don't say I didn't give you a couple of good strong hints when some morning you pick up your newspaper and read about Mr. Nelson taking a bride.

THE RADIO FANS HAVE VOTED!



**"RED
DAVIS"**
**RETURNS TO THE AIR
OCTOBER FIRST**

AND no wonder! For "Red Davis" is the story of a red-blooded American boy. It is a typical story of American family life.

Adventure—romance—heart-aches—growing pains—love—life—humor and action. "Red Davis" is the kind of radio program that everyone can enjoy! It is clean, wholesome entertainment—the kind of adventures that you, yourself, have lived.



When "Red Davis" was first produced last year it met with instant enthusiasm. Now—"Red Davis" is to be back on the air. Thousands of unsolicited letters from young people and their parents have demanded his return!

You'll like "Red"

You'll find the "Red Davis" program more interesting than ever. Red and his girls—Betty—Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Clink, Linda and a host of others—they're all there, in a new series of fascinating adventures. And they're just as human and humorous as ever.

Monday night, *October 1st*, is the date. Don't forget the night and tune in.

NBC • WJZ NETWORK
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**MONDAY, WEDNESDAY
AND FRIDAY NIGHTS**

Sponsored by the Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N. Y., makers of Beech-Nut Gum, Candies, Coffee, Biscuits and other foods of finest flavor.

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way to have the natural
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All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids
may be had in purse sizes at all
leading 10c stores. Try them today!



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY
VIOLET AND GREEN

The Switchman's Son Becomes a King

(Continued from page 17)

he could get the most of for the ten cents . . . something like oatmeal. And when he had an extra nickel it didn't go for candy or anything like that. He'd buy buttered toast instead. He's never liked buttered toast since. In fact he doesn't care much about eating anyway. It's only a necessary evil. Those tough early years put lines in Wayne's face and gave him a sober and serious outlook. He's blue eyed, light haired, husky and of the outdoor bronzed athletic type. In fact he once played professional football, but now golf and the airplane are his relaxations from the saxophone.

Those early days taught him a very important lesson: To be happy you must have enough money for comfort. To be successful you must work hard, harder and better than the other fellow. Wayne saw too much suffering, failure, as a kid not to appreciate that you get from life what you give to life.

IN college he developed his mentality along philosophical and psychological lines. Now he applies all that. He studies his audiences. On a hot summer night he makes up a broadcast he thinks will be cooling and relaxing. His first fundamental of music is that it must be simple. It must come from the heart. It must be sincere, sweet and dreamy. It must appeal not to the highbrow but to the average person, the lithe young stenographer and the husky shipping clerk. It's an odd experience to stand backstage and watch the faces of the audience at the Aragon as Wayne works to them. The band follows his every desire almost before he expresses it. Those boys have worked together for a long time. In eight years only three have left. And not one of the three has ever been able to play as well since. Because when Wayne lays out the program and then gets in front of the boys he actually lifts their emotions out of them through their horns and pipes and drums.

The Aragon is primarily a dance hall. It's huge and magnificent but not gaudy. Wayne wouldn't play in a bizarre place. It would hurt him. Out front the kids gather around the band stand. They don't want to dance. They want to watch. With his hands he leads the band, his body swaying in rhythm, his eyes closing on soft passages, and most of the King music is soft. The kids crowd around, hundreds of them. The Aragon is mostly a kids' place, young stenographers and the like. Wayne loves and understands them. For them he would highhat the most highhat of all the highhats. To him they are the real people, the ones who have lifted him from starvation to stardom. Silk hats and ermine wraps are out of his line. The Pennsylvania Dutch stock from which he sprang was the Aragon kind, not monical and broad A people.

At the Aragon it's just a big party. It hasn't the atmosphere of a dance hall. Wayne will shake hands with a

kid out front, grin to another. The last night we were there he kidded a young girl about her red shoes.

"I know how you got that way. That's from drinking out of a mason jar down south." The girl blushes furiously. But she loved it. A chap introduced himself. "Down where I come from we get seven quarts to the acre of corn." Another chap next to him began to argue. It all goes on the WGN microphone. It's informal, happy, spontaneous. Wayne spots a girl from Jackson, Tennessee, and takes her to the mike to say hello to the folks back home. He laughs and kids with them. There's nothing bawdy about it. It's all just good clean fun.

I have seen Wayne bring tears to the eyes of those happy-go-lucky kids. I've seen him make them laugh. I've seen the same faces there before him week after week. Some of those kids haven't missed a week in four years. If illness keeps them away they explain and apologize on their return. To them it's their recreational home. He is their pal, they are his friends. But sometimes somebody makes the mistake of confusing his jolly camaraderie for something else. Some love sick girl makes a fool of herself, or some young fellow who had a couple of drinks talks out of turn. King's grin fades, turns into a deep scowl. They are taken away, their money returned and they are told not to come back. Wayne will not stand for any funny business. He doesn't do those things, no one in his band does and he won't work for such people. What's the use of trying to do the best job you can for a bunch of drunks? They wouldn't appreciate it anyway. Wayne won't even try . . . and he refuses to be a grinning ape.

WAYNE thoroughly enjoys his fan mail when the letters come from sincere and intelligent people. But he detests the cranks and morons. One woman keeps writing him lascivious and almost unintelligible letters. He feels rotten every time he gets one of them. They worry him and it bothers him to realize such people can be interested in him as a male instead of him as a romantic musical ideal. He doesn't know just what to do about it all. He's afraid to take any action like the police for fear the woman might commit suicide or do something equally terrible. Then he'd feel he had been to blame. And if such things ever get into the papers there's bound to be a bad after affect for Wayne. You know how prone people are to quoting something about, "Where there's smoke there must be fire."

Ten years ago he had an experience he has never forgotten. Two teen aged girls came to Chicago in search of Wayne King, their ideal man. They made such fools of themselves they finally ended up in a police station threatening to take poison. It was all finally straightened out but it left a scar on the King soul. It made him

even more cautious. It hinted toward the slime that has so often ruined public entertainers. Not that Wayne has ever done anything wrong. In all the years I've known him I'm sure he has never had an "Affair" with a woman. He rarely takes a drink. He has only the innocent bad habits of the usual male. He isn't a bad boy in any sense of the word but he realizes what can happen if some poor deluded fools of women in fogs of passion lie about him. He's afraid and he hates it.

I have never heard people say King is high hat, conceited, hard to get along with. I've known him for four years and I think I know the answer. In the first place Wayne is outspoken. He's abrupt. He says just exactly what he thinks. He loves people but not when they try to impose upon him. He won't even listen to aspiring young artists who want to know what he thinks of their work. He won't even run through the songs amateurs send him. He won't talk for publication except to very few trusted friends. He won't loan money to chiselers.

BUT there are very good reasons for all that. He doesn't want to hear young artists or go through their music. Because if he says they are good they may spend lots of money and time and effort in trying to get started. And his judgment may be wrong. Maybe they aren't good after all. He won't loan money any more than he'll throw money away because he's learned the value of a dollar and he's working to build up an estate for his wife and baby. He doesn't go around to night clubs because he hates the smoky air and loud, drinking crowds. He'd rather be flying through the sheer beauty of sunrise in his airplane or playing golf with chosen companions in the clean fresh air. He won't talk for publication because he isn't publicity mad. In fact he doesn't want publicity. He's much more interested in his music and having people like that than in all the stories that have ever been written. And because he is so reticent and abrupt with writers many have slandered him in a fit of personal pique and lied about him to make a story they can print even though he said nothing at all.

He recently spent several weeks in California on a vacation. And was amused to have a West Coast scribe write that he wasn't in California, couldn't have been because the West Coast reporters are so on their toes that even Dillinger couldn't get into town without their knowing it. Nevertheless he was there for several weeks. But he wasn't looking for publicity. He doesn't try to push himself. He detests the theatrical type of person who always seeks the spotlight, and although he is a professional entertainer he still insists he has a right to a personal life of his own.

Wayne never listens to any other orchestras on the radio. You might think it would be a good thing to listen to all of them so that you could know what the competition is doing. But that's the best way in the world to lose your in-

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dividuality Wayne thinks. One time when he was in New York King went over to hear Guy Lombardo's orchestra. He was particularly impressed with one new number the Lombardo men did. He liked the little saxophone runs as they did them. But of course he forgot all about it when he got back to Chicago a few days later. Not long afterwards Wayne got his copy of that same tune he heard Lombardo do. Now he remembered there was something familiar about it. But if you go over hundreds of new songs a week you could hardly be expected to remember. Once more Wayne liked that tune, had his boys rehearse and then, thinking it was his own idea, had his boys insert those same little saxophone trills he'd heard Lombardo add to the number. It never occurred to Wayne he'd stolen somebody's else idea until he happened to hear a record of that tune done by the Lombardos months later. Wayne was suddenly ashamed of himself. His band has never played the number since. And that's why he refuses to listen to other bands. He wants his music to be distinctly Wayne King. He doesn't want his style diluted with other people's ideas.

HE married Dorothy Janis, who was then a rising young film star, in March 21, 1932. You may remember Dorothy as "Tito" in "The Pagan" with Ramon Navarro. For months before that Wayne's name had been linked with various stars, including Jean Harlow and Miss Janis. But always he indignantly denied any romantic interest. He wanted his private affairs to be kept private. On the marriage certificate Mrs. King gave her name as Dorothy Jones, 21 years old, and the bridegroom was listed as Harold Wayne King, 31 years old. A princess was born

to the Kings August 22, 1933.

When "mamma" calls, business is off until they visit and talk about the child. Just now they've been having a grand time preparing for the little girl's first birthday. But he wouldn't tell a reporter about that any more than he did about his marriage or about the birth of the child. To him those things are his own personal private business and if he can he's going to keep them so. And Mrs. King, is just as set on a private home life as he is. To them his music is a business. He has a bookkeeper and an office. But just like any other business man he wants a chance to relax from it and be himself . . . and be with his family in privacy not a public gold fish bowl.

He shies at having stories written and pictures printed for another reason. Probably not one percent of the country's Wayne King fans have ever seen him. And yet in their own minds they have built a romantic picture of him. They know how he should look and act and dress and be. If you, as a layman, have ever had the misfortune of meeting on intimate personal grounds your favorite entertainer you'll know what he means . . . you'll know how disappointed you were to find that the artist you'd glorified in your dreams is just another guy or gal like the rest of us. The Chicago Theatre has offered Wayne \$10,000 for a week's work. A theatre circuit wants him to play fifty-two straight weeks on the road. But he doesn't want to. He knows that of every hundred new people who see him in person at least seventy-five of them are going to be disappointed in the man Wayne King as compared to their ideal and imaginary Wayne King. And although he'll make money if he goes to those jobs he knows he'll lose something very precious.

When I Was In Jail

(Continued from page 35)

walked away with a pair of silken hose. Just as I was hiding the hose in my handbag, the store detective collared me and with a villainous hiss, "Now I've got you!", brought me to the manager's office as the flashlight bulbs of the photographers began to pop. There was a short scene enacted in the manager's office (for the benefit of the press, of course) and then two big burly policemen came in and escorted me to the street. By this time, quite a crowd had collected in front of the store and there was a great ado by the spectators. Just as I was being ushered into the Black Maria, two stalwart cowboys pushed through the crowd and wanted to know what all the "shooting was about." A bystander told them that some girl had been arrested for stealing a pair of stockings, which made the cowpunchers very indignant. They couldn't understand all this commotion over a measly pair of hose, and as the police wagon drove off, they shouted after me—

"Cheer up sister! we're coming down to that jail house, pay your fine and if that doesn't work, we'll git ye out anyway."

When I arrived at the police station, I was arraigned, finger-printed and then placed in a cell. (And the photographers were still on my trail!) That cell! Never shall I forget it! Of course it was all part of the game but I really didn't reckon on such a dungeon, and yet the photographers wanted to "shoot" me looking from behind the bars.

Then came the escape! Aided and abetted by the leading man and cheered by the spectators, who were milling around the front of the jail, we dashed down the steps of San Antonio's main Bastille, my actor-hero holding about forty "leven policemen at bay with a prop pistol that probably hadn't been fired since the battle of Shiloh.

WELL, the show was over. That night the theatre was packed to capacity. Many had to be turned away. And right down in front were my two knight-errants, the cowboys! I think the show that they put on was infinitely more entertaining than the one we gave on the other side of the footlights. They bellowed advice, encouragement, de-

fiance and moaned quite audibly when things were going against me. As the play proceeded, they would lean forward and shout—

"Now, watch your step, Sister, this critter is a dirty villain."

When the final curtain fell, and I was triumphant, I saw them mopping their red faces and greatly exultant that I had come into my own and that "all was right with the world."

So you see, dear readers, it was all for the cause of SUCCESS that I went to jail.

I started my career right after leaving Vassar and my cousin, Elbert Hubbard aided me in landing my first part. I started with maid parts, worked up through comics and sweet ingenues to leading lady. Since then I've played all sorts of women, from Portia to Sadie Thompson.

It was about two years ago that "Uncle Matt" of "Real Folks" got me my first radio job.

I have been on the Maxwell House Showboat program for the past year and a half, portraying the rôle of "Maria." I was cast as mistress of ceremonies on "Maria's Matinée." Up to this writing, I believe I have been the only mistress of ceremonies on the air, and I enjoyed every minute of it, because of the genuine spontaneous response of the listeners.

It's grand to work with such troupers as Charlie Winninger, who portrays Cap'n Henry. Every once in a while, when I am facing him, I think of how we've both "trode the boards." Charlie, as you know, has been on the legitimate stage for many years.

I also get an especially big kick out of mothering Rosaline Greene, who is the talking Mary Lou on the Showboat, and wholesome Lanny Ross. I am genuinely devoted to everyone on Showboat and in all this time there hasn't been one discordant note, and knowing theatrical and radio people as I do, that's a record.

I ALSO claim the distinction of being one of the very few people—man, woman or child, who has actually finished "Anthony Adverse." The only trouble I had while reading it was that I found it hard to support on my knee. My son and I had so many arguments over it that it took three months for me to finish it.

My husband is also an actor and has done considerable radio work. My son is twenty years old and is an inventor and also shows great promise of some day becoming a good cartoonist.

My fan mail comes from all races and creeds. I received a letter from a colored boy the other day, who told how he supported his family, was 21 and worked as valet, houseman, etc. He said he wrote to me because of my "sweet voice." I am proud to say that I make it an especial point to answer every letter that is written to me.

My ambition for the future is to have a home in the Carolinas with one cow, three horses, one cat, one dog and a flock of white leghorns. However, right now, my efforts are centered in radio and I am very happy in my work.



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Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.*

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

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The Beautiful Stooge

(Continued from page 28)

"Baby Cory coughed night after night," writes Mrs. F. H. Cook, Verona, N. J. "Doctor said, 'Pertussin.' Two days later her cough was gone!"



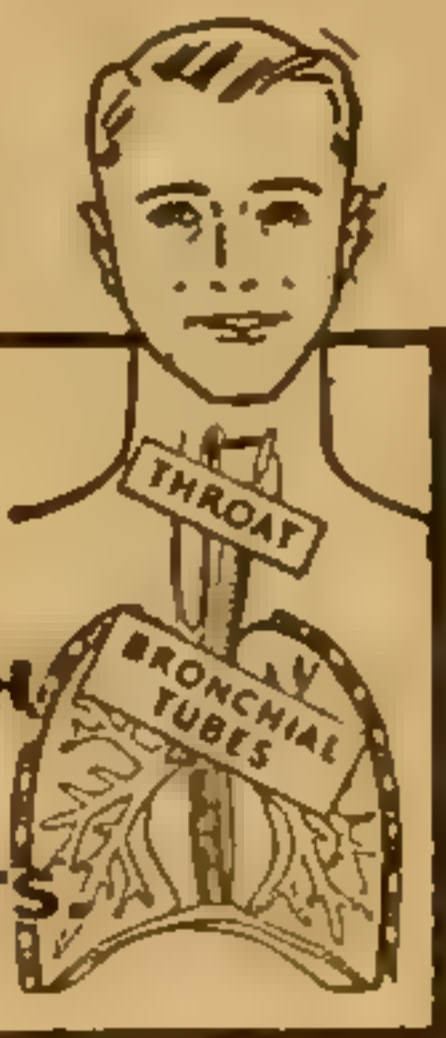
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WHEN YOU CATCH
COLD. THEN
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"The audition is at eight o'clock. That only gives us four hours for rehearsal and I don't even know if she is any good."

"I heard her on the 'phone," Miss Gordon said, thoughtfully. "She sounded enough like Margy Wayne to be her sister. A marvelous voice and she said she'd had comedy and radio experience—frankly, I'd take a chance on her."

"But suppose she isn't any good," Toby objected.

Mason had been listening with interest to the conversation.

"It's none of my business," he said. "But Miss Gordon here knows more about good radio voices than anyone in the studios. If she says this girl is good, I'd take a chance on her and I don't think it would be such a big chance."

"What's her name?" Toby asked the casting woman.

"Smith, I think she said," Miss Gordon answered. "She didn't give her first name. Frankly, her voice interested me so much I forgot about getting her address and telephone number. I certainly slipped up there."

"First time I ever saw you so keen about a voice, Gordy," Mason commented.

"SHE'S great—at least—her voice is," Miss Gordon said enthusiastically.

"Probably looks like Tenth Avenue during a spring thaw," Toby remarked.

"Well, it doesn't matter on the air," the professor reminded him.

"I'll risk it," said Toby suddenly. There wasn't anything else to do.

Toby, the professor and David Mason were in their studio promptly at four the next afternoon. The orchestra would not be in for several hours but they realized there would not be any too much time available to break in the candidate for the job.

Fifteen minutes after four o'clock a tall and pretty blonde strolled into the studio.

Toby, David and the professor spoke as one.

"Miss Smith?"

The blonde girl smiled and said that she was Miss Smith.

There wasn't any time to waste and Toby went into a brief explanation of what was wanted.

Then he gave Miss Smith a script and they read through their lines. The announcer listened and watched the mysterious Miss Smith curiously. She didn't read like a trained radio performer.

Toby wasn't quite so worried. His experience in vaudeville and in one musical comedy had taught him that many of the best actors and actresses read very badly the first time.

At the second reading, this time with microphone, Miss Smith showed little improvement. Mason thought to himself that she read like a rank amateur but said nothing. Toby was patient and continued to coach his new stooge.

Two more readings and Miss Smith was little better. Toby, Mason and the professor held a brief conference when Miss Smith went out to make a phone call.

"She doesn't know a thing about mike technique," Mason declared.

"She's just plain lousy," Toby said. "Your Miss Gordon is certainly a swell picker."

"Too late now to do anything about it. We audition in less than two hours," the professor said. "Perhaps if we keep on working, she'll grasp the idea."

Miss Smith returned and the rehearsals continued, this time with the orchestra. Even the stimulus of the music failed to help the terrible reading of the blonde girl. She just wasn't good.

Less than an hour remained before the audition. Toby was weary; so weary he didn't care what happened. He knew that his radio career would probably come to an abrupt end within a few hours and that there weren't enough explanations to account for a stooge with such an outstanding lack of ability as Miss Smith.

The professor sat hunched up in a corner and said nothing. He wished he had been telling Margy the truth when he said he had his old job waiting for him. As a matter of fact, he'd be jobless with Toby.

When Miss Smith said that she couldn't do another thing unless she had something to eat, Toby didn't even comment on the foolishness of food before an important program. He just nodded his head and the blonde girl made her exit.

"Sunk! Sunk completely!" said Toby. "We'll go through with it because there's nothing else to do."

"Think she'll remember to come back from dinner?" Mason asked.

"Probably," Toby said. "We won't be lucky enough to have her run over by a taxi. And that's the only explanation that would get us out of this mess."

"She'll have to hurry, then," Mason said. "Look at the time."

It was seven thirty.

"AUDITION in thirty minutes," said Toby.

"Waterloo in thirty minutes," said the professor pessimistically.

"Hell," said David Mason, simply.

The studio door swung open. The three men looked up. Margy Wayne took two steps into the studio, paused and smiled charmingly at them.

The professor was the first to speak. "It's an illusion," he said. "Just a mirage in the desert of mediocrity."

Toby spoke next. "Hello Toots," he said. It was the only thing he could think of.

"Mrs. Toots to you," said Margy with a mock frown. "Where is my script?"

"You... you're going to work!"

"Certainly," said Margy. "How did my understudy do?"

"Who?" Toby asked.

"June Hillebrand. My room mate."

She came down to go through the script and keep you from getting worried until I got here," Margy said, apparently quite serious.

"There was a Miss Smith—" Toby began.

"Oh yes," said Margy lightly. "That's her professional name. Miss Smith. Didn't she tell you I'd be here?"

"NO," said the professor.

"Strange. She must have forgotten. Oh. We audition in thirty minutes. Just time for a dress rehearsal. Let's go. I've been working on my lines all day. It's a grand script, prof. Just wait until I get going."

It was a grand script. And Margy got going. And then the audition. You can sort of tell about auditions by looking at the musicians. This one was very good.

Toby, Margy, the professor and Mason paced up and down the corridor. Suddenly Margy stopped.

"Listen, you two men," she said addressing Toby and the professor. "I want to play a game!"

"Huh?" said Toby, who didn't have games on his mind.

"It's called 'Truths' said Margy. "I'm going to ask some questions and you've just got to give truthful answers."

"Shoot," said Toby.

The professor looked worried and David Mason looked interested.

"Toby," said Margy, "are you in love with me?"

"Darling," said Toby, "I'm crazy about you!"

"Are you in love with me? Toby, do you want to marry me?"

"Sure. Let's get a license."

"Truth, Toby!"

"Alright—not that way, Toots."

"I didn't think so!" she turned to the professor.

"Prof. Are you in love with me?"

"My dear, you have my whole adoration."

"I read the lines you write pretty well, don't I?" Margy asked.

"You're marvellous."

"Do you want to marry me, professor? Truth, now!"

"Why—why—no, I hadn't thought of it."

"Grand," Margy explained. "Now, I'll let you in on a secret. Shall we tell them, David?"

The announcer blushed.

"Might as well know, I guess," he muttered.

"David and I," said Margy rather proudly, "are engaged. We're going to be married."

All the congratulations were interrupted by a page boy.

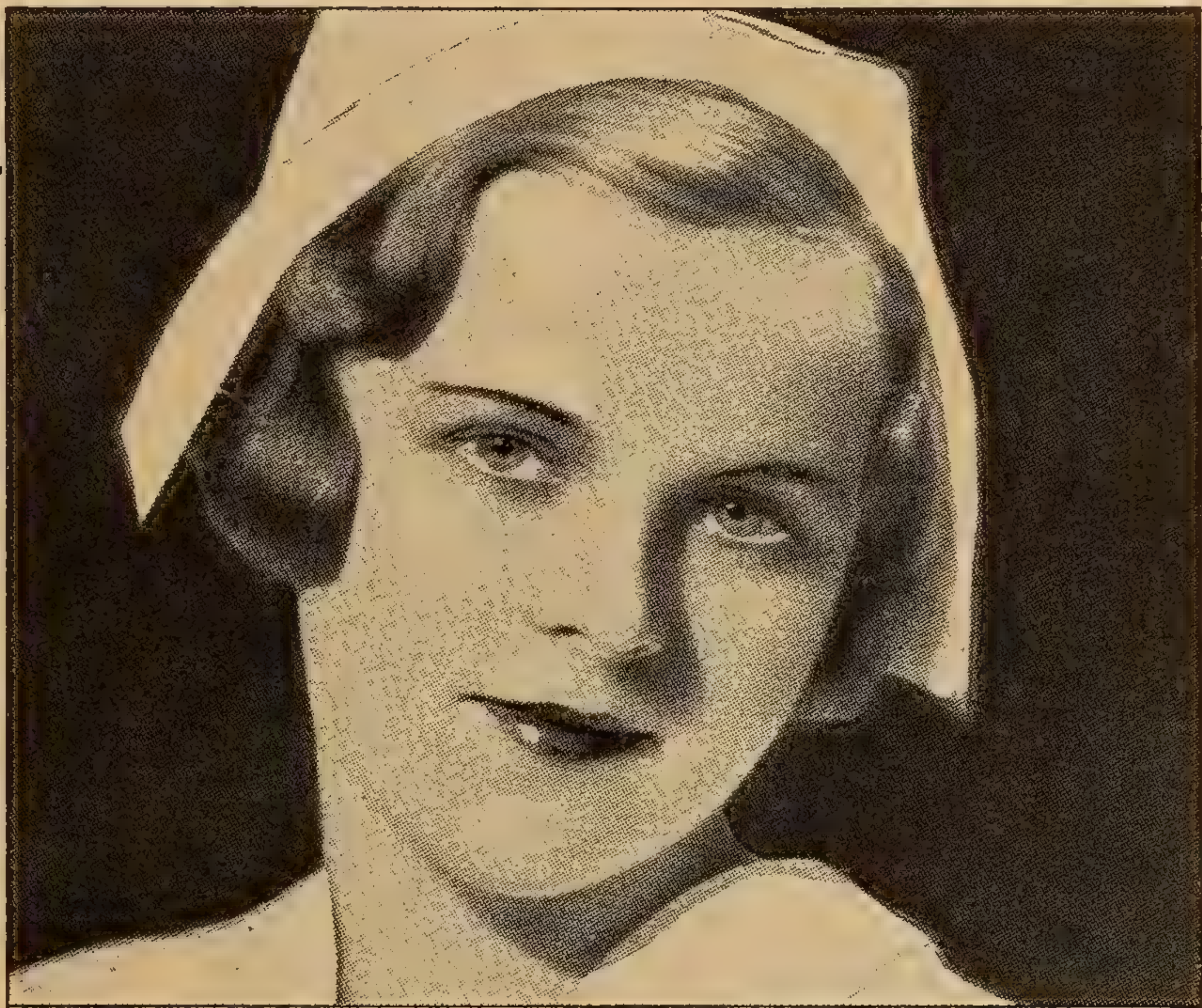
"They want you up in the clients' room, Mr. Malone," he said to Toby. "And, don't tell nobody I told you, it's in the bag. The client says he'll take you on one condition—that you'll sign a contract for fifty-two weeks!"

Mason might have been excused for suddenly kissing Margy but there was no excuse for the wild embrace that Toby gave the professor.

The End

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City

State

In the Stars' Kitchens

(Continued from page 51)

Mix dry ingredients thoroughly; add molasses to milk, add to dry ingredients; beat well and put into greased molds $\frac{2}{3}$ full. Bake in moderate oven, (400° F.) until top is dry.

Sweets are a weakness with Priscilla Lane, whose charming voice you have heard many times with Fred Waring, and she brings her fans Corn-starch Pudding for November.

CORN-STARCH PUDDING
5 tablespoons cornstarch

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

3 cups milk

1 egg

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk which has been scalded, cook in a double boiler for 20 minutes, until thickened, stirring constantly. Beat the egg and cook a few minutes. Add vanilla, and pour into molds. Allow to cool.

"Howdy Folks"

(Continued from page 35)

"A strange thing, too, about radio writers. I don't suppose there's a sane human being in the land who would think of deliberately tossing away a slogan like "Good to the Last Drop". Now in my broadcasts, there are certain phrases that, through repetition, have become associated with the character I portray, and with the hour I represent. Well, sir, believe it or not, every now and then someone tries to improve things by throwing those familiar, and I believe, beloved phrases right out the window.

"I don't say I'd be crazy about doing the same character the rest of my life, but now that it is established I'm not going to lose its identity. What I'd like to do would be to present a series of plays in thirteen episodes, to establish a repertoire and become known on the air as I am in the theatre as a versatile delineator of character. I'd like to do "The Music Master", that Belasco classic, and follow it with "Rip Van Winkle." There are a couple of Richard Mansfield's vehicles that would be pretty nearly perfect as radio plays, and—oh, there is no end to the possibilities!

BUT, don't mistake me. They'll never be successful in boiling down a play to tabloid form. Too much is missing. All the color and life and suspense, all the drama is lost when a plot is presented in its bare essentials. I've heard a couple of attempts recently, and it was painful to hear hit shows, every line of which was familiar to me, mutilated, murdered and massacred as they were.

"Of course, radio is dear to me. It's a marvellous medium, and a fascinating one in which to work. But, I suppose, once an actor, always an actor. To me there's nothing like the theatre. I'm planning a play right now. This working by the stop-watch has its limitations. Sometimes they're a little irksome, too. I try not to let them ruffle me, though. One time there was a lot of arm-waving in the studio, and I judged from the face-making and other evidence of excitement that the show was a minute or so over-time, and they wanted me to cut the continuity. I didn't, though. I cut the commercial instead!"

Up until that last line Mr. Winninger had been dreadfully serious. Even to the point where the broad brow was wrinkled under the intensity of his mood. But now the smile broke through, the light blue eyes sparkled wickedly as those of a youngster who has outwitted Teacher. The big executive was gone, and the transition brought back the beloved Charlie Winninger as a sort of Foxy Grandpa, prematurely juvenile.

Of course he's an actor! Is, always was, always will be! Golly, that goes back to the days when papa Franz Winninger and his Austrian wife toured the West under canvas. The name of the act was "Winninger Family Novelties", and the troupe consisted of Ma and Pa and the six little Winningers of assorted sizes and sexes. There were five boys and a girl, and Charlie was born in a Lincoln-like log cabin that may still be standing in the environs of Black Creek, in the more or less sovereign state of Wisconsin.

Charlie served his apprenticeship as a singer, a hooper, an acrobat, a monologist. He was a seasoned troupier when Hector was a pup. More specifically, he was an old established firm in show business when Will Rogers made his theatric maiden bow. The "Show Boat" of stage, screen and radio, is not the only one on which Cap'n Henry, alias Andy Hawks, has cruised. No, siree! At sixteen he forsook the ten-twenty-thirty legit to sail the muddy Mississippi on the good ship "Cotton Blossom", and he stayed with her while she tied up at the levee of every town along the river's length.

Those, if you like, were the good ol' days! And even then, as now, Charlie Winninger, of the Family Novelties, had his side-line. He carried a baseball team along with the show, and won with suspicious regularity from the nines composed of the local yokels along the route. The reason isn't difficult. On Charlie's team were several professional players, outlawed from both majors and minors, but with an eye on the ball, a hop on the fast one, and an all-inclusive fielding mitt! Victories became so monotonous that finally the team disbanded.

To Charlie, too, goes credit for one of the first of the beauty contests, now

famous from Maine to California, and especially at Atlantic City. This time the winsome Winner was on tour with a medicine show, purifying local bloods with "Dr. Reichter's Teutonia." With the crowds gathered for songs, dances and witty sayings, Charlie would arouse the interest of the beaux and belles with his announcement of a contest to choose a fairest flower of the Southland. One bottle of the good, old Doc's reliable cure-all, meant one vote for the village siren. And, gosh, how the money poured in!

AND speaking of cures in the corn-belt, best set down for the record that this same austere gentleman hurled some of the first custard pies known to history. 'Way back yonder in the "Naughty Nineties," those far-famed exponents of the drama, Messrs. Weber and Fields had a divertissement titled "The Corn Curers," and in this aesthetically named offering, Mr. Winner hurled creamy confections with deadly and uproariously hilarious precision.

But, after all, we mustn't blame it all on "Andy." He was just a chip off the old block, for Father Franz, who wanted his son Charles to be a padre, was the discoverer of the late hand-cuff king, Harry Houdini, and it is still rumored down Appleton, Wisconsin, way that Franz was a party to that little publicity stunt when Harry opened up the jail and the prisoners forgot to remember to come back!

All this is "only the beginning, folks," as Cap'n Henry says. These were the Winner wild oats, sown in the first flush of that youth so speedily following his birth on a May day, the twenty-eighth to be precise, in 1884. After he married Blanche Ring, whom you remember had "rings on her fingers, bells on her toes, elephants to ride on," Charlie settled down to the serious business of "The Wall Street Girl" and "Claudia Smiles." Then he and Blanche played vaudeville dates until they tired of 'em, and Charlie gave an unforgettable impersonation of Leo Ditrichstein, the day's great lover. He played in "Friendly Enemies," in any number of "Follies" shows. He trouped for two straight years in "No, No, Nanette," with Beatrice Lillie in "Oh, Please!", in a Prohibition satire, "Light Wines and Beers," a piece called "The Broadway Whirl," and countless others.

Yet, when Charlie first invaded Broadway, the celebrated and sarcastic critic, Alan Dale, wrote in his paper a mention of the Winner histrionics, saying, "something with a German accent came on the stage!" But in spite of such an inauspicious start the boy from Black Creek, suburb of that thriving center of metropolitan art and letters, Green Bay, Wisconsin, delivered the well-known goods to the paying guests of theatre, screen and radio. So, you see, neither you, nor Alan Dale, can always tell.

AND for that German accent, Mr. Winner can still turn it on as occasion requires, and he continues to hold fast to the idea that a lovable, ac-

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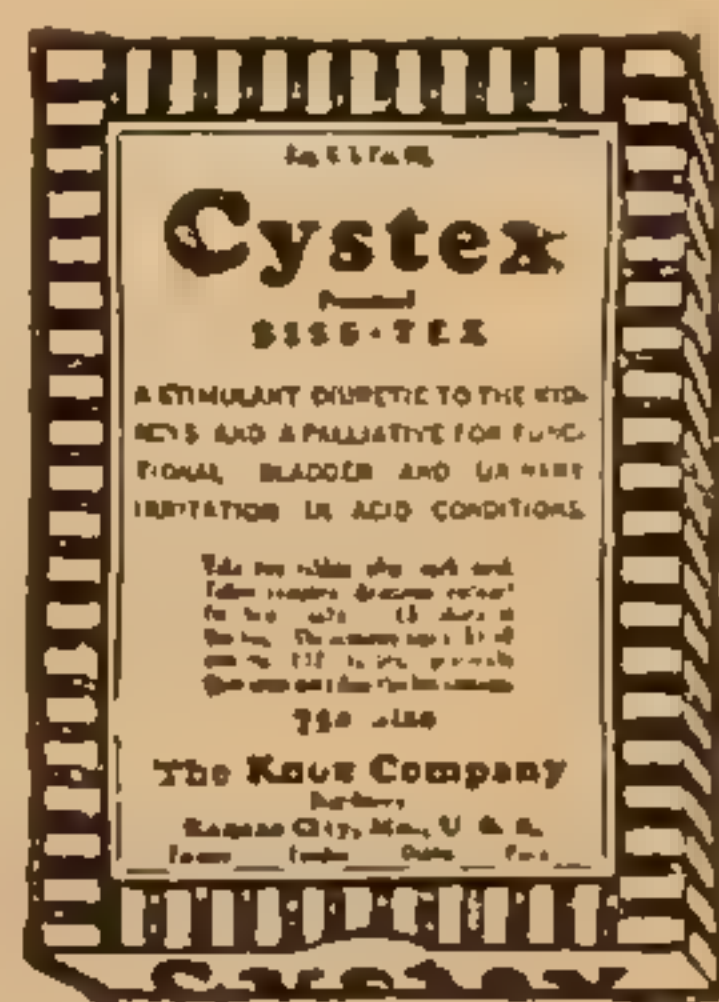
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gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

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Cystex
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Dr. T. J. Rastelli

English Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, Doctor of Medicine, Bachelor of Science, and Surgeon of London, England, recently wrote: "Without hesitation I am happy to pronounce Cystex one of the finest remedies I have ever met with in my long years of medical practice. Your formula is one which any fair-minded physician will at once recommend for its definite benefits in aiding the treatment of many common Kidney and Bladder disorders. When Kidneys fail to function thoroughly and acids are permitted to accumulate, there obviously follows an irritated condition. The patient complains of scalding pain, backache, headache, indigestion, poor sleep, no appetite, nervousness, and an all-tired-out feeling. Cystex counteracts the excess acidity, relieving the uncomfortable sensations within a very short time and flushes out the Kidneys and Bladder. For men and women, Cystex is of importance in helping to regulate these important functions, and particularly since it is safe and harmless, I am delighted to lend my name to indorse so meritorious a prescription."—Signed, T. J. Rastelli, M. D.

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"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

centful old German character would find a place in the hearts of the radio public as it never failed to do in the theatre of twenty years ago.

Perhaps the engagement standing out most prominently in the Winninger memory is that of the "Follies" in 1920. The cast assembled for that show, he believes, remains without equal. And in scanning a time-worn program, maybe you'll agree. The list is studded with names. Besides that of Winninger, himself, the line-up of that show included Fanny Brice, W. C. Fields, Jack Donahue, Moran and Mack, Van and Schenck, Bernard Granville, John Steele, and others who have passed to greater fame—either here, or There. Victor Herbert wrote the score, and to make it perfect, Irving Berlin the words.

Since those days, Mr. Winninger has trouped before Presidents, including President Roosevelt, and has topped all his previous efforts in the character

which he created in the Ziegfeld-Jerome Kern "Show Boat" brought to life in the theatre from the pages of Edna Ferber's book. Just as Joe Jefferson remained "Rip Van Winkle," and Frank Bacon was ever "Lightnin'", so, no matter what future triumphs await him, adoring millions will identify Charles Winninger as the idolized "Cap'n" of the "Show Boat." And smile always as they so recall him.

When Opportunity rapped lightly upon the door of the Cap'n's cabin on the Show Boat, he was on hand to extend a true Winninger welcome. He has established himself as a star in three different entertainment mediums. At fifty his future is more brilliant than the gilded past of which most of his contemporaries reminisce. And don't forget, "this is only the beginning folks." Like the horseless carriage, Charles Winninger is here to stay! That, at least, is something for which we may all be thankful.

Cinderella's Boy Friend

(Continued from page 25)

labor. His strong, square looking hands bear testimony to his early working efforts.

When Dick was ready for college he enrolled in the Little Rock Institute of learning, played with the college band and still continued to sing. He only lasted through his freshman year and went to work for the telephone company in the school town. His task was collecting nickels out of pay-station phones. During this period of his regular employment, at the age of twenty he fell in love and married the girl. It wasn't one of those big loves of a lifetime that he sings about now, and after a short period of matrimonial experience he went back to live under the family roof.

He may not have had what might be called a broken heart but he could sing about such things with enough conviction to get himself a job with a travelling orchestra. His forte in those days was a collection of ballads, dripping with sentimentality. Kentucky went for that type of lyric torch carrying so Dick was signed up for a new hotel in Louisville. He added more popular types of Tin Pan Alley output to his repertoire and drew a salary of six months but he met with hard luck when he again went on an orchestral tour and lived for a whole summer in dribbles of compensation and the meager advances of various pawn brokers to whom he handed fountain pens, cuff buttons and even his musical instruments when he got so hungry he had to eat.

An opportunity to hang up his hat again in a regular room came in Indianapolis and Dick joined up with Charley Davis. Dick had to learn banjo-playing for this engagement that alternated between a small theater and a night club. The routine was so strenuous Dick decided he wanted a try at vaudeville so he engaged a piano

player and hied himself to Chicago and fame. Chicago couldn't see him at all so Dick shook off the hard luck, withdrew his savings from the bank and went to Florida in time to witness the collapse of the big boom. Needless to say he didn't get any work there so he rode all the way back to Indianapolis in a day coach and was pretty hungry by the time he arrived, having had no funds to explore the pleasures of the dining car.

CHARLEY DAVIS gave him back his job and when the Davis boys were engaged for the big Indiana Theater there, Dick's stock went up. Another theater in the town offered Dick a job as master of ceremonies, which he held for sixteen weeks moving on to Pittsburgh where he learned the technique of serenading patrons with the aid of a short megaphone. The Smoky City was good luck for Powell. He was established in the Stanley Theater when a Warner Brothers' scout arranged for a screen test and gave him a Hollywood contract. His first role was the crooner in "Blessed Event", followed by such pictures as "42nd Street", "Gold Diggers of 1933", "Convention City", "20 Million Sweethearts", "Dames", "Happiness Ahead" and most recently "Flirtation Walk".

Dick likes "42nd Street" best. He likes acting, enjoys his radio work thoroughly but his real ambition is to be a flyer. The "Old Gold" hour brought him his first microphone opportunities as master of ceremonies but now that he's signed for "Hollywood Hotel" he has a real chance for a radio career as the central figure of an expensive program built around him.

While his first success came through his amazing appeal to the younger generation his air efforts have widened that appeal to encompass all ages and all types of listeners. He's just as popular

in Hollywood with the pretty young ingenues as he is with his public. He lives well, though he isn't extravagant as he learned enough in those early years to save for the "rainy day". So far, he's glad to state there's not even a sign of the rain clouds. He plays every instrument used in an orchestra, except the violin and piano. He buys all his clothes in New York but would rather live in California than any place else. His hobbies are horseback riding and swimming and he's considered one of the best contract bridge players among the amateurs on the west coast. He eats what he wants but his favorite dish is ham and eggs. He's not one of those bachelors who likes to putter around in his own kitchen at midnight. He'd rather have somebody else get things ready for him. He works hard, though he thoroughly enjoys recreation but now, what with his big radio contract and his picture activities he won't have much leisure time on his hands. He isn't unusually handsome, he's not a genius at any instrument he plays, his voice is pleasing but it's a certain enthusiastic personality that really puts him across. And now he finds himself in the company of a talented group of artists whose hour of entertainment every Friday night looms up as one of the most promising and important broadcast programs yet attempted on the Columbia system.

He Plants Stars in the Ether Sky

(Continued from page 37)

Mildred Bailey, who rose to fame as the Rockin' Chair lady and then lost out when she came to blows with Columbia, was another Whiteman discovery. It was, as you might guess, her brother, Al Rinker, who sang her praises continually. When the Columbia Recording Company made a test record of Mildred's voice, Mildred's brother played it for Paul Whiteman.

"YOU'RE right," Paul Whiteman said, "she is pretty wonderful." When the band came to Hollywood, Mildred gave a little party for the Rhythm Boys. Her brother was playing and she was singing a song to entertain the crowd, when at midnight Paul Whiteman burst in.

"Come down to Universal Studio tomorrow," he commanded. "I'm making 'The King of Jazz' there and broadcasting from the studio. I want you to take an audition for the Old Gold program."

She took the audition next day, and as a singer with Paul Whiteman's orchestra she attracted national attention.

"Is it true," I asked Paul Whiteman, "that you and Mildred Bailey had a feud?"

"No," he told me. "I didn't feud with her, but she feuded with me. She didn't achieve success at first, but when she did, she demanded \$2000 a week. 'Two thousand dollars a week!' I told her. 'I can't possibly pay you that much. I'll tell you what. You pay

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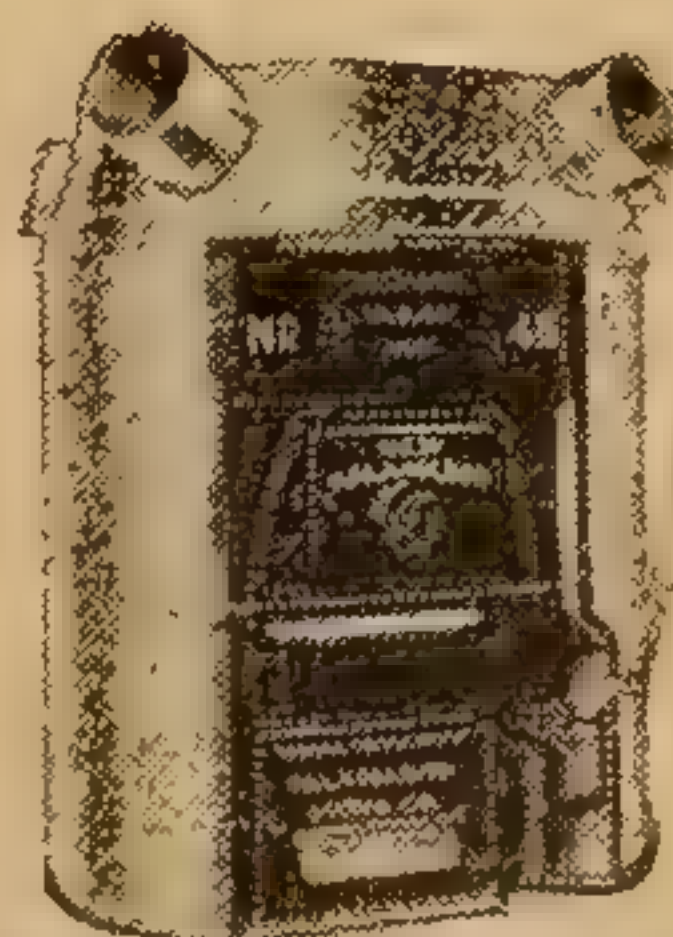
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ference. At all good drug and department stores.

me two thousand a week, and I'll lead
my band for you."

Mildred Bailey afterwards got an im-
portant sustaining spot with the Col-
umbia Broadcasting System. On Radio
Row the gossip is that the excessive
salary demands which ended her career
with Whiteman's band eventually ended
her career with the Columbia network.

On the other hand, Lee Wiley's
career, which had shot into the radio
sky like a comet, looked as if it were
ended forever when her program with
Pond's ended. Just when everyone
thought that Lee Wiley was washed
up, Paul Whiteman decided to put the
lovely blues singer on his program. On
the Pond program she had too many
songs to sing, he decided; she would be
more effective if she weren't asked to
do so much singing on a program. So
it has proved.

Lennie Hayton, the orchestra leader,
is one of Paul Whiteman's favorites.

"He is one of the shyest, most modest
people in the world," Whiteman told
me. "I found Lennie playing with Hal
Kemp in the basement of the Taft.
While he was with me I made him con-
duct the orchestra. He has a genuine
talent for it, but he hated to do it, both
because of his natural reserve and be-
cause many of the men in the orchestra
were older than he. But I bullied him
into it. 'You won't get any place just
playing the piano,' I told him."

THAT'S one of Paul Whiteman's most
uncanny abilities—discovering peo-
ple's hidden talents and getting them to
make use of those talents. So many
people go through life, you know,
dreaming of that great novel they'd
like to write or that great symphony
they'd like to compose. Usually the
dream never takes on the tangible shape
of reality, and the dreamer remains all
his life a hard-working newspaper hack
or a denizen of Tin Pan Alley, grind-
ing out cheap tunes.

It's different, though, with those
whom Paul Whiteman discovers. Some
quality of greatness about the man
seems to bring out the innate hidden
abilities of those who are fortunate
enough to know him. He knows when
to encourage, when to discourage com-
posers and singers.

I doubt whether the complete story
of how George Gershwin came to write
the "Rhapsody in Blue" has ever been
told before. In 1916 George Gershwin
was a fifteen dollar a week piano player
for the Remick music house. He had
also composed a hot number called
"When you Want 'Em You Can't Get
'Em, When You've Got 'Em You Don't
Want 'Em." In the next seven or eight
years he wrote a number of popular
pieces, but no one dreamed that this
fellow was marked for immortality. Not
even Paul Whiteman, I daresay.

For a long time Paul Whiteman had
dreamed of giving a jazz concert with
George Gershwin. A jazz concert on
the classical-concert stage of Carnegie
Hall!

"Don't do it," Paul Whiteman's
friends advised feelingly. "You're get-
ting along pretty well, Paul, with your
dance music. But if you try this hare-

brained scheme, you'll be a laughing
stock all over the country."

Still Paul Whiteman clung to his
dream and still he continued to talk to
Gershwin of that great jazz concert
they were going to give some day. The
whole idea might have ended in talk
but for one thing. One day he heard
that some one else was planning to give
a similar concert. Before the other pro-
ducer could announce it, Paul White-
man came out with his announcement.
George Gershwin, he said, would write
a concerto especially for the occasion.

Now he was in a hole, for sure! He
told Gershwin that he simply had to
write that concerto. And Gershwin
wrote it, wrote the "Rhapsody in Blue"
—in twenty days.

In its original form, "Rhapsody in
Blue" was arranged only for the piano.
Ferde Grofe, Whiteman's arranger,
coaxed Gershwin to insert a melody
Gershwin had been saving for a musical
show.

The "Rhapsody in Blue" was the sen-
sation of the concert and made Gersh-
win the most talked-of composer in
America. It has been played by every
important symphony orchestra in the
world.

Paul Whiteman also discovered Jack
Fulton, the Dorsey Boys, Ramona,
Peggy Healy, the eighteen-year-old in-
genue who never had a singing lesson
in her life, and any number of others.
He has gone in for the discovery of new
talent in a magnificent way and on a
magnificent scale. His so-called "Youth
of America" movement has simply been
a quest for new talent. In a year he
heard 17,000 singers.

He got Jane Froman her chance to
appear over the air on the Florsheim
hour. At one time he tried to persuade
Jane to make personal appearances. He
thought that she was so lovely that it
was a shame for her simply to sing over
the air. But at the time she was scared
to death to make personal appearances.
No matter how much he argued, Jane
was firm.

EVENTUALLY, however, Jane must
have overcome her nervous fear of
audiences, for she appeared last season in
The Follies, with her husband, Don Ross.

Paul Whiteman's latest discovery is
Helen Jepson. The day Paul White-
man heard her sing, fame touched
Helen with her wand.

Paul knew Helen Jepson's husband,
George Poselle, a flute player with his
band. George often raved about his
wife's singing, but Paul put it down to
husbandly exaggeration. He knew from
George that Helen was studying hard,
but then so were thousands of other
young women. But one day he con-
sented to hear her sing, and then he
knew he had a find. She sang just a
small part the first time she appeared
on his program, but at once letters and
telegrams about her voice began pour-
ing in. Shortly afterward a columnist
predicted that she would achieve
national fame within a week. And as
he predicted, so it happened. The
Metropolitan Opera Company offered
Helen a contract, and told her that the
reason for the contract was her work

on Paul Whiteman's hour. Now she sings on it regularly. She is the second radio singer to be offered a chance to sing in opera—Nino Martini having won that distinction before her. It is an old story, of course, for opera singers to be given lucrative radio contracts, but it is only recently that radio has attained sufficient dignity so that opera can find its new stars in the radio firmament.

I asked Paul Whiteman which of the members of his band today he thought were the future stars of radio.

"Helen Jepson," he said, "Johnny Mercer and Ramona.

"Helen Jepson is marvellous. I have never heard a soprano like her. Her diction is perfect. She sings words as if she meant them. Her singing has such warmth.

"Johnny Mercer will be good. He'll be a star not merely because of his singing but also because of his personality. There's something about his personality that clicks, even over the air.

"I THINK Ramona is headed for the heights. I've been offered \$750 a week for her to appear on a program, which shows you that girl is going places. It's hard to tell whether she's a better blues singer or a better piano player. Either way, she makes a hit with the crowd. But the real reason I think she's going places is because she has sense, and that's something that will get you ahead, even in the crazy world of show business."

Everyone is wondering who the air stars of the future will be, who will take the place of the Jessels and the Cantors and the Jack Pearls when their day is no more. My prediction is that at least a few of the great stars of the future will be found right in Paul Whiteman's band, where Bing Crosby, Morton Downey, Mildred Bailey and so many others got their start.

Now You Can Laugh With Walter O'Keefe

(Continued from page 21)

reputation as the college poet, and upon graduation was accorded the honor of delivering the class poem. With the rhyme completed, he hopped one of those break-neck interurban cars and got himself a job selling advertising for the Fort Wayne "News-Sentinel." It wasn't precisely for this that he had burned that midnight oil at Notre Dame. But a job's a job. And those morning ham 'n' eggs have always looked good to O'Keefe.

About this time Walter had an awfully close call. He darned near became a newspaper Columnist—the Winchell of Fort Wayne. But he sensed the danger in time, and made a quick shift to outdoor advertising. From that he followed the trail so frequently blazed by newspaper men, and became a publicity agent. For two years he made America conscious of whatever product passed him the pay-check of the moment. Then, suddenly, swiftly, terribly, came the fever, the delirium that heralds that

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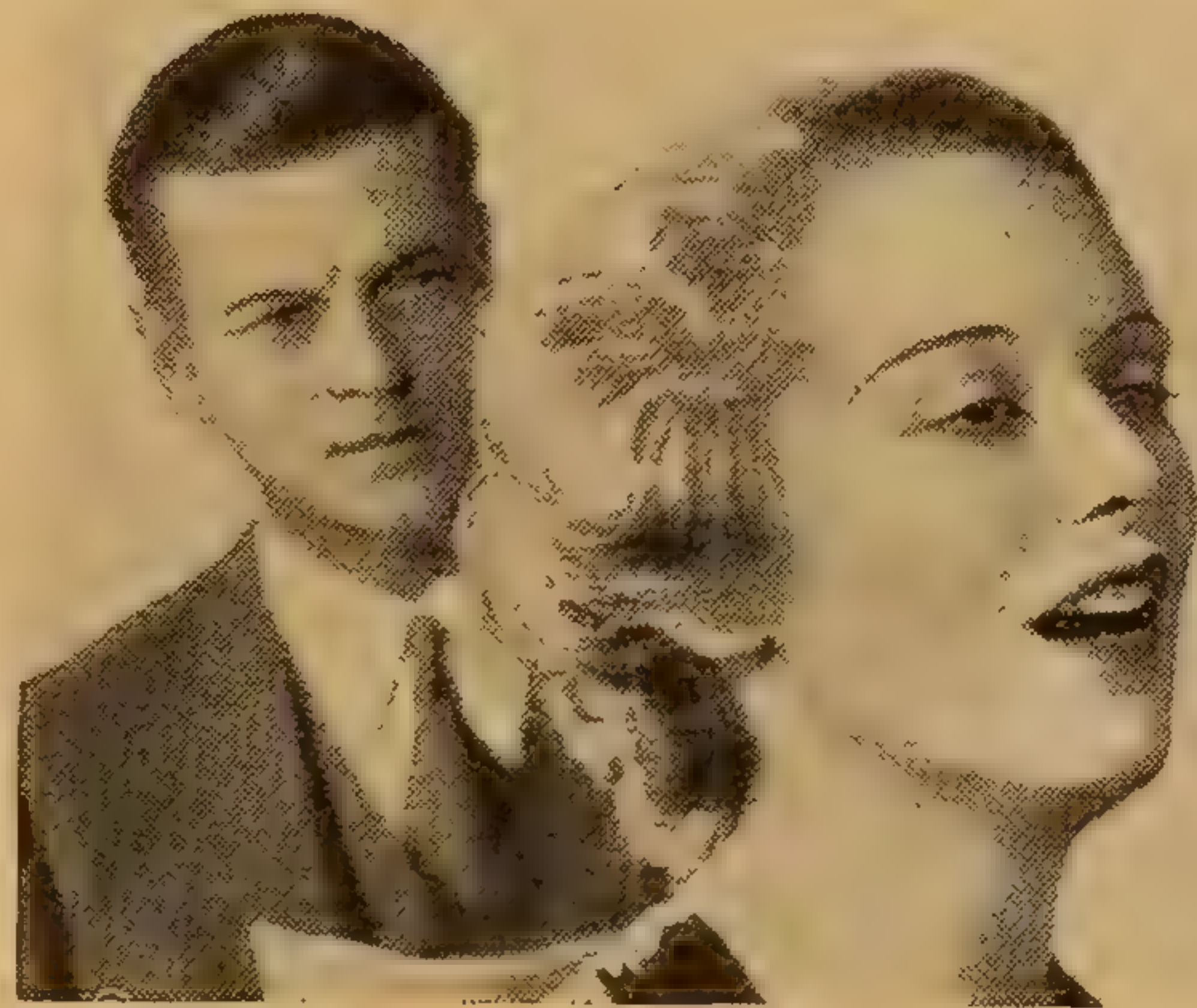
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Many Earn Good Money Quickly

Why not get your share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you may qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money! But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago, have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

Yet Broadcasting stations have not the time to train you. That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting



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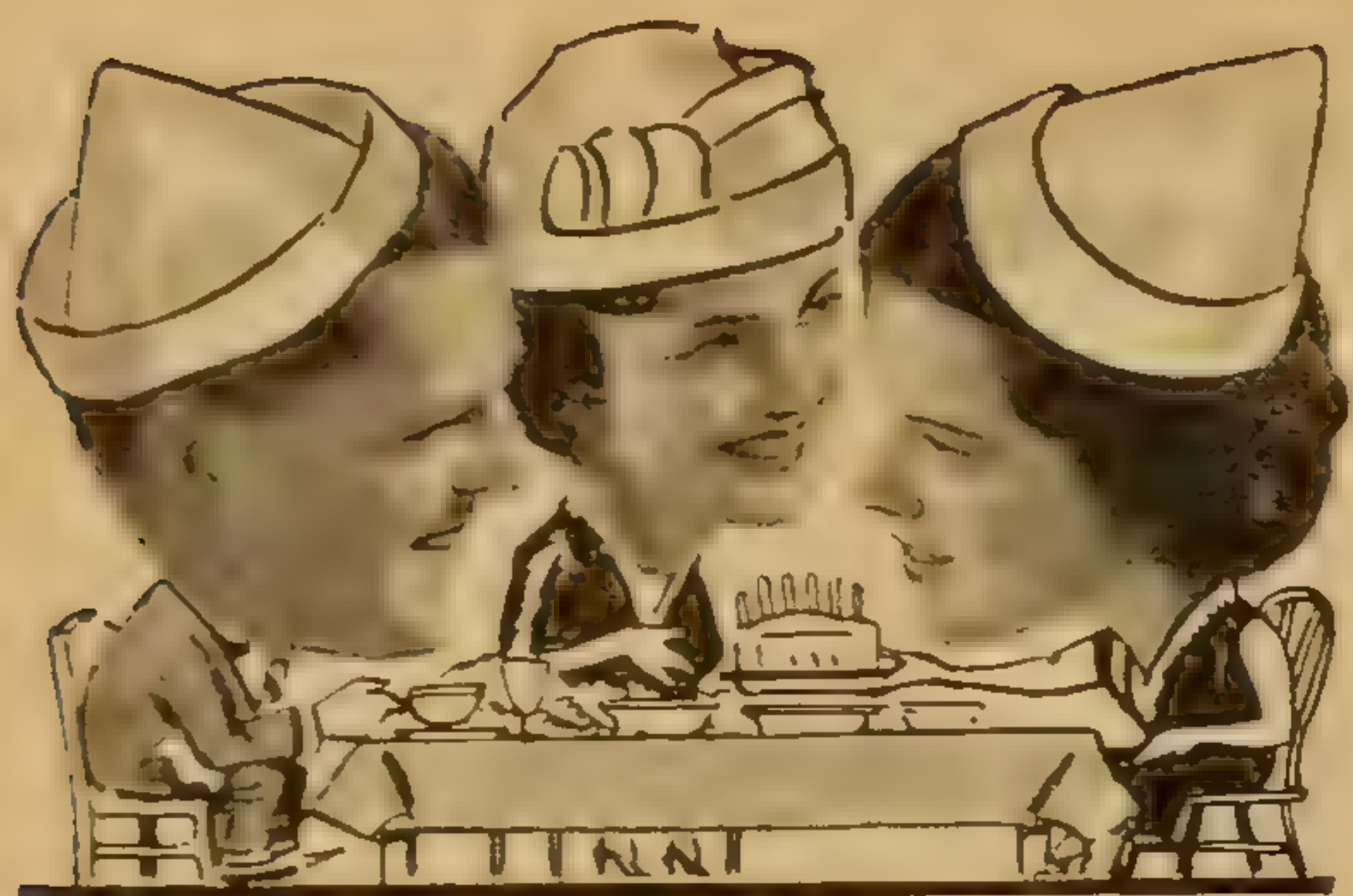
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LAVOPTIK Makes Sad Eyes Glad

dreadful disease, infantile paralysis!

O'Keefe has courage. He needed it then. It was a question whether to live or die. Death is pretty final. But what could life hold for one left maimed and twisted by the curse of this malady? Of course, there was a chance. There's always a chance. O'Keefe took his. He decided to live. He fought his way through. But he didn't win by a K. O. The enemy defeated, left its mark. For months the brilliant, ambitious boy lay on his back, just thinking—thinking—thinking. Of what use now all his striving to get places in the world? Of what use his struggle for an education? Where was there a career for a cripple? Black days. Darker nights. Well, he wouldn't spend his life listening to the clock tick it away. He'd do something. And he did. He would!

So Walter, a useless, bed-ridden wreck of a man, set out on a new career. He began to write lyrics for songs, and to plan a future in the theatre. Now you might think that a fellow in his spot would pen sobby ballads, or torchers anyway. But that would be because you don't know O'Keefe—because you've never seen that Irish grin of his. Get a load of this! The boy's first hit was the number that had the nation kidding Ford. The motor magnate had just forsaken the old brown-derby "Model T" for a more sightly number. Walter memorialized the event with "Henry's Made a Lady Out of Lizzie"!

YOU can't beat a guy like that! Even a frowning Fate had to giggle! And as Heaven helps those who help themselves, Heaven, itself, smiled on that frail remnant of a man. Little by little strength returned, health came back. O'Keefe had beat the rap! Defeated Death itself! If you don't believe it, take him on at tennis sometime, or handball, or any of those games that call for speed, and strength and stamina. And don't bet too much that you'll break even on the final score.

That siege of sickness really marks the genesis of Walter O'Keefe. There were more songs, a flop musical show, and a brief reversion to publicity in cahoots with Ben Hecht and J. P. McEvoy. Beside these derelictions, a Hollywood hegira must be included for the record. For Walter made the trek as a song-writer in one of the major studios, and from that branched out so that he was offered three-way contracts as writer, actor and director. But 1930 found him radio debuting over Station KFI in Los Angeles with those celebrated "Rhythm Boys." He was set had he desired to stay West.

But he returned to New York for the "Third Little Show" in which he played in company with Bea Lillie and Ernest Truex. That's when he brought "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" back to being, and warbled additional nonsense about a person called Yuba, who, it seems, played the tuba in a resort down in Cuba. The customers liked it, anyway. All customers always like O'Keefe. He even gets radio audiences singing with him as he broadcasts.

It's funny. If Walter is in a stage show he's billed as a famous comedian.

If he's in a club or on the air, he becomes the famous Master of Ceremonies. Or he's a famous song-writer—even movie star. It's funny for two reasons. First because the description is true. Secondly because it is the clearest of all indications that O'Keefe has no intention of being what Hollywood calls "Typed." He just won't permit his work to become stylized. Thus his routine is distinguished by a certain fluid, mobile quality that enables him to change his act whenever it is deemed advisable. Mark my words, he'll be on the air long after phrase jugglers, dialecticians, and others with standardized, rigid routines have faded from the aerial ken. Moreover, that's exactly the way he figures it out. Maybe there is some value to a college education, after all. Maybe it pays to be able to think.

At one time in his Gotham meanderings, O'Keefe played the clubs. This was in the hey-hey day of the Deauville, the Lido, Tex Guinan's and Barney Gallant's. And Walter worked for comparative coffee and cakes while he watched blondined cuties stocking thousand dollar bills contributed by the naïve butter-and-egggers from the hinterlands, and the sinister, but equally feeble-minded ganguys of the rock 'em and sock 'em prohibition reign of terror.

"It would have been simple," says Walter, "to annex some of that easy money. All that was necessary was to insinuate yourself into some wine-bibbing group and pocket fat tips for singing to order. But I rather hoped that I'd amount to something some day, and I didn't cherish the thought of such gentry being able to point a future finger at me and recall the time I had worked for throw money."

Which is a remark that gives you a little more insight into the O'Keefe character.

Although the ink on a fat, new contract is scarcely dry, Walter isn't wed to radio. That is, not irrevocably. There's the theatre. And there's Hollywood. He's an excellent prospect for both. And I should say, especially motion pictures. He's easy to look at. He has talent. And he possesses that rare, and particularly desirable characteristic, a filmable personality. Of all radio recruits to the movies this asset is shared only by Bing Crosby and the Burns and Allen team, which is in a class by itself.

WALTER believes that radio, screen and stage talent will be interchangeable. But that the greatest of these is radio. The tremendous radio public, he says, creates a demand for its favorites either in pictures or in person. And he's interested in reaching the greatest audiences available over the far flung networks. His idea of a balanced career combines the three entertainment mediums, a show, a picture and the air. And deep under all this, lies an ambition to write. Judging by the past, this will be included in his future. For when he makes up his mind, he accomplishes his purpose.

Thus far he has worked on ether programs emanating from practically every

spot in the world. International hook-ups are an old story to him. And the personalities with whom he has appeared range from Ethel Barrymore to Ethel Shutta, or vice versa. He's at ease before an audience, but you may be sure that when he most appears to be ad-libbing, he is actually going through a routine with which he is thoroughly familiar. He writes his own material. For one reason because he hasn't found any other way to get the type of stuff he deems desirable.

On or off, stage or air, he's an excellent raconteur—story teller to you. He gives a joke a careful build-up and manages to inject little touches that get grins from his auditors and whet their appetites for the point of his tale. His use of the English language borders on the elegant. An unusually exquisite choice of words is mingled attractively with the argot of show business. He doesn't confine himself to words of one syllable, but from a rich vocabulary selects the one that most exactly conveys his meaning. A good many show folk may be classified as mugs. Delightful, lovable mugs. But mugs just the same. O'Keefe isn't one of them.

AS a Romeo it's difficult to classify him. Certainly he's no Latin lover type. That panting, hand-kissing business would be very foreign to him. But the record shows that more than one dazzling charmer of Broadway and Hollywood would have been glad to hold the position occupied for the past two years by Roberta Robinson, the utterly charming blue-eyed blonde who is Mrs. Walter O'Keefe. "Bert" as he calls her has been in show business, too. On the stage in such successes as "Of Thee I Sing," in Hollywood as a contract player in a first rate studio. When Walter eventually goes West for pictures, Roberta needn't be idle. She'll decorate any screen with both pulchritude and talent.

I imagine that the O'Keefe charm for the ladies is due to an innate Irish gallantry, as sincere as it is flattering. He doesn't forget the little things that count with the girls. And they know that his chivalry is genuine. It has always sounded a little silly to me to hear a sense of humor described as a requisite of love. But Walter's ready wit, the spontaneous gaiety of his manner, that infectious personality, surely would make no lady love him less. And when I tell you he'd make a romantic movie figure, you'll know he's not hard on feminine eyes.

On the new program sponsored by Camel Cigarettes, Walter plans to be on the air double the time. But he says, this won't mean double the work. For the extra period will permit some thread of continuity to enter his work, and it won't mean starting cold from scratch each time. Now precious moments are wasted weekly in establishing a premise, that is, in telling his audience just where he's going to take them from there. With additional time, they'll pretty well know, and the star can get off immediately. As with others, it isn't the broadcasting time for which O'Keefe draws down what he



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calls the wampum. It is the hours and days spent in preparation. What you get on the air is the finished product.

He's no respecter of persons, this dark-browed Irish lad. He has kidded princes, potentates and presidents. As a rule, his joshing is just good, clean fun. But the humor can be barbed if an opportunity comes to deliver both barrels of wit against some pet peeve. Thus far the triple censorship of radio—the agency, the client and the studio—has kept him Pollyanna. But O'Keefe is a sophisticate. And his glib tongue is in his cheek more times than you'd imagine. He doesn't like stuffed shirts. Nor is he partial to juvenile drivel. He's grown-up. His ideas, ideals and ambitions are adult.

But don't for a moment confuse this description with the idea that Walter has lost that human touch. Up in Maine, whither he scurries after many Friday broadcasts, he's pals with the chap who runs the general store, with the telegraph guy and the fellow at the station. And when the local strawberry festival needs a little extra talent, O'Keefe's right on tap to do his good deed. Likes it, too. He and "Bert" and their two purps, "Barney" and "Chinky"

are popular citizens up yonder, and no mistake.

Maybe the O'Keefe personality can be summed up in the fact that here's a real, honest-to-goodness 'varsity man—no business school, mind you—who carries the crowds with him by singing about an amazing young man on a flying trapeze, and, more recently, a tattooed lady. He wrote a song with a title so terrible as "I'm Gonna Dance With the Guy What Brung Me," yet, not long ago, he went up to Yale to make arrangements to attend Professor Baker's dramatic course. His seriousness may be marked by the fact that this would have necessitated arising in time to catch an eight o'clock train. Unusual for a Broadway guy, to say the least. Unfortunately the course in the professor's "work shop" was abandoned when Dr. Baker retired. He's a comedian with serious ideas. His initials, as someone seems to have remarked, are "O. K.". And so is O'Keefe. Ask "Bert". She knows. Listen in—you'll like him. After all, he's Irish as a Kerry cow. And there's something about the Irish. Something about Walter, too.

A Thousand Penner Ducks

(Continued from page 13)

check in addition to increasing the live stock census on the Granlund farm. Once more, a week later, Penner appeared as a Vallee guest, and along came another duck. Again the fowl population of Granlund's farm went up. Shortly after, Penner was signed to a long term radio contract of his own.

From his very first broadcast, ducks began to come in from all points of the compass. Penner's "Wanna buy a duck?" apparently inspired admirers to go out and buy a duck, if they did not already possess one, and send it to Joe as a token of their appreciation. The situation became increasingly grave to everyone except Granlund, who gradually was acquiring importance in duck circles as the owner of one of the largest authentic stables of variegated ducks in captivity. Some of them weren't even ducks. A lot were drakes. Perhaps you are not aware that all male ducks are not really ducks at all, but drakes. Penner wasn't. Sampter wasn't. Granlund had suspected something of the sort, so he looked into the matter.

"The duck," he explained later to Penner and Sampter, "comprises five of the eleven sub-divisions of the family anatidae. Technically, if you want to get technical about it, only the female is a duck; the male is a drake."

"They are both," responded Sampter, "nuisances."

"The mallard, or commonest species of duck," Granlund persisted, "hatches from nine to eleven of its pale green eggs at a time, and when its young are hatched, the first thing the mother does is to take them to the nearest body of water, where she . . ."

"I am very sorry," Sampter inter-

rupted moodily, "that these ducks we have been pestered with around here did not drown the first time out. It would have saved everybody a lot of trouble."

"Oh, come. Be a little sympathetic with our feathered friends," Granlund admonished. "Perhaps their family life has been unfortunate. It is an interesting fact, not generally known, that whereas the wild duck is monogamous, the tame duck is polygamous. You would think it would be the other way around, but that goes to show what education will do."

"If it is, as you say, an interesting fact," Sampter commented, "I cannot see how it can be interesting except possibly to other ducks."

DESPITE Grandlund's pleasantries, neither Sampter nor Penner could seem to work up much enthusiasm over the constant parade of expressmen bearing crated ducks. But the problem was solved, once and for all, shortly before Joe left New York for Hollywood.

He managed to find time to visit four hospitals in the vicinity of New York to entertain youthful patients, and in one of the institutions he visited, he was approached by a tow-haired youngster. "Say, Joe, how about sending us a duck sometime?" the boy answered. "Gee, I like duck."

"Sure thing, kid. I won't forget," the amiable comedian responded, and a few days later, four fine, fat ducks went to the hospital to provide a dinner for the youngsters there. The incident gave Joe his idea. Here were all these ducks, he reflected, coming in from admirers in all parts of the country. What a Thanksgiving dinner they would make!

Joe took the matter up with Sampter, and the harassed manager was enthusiastic. He, in turn, broached it to Granlund, and the night club impresario, as his contribution, offered free storage, so to speak, and feeding, for all the ducks that Penner might receive between then and Thanksgiving.

So the result will be that before Thanksgiving, in time for the ducks to be distributed, and subsequently prepared for the table, a charitable organization will send far and wide to orphanages and children's homes, all the accumulation of ducks sent to Penner by his radio listeners. Thus a few hundred kiddies with healthy holiday appetites, not to mention countless other Penner fans, will upset that fine old American tradition that has caused Thanksgiving to be known as "Turkey Day."

Fate Showered Gifts on Gladys Swarthout

(Continued from page 19)

herself. When she was nine, the neighbors used to ask, who was the woman with the rich voice, singing in there at Swarthouts. The voice you know from the air-waves to-day is pretty much the same as it was then. She tells you she was born with a mature voice! She began singing lessons with a local teacher at twelve. That same season, she was scheduled to take part in the teacher's studio recital. Gladys stepped up to the platform, sang, and cracked horribly on a high note. The teacher was mortified. Everybody felt sorry for the child, expecting a breakdown and tears. But something else happened. Gladys stamped her foot in rage, insisted that her teacher begin the song over for her from the beginning, and sang it through that second time to a glorious conclusion. Even at twelve a little matter like failure meant nothing in Gladys Swarthout's life. She's from Missouri herself, and she showed 'em!

Her professional debut came just a year later. Her teacher, who was to sing in a concert in St. Joseph, took sick, and hurriedly sent young Gladys up to the city to take her place. There was a "real audience" on hand, and the fee was fifty dollars! That concert did the trick for the girl. With great composure, she pinned up her curls, announced that she was now nineteen, and went to Kansas City, to make a career for herself. There she applied for the job of soloist in one of the largest churches in town... and got it! After a while, though, she felt it wiser to turn her attention to serious study for bigger things, and went to the Bush Conservatory in Chicago. But you couldn't keep Gladys at just plain studying for long. First, she got a job with the Balaban and Katz theatres in Chicago, and earned and learned stage routine, all the while she kept on with her Conservatory work. Then, in 1923 came her first big break. She was engaged as soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. All this time, she had been urged to try for an opening in

Adult Penner fans will join the youngsters in giving thanks for their weekly Penner laughs by feasting on duck, too, if you may judge by the letters Joe receives from listeners to his broadcasts. Hundreds have assured him that this year they will substitute duck for their customary turkey, in appreciation of the entertainment he has given them.

But for the man who started all this, for Joe himself, Thanksgiving dinner will be in the nature of a vacation. Out there in Hollywood, in the pretty little apartment he has taken for his stay in the movie colony, Joe will look fondly across the table to pretty Eleanor, his wife, and ask: "How about another piece of that turkey, sweetheart?"

For a day, he'll forget ducks.

operatic work, but refused, on the grounds that she "wasn't big enough." So friends called her work to the attention of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, then under the direction of Mary Garden, and the girl was invited to audition there. An hour later, she was signed up to sing first contralto parts with that company, the following season. It happened that she didn't know one single rôle... but that didn't matter. There was the whole summer to work in. When rehearsal time came, she had coached and mastered twenty-three full rôles. She tells you it wasn't so hard... she just happens to have a good musical memory.

MARY GARDEN became interested in the young newcomer, not only because of the beauty of her voice, but because of its true contralto range and power. Few people realize the difficulty of finding a true contralto. Sopranos have all the "heroine" parts in opera, and as a general thing, they are considered more glamorous in repertory, but the true deep contralto, with its organ overtones, is a much rarer voice to find. Since Schumann-Heink and Homer, no truly great contralto had emerged... until the serious little girl from Missouri turned up in Chicago. It was Mary Garden who advised her of the value of studying by watching others... a trick Gladys Swarthout has remembered. She spent every morning at the opera house, score in hand, observing and learning, before she took up her own work in the afternoons and her public appearances at night. And just so as not to waste too much precious time, she sang the summer season with the Ravinia Opera. After three seasons like that, with a couple of concert tours thrown in for good measure, she found herself a star at twenty-four.

In 1929, when she joined the great Metropolitan Opera, she sang fifty-six performances... more than any other singer, regardless of age or rank. And she's established some more records in

STOP THAT COLD IN ITS TRACKS!

Don't Let It "Get Going!"

A COLD is nothing to "monkey with". It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances on inviting dangerous complications.

Treat a cold promptly and for what it is—an internal infection. Take a remedy that is internal and one that is expressly for colds and not for a number of other things as well.

The wise thing to take is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—for several reasons. Instead of a "cure-all," it is expressly a cold remedy. It is also an internal treatment which a cold requires. And it is complete in effect.

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First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack. Anything less than that is not complete treatment.

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Relieves Teething Pains

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WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

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To prove the effectiveness of these amazing hair aids we will mail postpaid a sample of GLO-MORE on request. No obligation. Write Gilmore-Burke, Inc., Seattle, Wash.



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OFF** Face
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Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face. unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Dephatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 90, Chicago

Check Your Ailment!

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Sleeplessness ☐ | 4. Acid Indigestion ☐ |
| 2. Nervousness ☐ | 5. Chronic Constipation ☐ |
| 3. Gassy Fullness ☐ | 6. Nausea ☐ |

If you have to check one or more of these symptoms, you may be a victim of Gastro Hyper-Acidity.

For, while many things may cause stomach trouble, any doctor will tell you that most of the above painful symptoms are due to Gastro Hyper-Acidity.

Four things are necessary to control this acidity.

First: stimulate the flow of alkaline gastric mucus.

Second: soothe the sore, inflamed stomach lining.

Third: check putrefaction in the intestinal canal.

Fourth: rid your intestines of foul, poison gases.

No more indigestion remedy or laxative can do all four things—but there's one prescription which can! *Magnesia Oxoida*—safe tablets which release pure oxygen.

Take two *Magnesia Oxoida* tablets each meal—drink plenty of water—and soon new health—new vigor! Get *Magnesia Oxoida* today from your druggist. Eton Products, Inc., Newark, N. J.

her four years there. She has sung major rôles without any rehearsal. She has stepped into new parts at two days' notice. She is known as the best impersonator of boys' parts the opera has ever had. Indeed, she's had to sing so many boy parts, in *Mignon*, *Tales of Hoffmann*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Boris Godunov*, that she looks with longing on a rôle where she can be her feminine self. She's won the reputation of being the best-groomed woman in the opera. And, incidentally, she has worked her way up from beginner to star.

In 1932, with the fields of church, concert, and opera work conquered, she turned her attention to the microphones. She auditioned for a single guest performance, and drew a big contract without audition. She has a number of interesting views on the subject of radio. For one thing, she tells you that radio is more difficult than opera or concert. Because the singer is absolutely the whole show on the air... there is no costume to dazzle the crowd, no chance of airs or mannerisms, no hope of making up a bad number by a "cute" encore. The singer has to make good before that limitless audience just through the voice alone.

IT means much more to a singer to score a radio success," Miss Swarthout tells you, "because the only thing in the world that can put you across is your own singing and your own sincerity. The audience feels that... and knows what is good! Can radio be improved? Decidedly! Not by more mechanical perfections or more "novel" programs, but by realizing that the *listeners themselves* are intelligent human beings, who know what they want and are capable of distinguishing between good and bad. You can't make me believe that the radio audience wants a diet of cheap programs. And by cheap I mean... cheap. Not popular. I believe that the field of good popular music is just beginning to be explored. What sort of popular music? Ballads, folk songs, regional songs, musical comedy hits, and even some of the products of Tin Pan Alley. One of the reasons why these last are frowned upon is that most serious singers seem to be afraid of them. Some of the loveliest melodies we have, come to us by way of Tin Pan Alley and the musical shows, and they would gain greatly in dignity, if dignified musicians would perform them. I, for one, respect and use them. And I'm not the only one. Don't you remember the record that Fritz Kreisler made, some years ago, of a popular hit called "Beautiful Ohio Waltz?" That was as lovely as any of the Strauss Waltzes, and I admire Mr. Kreisler all the more for recognizing its beauties, in spite of its being 'just a popular hit'? That is what I try to do... to seek out all the truly beautiful melodies I can find, regardless of where they originate, and to sing them in the dignified manner they deserve. We are turning out quantities of beautiful songs here in America, and they merit the best sort of musical attention."

Another item that Miss Swarthout

writes on the credit side of the radio ledger is the fact that through radio, people can have as much good music in summer as in winter, regardless of the "official season." As to her own radio work, she is tremendously enthusiastic about the idea of reaching more people in one broadcast than she used to reach in an entire season of touring. She works hard. One hour's broadcast requires as much as thirty-five hours of solid rehearsal. She likes to visualize her hearers, not as an audience, but as family groups, in their own homes. She confesses to singing especially to three people... her mother, her sister, and her father-in-law, Dr. Frank M. Chapman, the head of the Museum of Natural History, in New York.

Yes, she has a father-in-law. Romance found her in Italy, some three years ago. Although she has never studied anywhere but in America, she has vacationed abroad, and there it was that she met Frank Chapman, the baritone who sings love songs so convincingly with her over the air. He was singing in opera in Florence, she was at the performance, and they were introduced. The next winter, they met again in New York, and attended each others' debuts. The next year they gave a joint song recital. The next year they were married.

Gladys Swarthout is one of those fortunate people for whom marriage and a career fit together perfectly. She and her husband are interested in the same things, they work and play together, and help each other. Her secret for continued romance is mutual interests and mutual help... and diet! Too much food and the wrong kind of food, she tells you, form the basic cause of most marital smash-ups!... Heavy eating and injudicious mixtures flood the system with acids, and make one irritable. She never eats really heartily... and neither does her husband. Mostly she has salads and vegetables, with a chop or a steak on the days she works hard. Her best midnight supper is cereal and milk. She avoids heavy sweets and starches entirely... less for the sake of her trim figure, than for the sake of this philosophy of hers. People who eat the proper foods and keep their systems healthy and clean never give way to those outbursts of temper and sulks that have to be patched in a Reno divorce court. And if ever she should indulge in a chocolate sundae on the quiet, Frank sends her straight to the rowing machine, to work the acid off that way. It sounds like a good system.

BY this time you've realized that Gladys Swarthout is a girl after your own heart. The secret of her charm, I think, lies in her absolute sincerity. Although she's earned laurels on the stage, there isn't an atom of affectation or "show" in her make-up. She was born on Christmas day and is still in her twenties. She is five feet three and a half inches tall, and weighs 123 pounds. She is a decided brunette, with deep velvety brown eyes. Her greatest extravagance is clothes.

Her best colors are brown and ruby-red. She wears strictly tailored things by day, and then lets go and becomes bewitchingly feminine by night. Though she is known as the best-groomed woman at the "Met" she doesn't go in for a lot of treatments or cosmetics. Her best complexion recipe is plain soap and water, with lots of scrubbing. She has two baths a day. She uses make-up very lightly, and does not pluck her eyebrows . . . eye-brows, she tells you, lend the face character! (There's a tip, girls.) She's a perfect fiend on fresh air and exercise and the sort of health measures that prevent rather than cure.

The Chapmans live in a New York apartment, and Gladys does the house-keeping herself. It's her chief hobby. She never leaves home until the place looks fresh and tidy, and she loves to entertain. When does she get the time for housework? Oh, that's easy . . . they take turns practising. When Frank is busy with the piano, Gladys

gets her chores done! And she does them! She isn't superstitious . . . she sang her first big broadcast on Friday the Thirteenth. But . . . she knocks on wood when she talks about her work, and if she leaves home and forgets something and has to go back for it, she wouldn't dream of starting out the second time without sitting down first, so as to make an entirely fresh departure. Her motto is always to be thoroughly prepared, and always a little ahead of the immediate demands. She loves good books, good music, sports, and lots of dancing (all to be enjoyed in her husband's society), and hates parlor tricks. She enjoys being well dressed, but clothes in themselves are not a goal in life to her. Neither is her salary, for that matter. She sings because she loves to sing . . . because she expresses herself best that way, and reaches out to more people. She has even written her own epitaph . . . she wants it to be, "And my song goes on. . ."

Dialing the Short Waves

(Continued from page 56)

Telephone Company—all industries in which millions of dollars had been invested.

The result of the rule against "third party messages" is, at times, amusing. The other night I tuned-in a two-way communication between a ham in Connecticut and another in Oklahoma.

"Say, that's a coincidence," said the Yankee, "Imagine getting you! Why, my wife's an Oklahoma girl—born and raised right in your city. Wait a minute; she'll talk to you."

Then the Connecticut wife took the mike, very happy and excited. "Gee," she said, "it makes me feel just like a girl again, Oklahoma. I wonder if you know the Ellisons, down on Cedar Street?"

The westerner said that he was acquainted with them, and the girl came back with, "Well, the next time you see Peggy Ellison tell her that—"

Here she was interrupted by a masculine voice—that of her husband, no doubt—saying, "For the love of Mike, Mary, I always thought Gracie Allen was the dumbest woman in the world, but you take the cake! Don't you like our station? Want to see it go off the air? Suppose the supervisor had been listening in, you nitwit!—" and so forth. She tried to explain, but he kept on getting madder and madder, while I sat by my receiver waiting for a pistol shot. Finally the girl started to cry and her husband began apologising. They had reached the Lovey-Dovey stage when he remembered that their transmitter was still on and cut it off. If her message to Peggy had been completed, her husband might have lost his license to transmit.

Even the broadcasting stations are not exempt from governmental spankings upon occasion, when they violate (or are accused of violating) some radio regulation. As this goes to press, the

latest sufferer is WAAT, one of the largest local stations in the East. The Federal Communications Commission has refused to renew its license, and is permitting it to operate only under a temporary permit.

And what heinous crime did WAAT commit, to put its very existence in jeopardy, pending a hearing to be held in Washington this autumn? Simply by broadcasting some medical advertising—more specifically, a remedy for varicose veins—in a manner which the Commission did not approve. The station was notified that the announcement being read over it must be discontinued. It cancelled the advertiser's contract. Nevertheless, it finds itself in uncomfortably hot water.

If the Commissioners wanted to be strict in their enforcement, nearly every station in America could be called up on the carpet for a possible revocation of its license. The new 1934 regulations forbid all broadcasts which deal with lotteries or other contests in which chance determines the winner, or any lists of prize winners, or any advertisement of such contests.

Yet you have doubtless heard racing results on the air, or trackside descriptions of horse races, or baseball returns, and so forth. While these broadcasts are, of course, both harmless and interesting, a strict adherence to regulations might forbid them, for an "unlucky" horse may be pocketed, or may strain a tendon or may get off to a poor start or suffer any one of a score of accidents during a race. Likewise a ball game may be won or lost due to a ball's taking a bad bounce by chance, or a player being injured. If you have bet on the race or game the results tell you whether you have won or lost—and the regulation is violated.

And as to stock market reports—!



You have heard "BORRAH MINEVITCH and His Rascals" over the radio, or perhaps you were lucky enough to see them on the stage and were held spellbound by the symphonic notes that only BORRAH MINEVITCH can get out of the simplest of all musical instruments, the harmonica. We'll bet you often wished you could play like him and his rascals . . . now make that wish come true. A short cut course of easy home instructions has been prepared by the great BORRAH MINEVITCH so that everyone who is ambitious to learn to play the harmonica as well as him can do so at home without any musical experience and in spare time. Yes, you are now offered your opportunity to learn how to master the harmonica in the same professional way BORRAH MINEVITCH plays. Now that BORRAH MINEVITCH has succeeded, he wants to help you attain success and this special 25c offer is made to pave the way for you.

Only 3 Easy Steps Which You Quickly Master

Now you can learn to play the harmonica just as easily as you learned your A B C's. The BORRAH MINEVITCH course takes you through 3 easy steps whereby you catch on in from 5 minutes to a half hour. There are no notes to read . . . nothing complicated . . . you require no musical ability whatsoever . . . this method is as simple as whistling or humming a tune . . . you will be amazed and delighted when you find how quickly you actually play catchy tunes . . . you'll get a big kick out of the trick notes you are taught . . . they get a big laugh and make you popular. Just imagine the thrill you'll get when the very first day you receive this course you will be able to play "Home Sweet Home" . . . "My Old Kentucky Home", etc. After you complete my entire course you will play any popular hit.

Learn to Play Like a Professional . . .

The beauty of knowing how to play the harmonica is that it is a small instrument and can be carried in your pocket . . . you can take it wherever you go and play it wherever you go. The harmonica will bring you popularity. You will be invited everywhere. Your friends will want to hear you play. You will be invited to the leading social functions in your town. You can travel and see the world and get paid for having a good time. BORRAH MINEVITCH has traveled the world over with his harmonica. He is famous everywhere and boasts of a large financial reward for his playing . . . this thrill and success can be yours too.

Make Money Playing!

BORRAH MINEVITCH rose to fame and fortune through his mastery of the harmonica. You have the same opportunity that was his . . . but your path for success can be a bed of roses because you get the benefit of BORRAH MINEVITCH'S experience with this easy, simplified course of instructions offered to you here. Here's one profession that isn't overcrowded . . . it's your opportunity to start on a successful money making career.

Special Offer!

25c Includes Lessons and Baguette Harmonica

A special short cut course of home instructions prepared by BORRAH MINEVITCH sent to you with a Baguette full scale harmonica bearing autograph of BORRAH MINEVITCH for cost of postage and handling. Send 25c . . . receive lessons, Baguette harmonica and an artist's sketch (suitable for framing) of BORRAH MINEVITCH himself. If not satisfied we will refund your 25c. RUSH COUPON TODAY!



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I accept your special offer. Send me the BORRAH MINEVITCH harmonica lessons and include Baguette full scale harmonica and autographed picture. I enclose 25c (coin) in full payment.

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Thousands of Remarkable Cases

A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horse-back and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A Rail Road man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light, cool, elastic, and easily adjusted—how different from the old torturing, plaster-cast, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces.



Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

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Describe your case so we can give you definite information at once.

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Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Don't Burn Coal HEAT WITH HOME-MADE GAS



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AN amazing new way has been found to turn liquid fuel into instant heat. Now only a few pints of liquid will heat your home for hours except in sub-zero weather. This revolutionary invention has proved so satisfactory in several thousand homes that it will now be sent on 30-day TRIAL to responsible people. Learn, right in your home, how this new-type "radiant" heater burns 96% air. No piping. No installation. Hotter than city gas or electric heaters at one-tenth the cost. No soot or ashes. Portable—carry it anywhere. Test it 30 days, without obligation, get it FREE if you will help introduce to friends and neighbors. Positively no selling required. Rush your name and address at once for Free Offer.

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Oh, well, let's talk about something more pleasant.

In Austria, on the day that Chancellor Dollfus was murdered, a group of irresponsibles violated international radio law. Armed with rifles, they invaded an Austrian radio station, and overpowered or otherwise subdued its operators. They then proceeded to broadcast a false account of the downfall of the Austrian government. Not only was their forcible taking over of the station against the law, but there are international regulations against the dissemination of false news.

Next time you listen-in on some short wave European station, pay particular attention to the news broadcasts. You will find some interesting ones emanating from the "D" stations in Germany, where they even announce occasional musical selections as being played in response to requests from American listeners.

It was several years ago that Russia was accused of one of the most spectacular infractions of radio etiquette that has ever been known. This occurred on the day the Pope broke his long period of isolation and went on the air for the first time over the Vatican station. As his address started, a wierd, howling heterodyne broke out, drowning his words for an instant. But the interference ended almost immediately, due, it was said, to the providential shifting of the Heavyside layer, a strata of ionised gas lying far above the Earth's surface, and known to have an effect on the travel of radio waves. Direction-finder stations claimed that the interfering signal had been traced to a point lying within the borders of the U. S. S. R.—but nothing was done and people gradually forgot the occurrence.

AND now for the criminals, the professional law breakers who use radio to carry on their war against law!

There are several records of cases wherein bootleggers have put up unlicensed short wave stations, concealed in abandoned houses, for the purpose of sending orders to their rum fleets at sea. Government men have listened in, tracked down the signals with the loop antennas of direction-finders, and rounded up the gangs.

Even today burglars robbing a house or bank sometimes carry a short wave set with which to listen for police alarms, so that they may be warned in time to flee when someone notices their illegal activities and sends a report to headquarters.

But the burglars seldom have the sets connected in their get-away cars. To do this is illegal, and the mere possession of such a set is a jail offense in most states.

So tune-in sometime and see how many violations you can catch on amateur stations, regular broadcasting stations, and the foreign short waves. Remember that in this country all profanity or indecent language is taboo, on the radio. Still, hardly a night will go by without your finding at least a few violations.

Students—

Writers—

Lecturers

A-B-C Shorthand IN TWELVE easy LESSONS

HIGH SCHOOL, college or technical students who have at their command a practical, easy and efficient method of taking down lecture notes have a marked advantage over those who must set down all notes in longhand. Not only do you get far more from the lecture when it is delivered but when examination time comes a review of a word for word transcript of each lecture is the finest kind of preparation for successful passing.

Particularly is such knowledge valuable to students of the professions—law, medicine, dentistry, teaching, nursing and others that require state or other special examinations after graduation, making necessary a complete review of several years of work.

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You do not even risk the dollar that is the price of this substantially bound book which has meant so much to so many thousands of persons. Send for it today—examine it carefully and if, for any reason, it does not prove to be entirely satisfactory, return it and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

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ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Use the Coupon Today

Economy Educational League

1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. R.M. 11

I enclose \$1.00 for which please send me a copy of A.B.C. Shorthand. I understand that my money will be refunded if the book does not prove entirely satisfactory. (Enclose \$1.25 from countries other than U. S. and Canada.)

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....

Chicago Breezes

(Continued from page 53)

Frank Bering was then sort of a combined night clerk and night bell boy at the old Tremond, which hotel's venerable head has long since bowed in the dust before modern skyscrapers.

Buck took the same job at the old Virginia Hotel on the north side. After they were through work along toward dawn the two would foregather in the lobby of the Sherman to visit. The Masonic Temple, just built, was Chicago's pride and joy then. Where the Marshall Field store now furnishes the silk hat and tailcoat atmosphere to a bustling State Street stood a music hall, set demurely back from the street. Buck started his Chicago business career with weekly earnings of \$6. As the boy grew toward manhood his position in the business world likewise grew in prestige. Came the day when his youthful earnings and position prompted him to satisfy an appetite of long standing.

He bought a bit of property . . . just a little piece of ground nicely dressed in luxurious grass, trimmed with a tree or two and crowned with a modest but nice home. Trees and grass and animals and birds—all the beautiful things of nature—that was what he had always wanted since he'd deserted his Texas prairies for the city streets. He had the trees and the grass and it wasn't long before he had started collecting pets. Soon the Buck menage began to turn into a menagerie. Of course his first pets were the more civilized types of animals not at all like his monkey and snake and leopard pals of today.

But it was a beginning. One day he managed to get an eight-inch sprig of magnolia. He planted it out in his private domain in Norwood park. In the past thirty years that little sprig, like the acorn, has grown into a mighty tree . . . and the local residents point with pride to the tree that Frank built, the magnolia that flowers each spring.

A STRANGE MEETING

They met in front of the Morrison hotel in Chicago. They were strangers to each other. They stopped and looked each other over. One of them spoke. The other nodded. Solemnly they took off their topcoats. They exchanged coats. Each put on the one the other man had been wearing. They nodded to each other and walked away in opposite directions. They had never met and probably will never see each other again.

It's a story told by Jesse Crawford who played the organ at the world's fair this summer. Jesse has long been a favorite in Chicago where he did many theatre dates and radio programs. And this is how that meeting happened. Jesse and his wife stopped in one day for a glass of the foamy amber fluid that cheers. When they got ready to leave Jesse couldn't find his coat. It seems another guy had walked out with the wrong coat. Fortunately the owner of the place remembered who had left the place in the

last few minutes. He got on the telephone and located the guy with Crawford's coat. He made the date and the two strangers met in front of the Morrison Hotel to exchange coats.

BEGINS EIGHTH YEAR

When Wayne (Waltz) King returned to the Aragon recently he began his eighth season there. This probably stands as a world's record-breaking engagement for a major orchestra in a major dance spot.

Several thousand letters were received from out-of-town listeners of WGN planning to visit the Aragon during their stay. With their visits from all parts of the country, it appears as though King will have an opportunity to repeat his autograph labors of last year when he signed his name over a hundred thousand times to the delight of dancers from all corners of the United States, from Alaska, South America, and even one visitor from far-off Australia.

IRMA GLEN RELAXES

Irma Glen leaves immediately after the NBC Galaxy of Stars program each Saturday to drive to the Indiana dunes and doesn't return until 9:00 a. m., Monday for the Harvest of Song broadcast. She finds the dunes a fine place to forget studio cares, goes in for sun bathing and sleeps in the open.

SINGING SAM'S THEME

"When You're Smilin'", Singing Sam's new theme song for his Monday night CBS broadcasts, was written by Mark Fisher, whose orchestra has been broadcasting over the Columbia network nightly from the Stevens hotel.

SINGING LADY AT FAIR

Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, who added the extra E to her first name because a numerologist told her she needed another letter in her name, has been telling stories to the children at the world's fair all summer. Her innocent and charming little radio act is one juvenile program both mothers and children love.

PREPARE BROADWAY COMEDY

With the return of Ralph Dumke from his home in South Bend, Ind., the "Sisters of the Skillet?" (Ed East and Ralph Dumke) are undertaking an ambitious program for themselves. Besides their work, they are preparing a comedy for Broadway stage presentation within the next few weeks.

COCK ROACH?

Someone telephoned Morton Downey. "Hello," said Downey. "Hello, Morton Downey?" "Yeah." "This is Mr. Roche." "What! Not Cock Roach?" "No, no. I'm head of my own advertising agency. How would you like to broadcast for me?" "O, migod!"

Ashamed of Your Looks?
Sallow Skin?
Blemishes? Headaches?



NEW BEAUTY of skin and complexion

This Simple, Pleasant Way

WHY be ashamed of a blotchy, muddy, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you?

Skin troubles indicate a disordered condition of your system—usually intestinal sluggishness or a run-down nervous state. Your trouble is internal and should be treated internally. That is just what Yeast Foam Tablets will help you to do.

These pleasant tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain concentrated stores of the essential vitamins B and G. These precious nutritive elements strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions, blemishes and poor color disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth, your complexion fresh and glowing.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and see what this remarkable corrective food will do for you!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.

RG-11

1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name

Address

City

State

THIS OFFER NOT GOOD IN CANADA

DEMONS OF DESIRE!

COULD A MAN ELOPE WITH
THE WOMAN WHOSE HUSBAND WAS HIS BEST FRIEND?

FOR weeks I fought down the desire to tell Ruth that I loved her—to catch her in my arms and cover her lips with kisses—to hide my face in the soft masses of her beautiful hair—to avow my love. For weeks I fought the demons of desire—the tormenting wish to feel the pressure of her lips against mine, for the embrace of those white, shapely arms. I fought—and for the time—I won.

"Finally one afternoon I got up from my desk determined to see Ruth once more before her husband returned. I did not know what I would say or do. All I knew was my determination to see her.

"The maid let me in and told me Ruth was in the library. I took a step toward her and all the pent-up emotions that raged within me burst their bounds!

"A long time later I became aware that Ruth was crying, her face buried in the folds of my coat. 'I love you, too, Garry. I've loved you for months and months,' she was saying. Then her voice trailed off into silence as she remembered Basil."

* * * * *

THIS, in Garry Trevor's own words, describes the situation that confronted him and Ruth and Basil Valentine, her husband. Both men were madly and sincerely in love with the girl who was married to one of them. Garry had saved Valentine's life in a mine accident. Valentine had given Garry his one great opportunity in business. Valentine was middle-aged. Garry was young and impetuous. Could they calm the fires of jealousy and work out a sane solution of this problem or must one or more of them suffer a soul-searing wound? You will find Garry's account of what actually resulted as Fate took matters out of their hands one of the most stirring true-life stories ever to tug at your heart-strings. It is love. It is life. It is the inscrutable balancing of nature's scales. It is titled "I Wrecked Four Lives."

True Story Magazine paid a cash prize of \$1,000.00 for the manuscript "I Wrecked Four Lives." As you read it in the new November issue you will agree that they selected a masterpiece of graphic realism. Begin this powerful story on page 19, the first story in another great issue.



TRUE

NOVEMBER

THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS



"Perhaps I should have rung before I came in but as this happens to be my own house I hardly thought it necessary. Will neither of you say anything?"

MORE ABOUT AMERICA'S GREATEST MENACE

SPOILERS OF WOMEN

EVEN if you thrilled to the opening episodes in this amazing account of a new type of danger that is threatening American womanhood, you will find this month's revelations even more exciting. If you missed the opening chapters they are pungently summarized and you can pick right up today without losing a single throb of the story's rhythm. Only from actual life could Spoilers of Women be reported. Only cloaked by the anonymity guaranteed to all TRUE STORY'S authors could a man be persuaded to put it in writing. Turn to page 34, November TRUE STORY, and read about Spoilers of Women today.

STORY

OUT NOW!

ALSO IN NOVEMBER
TRUE STORY

MY OWN LOVE TRAP

HALF SAVAGE

WAS I GUILTY OF MURDER?

TWO KINDS OF LOVE

SPOILERS OF WOMEN

WHAT ELSE COULD A MOTHER DO?

THE MAN IN CONVICT 1116

TOO YOUNG TO KNOW BETTER

THE NIGHT I PLAYED CUPID

UNDER COVER OF MARRIAGE

BECAUSE I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND MEN

Many Interesting Departments

FRIDAY NIGHT COAST TO COAST C. B. S. STATIONS!

DO YOU KNOW

\$1

Complete

Does Away with Aerial entirely—Just place an F & H Capacity Aerial Eliminator (size 1 1/4 in. x 4 in.) within your set. Easily connected by anyone to aerial and ground posts on set.

BETTER TONE AND DISTANCE GUARANTEED

Sensitivity, selectivity, tone and volume improved. No lightning danger or unsightly aerial wires. Forget aerial troubles—move your set anywhere.



YOUR RADIO SET NEEDS NO AERIAL

FOR PERFECT NATION-WIDE RECEPTION AND WE WILL PROVE IT OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

NOT NEW—VALUE ALREADY PROVED

On the market four years, 60,000 satisfied customers in U. S. and foreign countries. Chosen for use on Naval Hospital bedside radios. Each tested on actual long distant reception. Cannot harm set—Does not connect to light socket—no current used—no danger of shocks or blow-outs.

SEND NO MONEY! TRY ONE 5 DAYS AT OUR RISK!

Mail coupon at once. Pay postman \$1.00 plus a few pennies postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, return within five days and your dollar will be refunded without question.

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON

F. & H. RADIO LABORATORIES
Dept. 51, Fargo, N. D.

Send F. & H. Capacity Aerial. Will pay postman \$1 plus few cents postage. If not pleased will return within 5 days for \$1 refund. Check here () if sending \$1 with order—thus saving postage cost—same refund guarantee. Check here () if interested in dealer's proposition.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____

LEG SUFFERERS



Why continue to suffer? Do something to secure quick relief. Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHOD OF HOME TREATMENT." It tells about Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Open Leg Sores, Milk or Fever Leg, Eczema. Liepe Method works while you walk. More than 40 years of success.

Praised and endorsed by thousands.

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 54-M, Milwaukee, Wis.

FREE BOOKLET

15 DRESS GOODS

2 BUNDLES \$2.49 + POSTAGE

5 YARDS GIVEN

SEND NO MONEY

Pay Postman when delivered, 15 yards \$1.29, plus delivery charges, 20 yards only \$1.69, postage prepaid, if money accompanies order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

EASTERN TEXTILE COMPANY
Dept. S-40 Greenfield, Mass.

CAN HAIR BE REGROWN



Send today for free information telling about explorer's discovery of ancient "Bai-Dava" (meaning hair medicine) from Far East India where baldness is practically unknown. . . learn how in many cases you can stimulate hair growth, correct itching scalp, dandruff and other troubles that cause loss of hair. No obligation . . . all free upon your request in plain wrapper . . . MAIL COUPON TODAY!

ALWIN, Dept. 4911, 75 Varick Street, New York

Please send advice on correcting hair troubles to

Name _____

Address _____

Clearskin GETS UNDER YOUR SKIN



Yes and it clears up those ugly, repulsive pimples and blackheads that have been making you stay at home alone, and unhappy when you should be enjoying yourself. Make yourself attractive to the opposite sex with a clear, healthy complexion. . . Do what so many others have done. Send for your jar of Clearskin today. . . You will find it will clear up your skin in 10 days. . . If you are not satisfied, return it for a full refund. . . No obligation. . .

A. T. Laboratories
270 Broadway, N. Y. C.
Send me a jar of CLEARSKIN. I enclose 75c (). I will pay postman plus postage ()

Name _____

Address _____

CAN HAIR BE REGROWN

Send today for free information telling about explorer's discovery of ancient "Bai-Dava" (meaning hair medicine) from Far East India where baldness is practically unknown. . . learn how in many cases you can stimulate hair growth, correct itching scalp, dandruff and other troubles that cause loss of hair. No obligation . . . all free upon your request in plain wrapper . . . MAIL COUPON TODAY!

ALWIN, Dept. 4911, 75 Varick Street, New York

Please send advice on correcting hair troubles to

Name _____

Address _____

On the Pacific Air Waves

(Continued from page 43)

enough to be annoyed.

Ernie Smith has been on the air with his "Sports Page" for quite a considerable period of years, lately via KYA. Born as Earnest Maynard Smith, he left the State University in Berkeley during 1917 to join the colors and came back a captain.

He held the coast swimming championship for some five years, and top honors in canoe tilting for a couple of seasons, as well as the national title in water polo for '20. He is full of life, snappy and energetic in everything, and is associated with his brother in business, but does the mike spiling as a sort of hobby . . . sports prophecies, sports interviews; and word descriptions direct from the ringside, waterfront, arena, diamond, goal posts, gym or wherever the event may be.

* * *

Here's Helen Troy on a frolic program with NBC in the bay district. Probably you remember her best, though, as Sally on the Cecil and Sally transcriptions or "live" broadcasts.

The little blonde girl, whose giggles and lisp made her a character in the Cecil and Sally act, has brought a sort of new type of dumb dame to the NBC Carefree Carnival.

Helen Troy was born in San Francisco in April of that eventful 1906, just a few days before the catastrophe. She went to school at Traverse City, Michigan, in the Sacred Heart Convent. Later she studied piano and organ in Chicago, and became a theater organist both there and then in San Francisco.

When she left the theater field, she started with KYA in San Francisco and there met Johnny Patrick with whom she teamed up for the Cecil and Sally act . . . a couple of young kids in the puppy love stage of life.

Helen's hobbies are dancing, motor-ing, baseball, cooking and finally bridge. She still plays the piano and organ as a side-line hobby, but her speaking voice is now back on the air in the dumb dame feature. This month she is going to cook a whole Thanksgiving turkey dinner, without the aid of can-openers, recipe booklets or a nearby delicatessen store.

* * *

Now for a dash up into the Pacific northwest where folks take their radio seriously. There's Dean Metcalf, one of the KGW-KEX staff announcers at Portland, where the roses bloom all the time and it rains when tourists arrive. Or so it seems.

Dean has finally gotten rid of the sunburn from his late summer vacation at Cannon Beach, Oregon. Though he has been in the northwest a year this month, Mrs. Metcalf didn't move up from Los Angeles until fall. So it looks as though the Metcalfs will stay up there for a long time.

Oldtimers will recall his announcing voice at KFI ten years ago, and he did a little song-piano work, too, but it wasn't so hot for radio consumption. But his announcing activities are great.

WOMAN'S STRANGE INSIGHT

Every woman has inner visions she rarely understands. Those strange feelings of intuition and premonition are the urges of your inner self. Learn to use them and life will be free of serious mistakes and abundant with happiness. A rational, simple method makes this possible. Write for **FREE SEALED BOOK** which explains how you may receive the method. Address Scribe Q.Z.E.

THE ROSICRUCIANS

SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIFORNIA

WE BUY LINCOLN HEAD PENNIES

Will pay up to \$2.00 each if over ten years old. Indian Head pennies worth up to \$51.00 each. Send 10c for **BUYING CATALOG**. **CONTINENTAL COIN CO.**, LD-111 W. Jackson, Chicago.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 47, 254 W. 31 St., New York

MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home, coloring photos and miniatures in oil. Learn famous "Koehe Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home."

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.
3601 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 1388, Chicago, Illinois

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED!

To Demonstrate New Low Priced "Pinless" Curtain Stretcher—No Investment Required!

Openings available for a few more men and women who want to earn up to \$10 a day to start demonstrating brand new pinless curtain stretcher. Just what every housewife has been waiting for. No experience or investment required. Write for free details.

The Evans Manufacturing Company, Dept. TR-114, Cincinnati, Ohio

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises . . . and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100% . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

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.. THE BERNARR MACFADDEN HEALTH RESORT invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. • This resort is at Dansville, N. Y., patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. • If you have forgotten how to play, they will teach you. • All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. • A beneficent, non-profit institution. • Write for information.

He was on KMTR, Hollywood; has been with KFWI and other 'Frisco bay region stations and now up into the big northwest.

Ever so many years ago, when I was a professor at the University of Southern California, Dean was one of my star pupils in economic history. So was Mel LeMon, now chief technician for KMPC, Beverly Hills; one time manager of KTAB, Oakland; and KTM, Los Angeles. And . . . but why write the whole list of present-day radio impresarios who studied under my watchful gaze? Reminiscences are always a sign of approaching old age. And one has to carry a cane and grow bushy white whiskers to carry out the idea.

Up in Seattle, at KOMO-KJR, Joe Pine is teaching his ten-year old daughter how to play the sax. Joe, as you know, is the station's prime saxophone-clarinnet tooter.

Sax Player Joe, be it known, can chant the Montezuma song on the slightest provocation . . . or even no provocation at all . . . for he joined up with the U. S. Marine Band at the age of 17. When he was honorably discharged back in '21, at the age of twenty-one, he was a sergeant and assistant bandmaster. Since the good old army days he has been with Ben Black's band in San Francisco; the old Metropolitan Theatre Orchestra in Los Angeles (when Raymond Paige was first fiddler); and Hermie King's aggregation in Seattle. But for the last seven years he has been with KOMO and KJR. By way of a hobby, Joseph wields a mean pistol.

* * *

Who wants to know about Ken Stuart, who has been a northwest radio fixture for a long time? Well, here's the dope. My first recollection of the gent was as a station announcer, then as a sports mike spieler, and now he seems to be running his "Sunshine Program", still at KOL, in Seattle.

Ken (Kenneth) was born an easterner but became a westerner in 1921. Back in January 21st, about thirty-seven or eight years ago, he was born in Brooklyn, New York. For college days he picked out Penn State College and was duly graduated. During the war days he signed up with the 347th machine gun battalion.

Along about 1921 he moved to Seattle as a reporter for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, then broke into radio in the bay district of San Francisco for awhile, and finally back to the northwest and still more radio.

Statistically speaking, Ken is 5 feet eight tall; weighs some 180 pounds; rather dark brown eyes and hair; a determined looking visage; married; one child.

* * *

KOMO people go into the dog field in a big way. Grant Merrill, continuity head, claims Seattle's largest . . . a buff colored great Dane called Erik . . . 143 pounds. Wilton Hoff, a staff announcer, seems to have the smallest . . . three pound Toy named Poodgie Woodgie . . . black and tan. Don Craig, singer, is going to buy a pup and get into the race. But he's been sort of mad at

the boys for announcing his number the other day as "Til I Wake From Four Indian Love Lyrics." Ho, hum. Wotta life.

* * *

Now we can take a long jump and get down to the Los Angeles, and hinterlands, area. Folks around there, you know, always make a lot of noise. If they can't get an audience to hear about the climate, they'll talk about themselves. Oh, well, maybe you can't blame 'em after all . . . at least when it comes to radio . . . for Southern California has lots more broadcast stations than the states of Oregon or Washington or even Northern California.

* * *

I always take my hat off to one radio philosopher who actually practices what he preaches . . . who squares promises with performance.

Who, why he's Burr (William) McIntosh, who calls himself the "Cheerful Philosopher" with a current weekly program on KECA.

Philosopher McIntosh is getting old. He was born in Wellsville, Ohio, in 1862. Perhaps he gets a bit wordy on some broadcasts. He has been known to threaten to bolt veterans' meetings, when the boys got fidgety while he was speaking. But, after all, some allowance is due when a man never admits he is licked . . . but comes back for more and more and more.

Educated at Lafayette and Princeton, he was in business for awhile, then a reporter and finally an actor. His first stage work was in '85. In 1895 he was the original "Taffy" in "Trilby." He was in the Spanish American War in Cuba; started the first pictorial magazine in New York in 1902; was the official photographer for the Taft Philippine Expedition in 1905; acted and lectured for years; was a Y. M. C. A. entertainer in France and Germany during the World War; wrote books and travelled.

About eight years ago, when most people of his age were retiring, he essayed a come-back and came to Hollywood. He started his philosophy over KHJ, then KFWB, KFAC and finally KECA. In the films he got parts in scores of silent pictures, the names of which would read like a film summary, there were so many. Since the talkies he hasn't done so well in the picture field. And his Cheerful Philosophy magazine saw only one issue.

But Burr McIntosh is carrying on. He still sticks to the microphone and "preaches" a philosophy of cheer and good thoughts. How many of us, at the age of seventy-two, would have the stamina, health and inclination to do that?

* * *

RAMBLINGS 'ROUND THE CITY—Los Angeles radio editors, assembled in solemn conclave for an all-night cocktail party, aver that CBS has the best coast coverage, but NBC the best press relations and publicity service. And neither chain, by the way, threw the party for the boys. George Fischer, of KFWB, explaining to his friends at Sardi's that he had nothing to do with

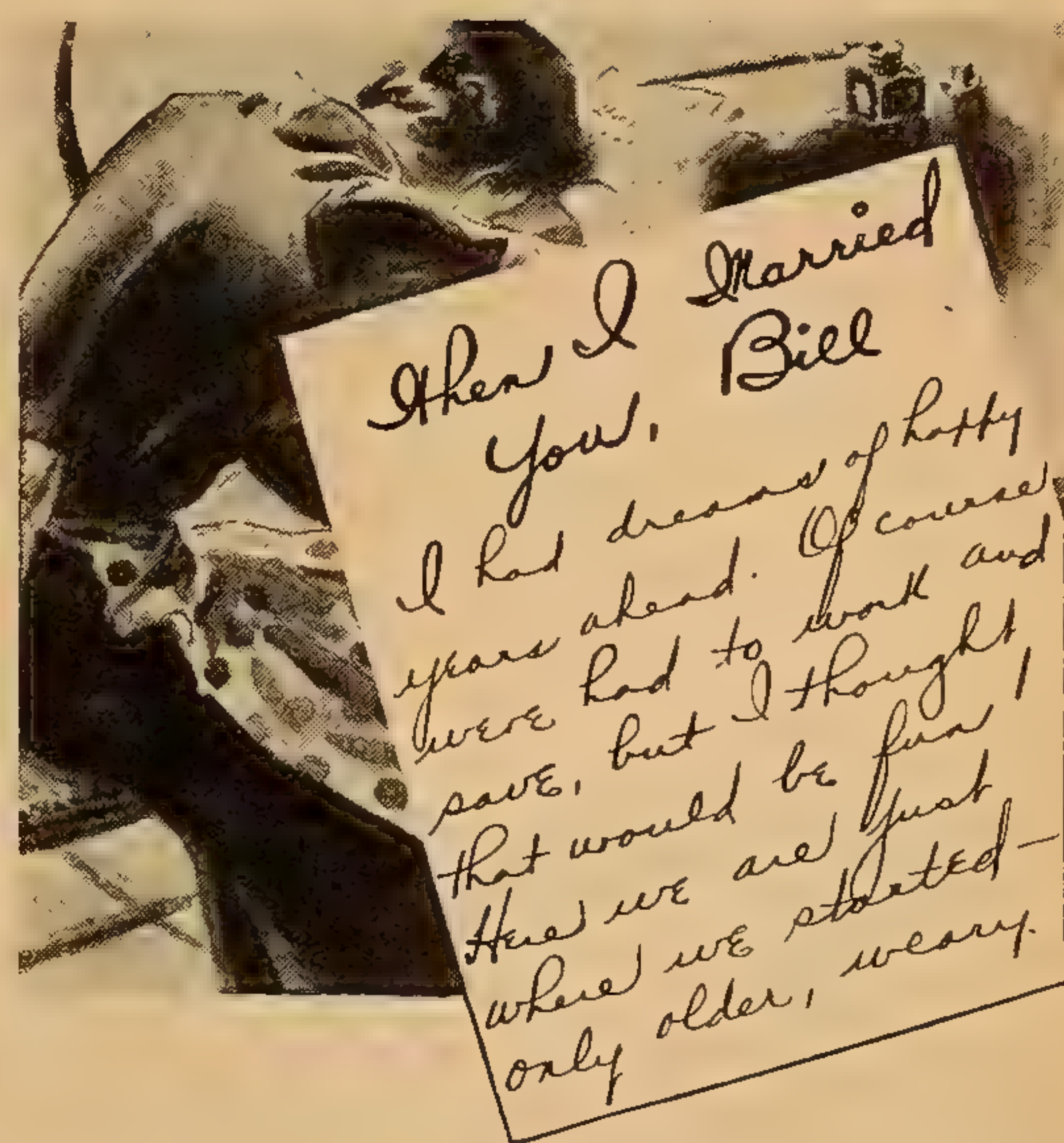
NEW KIND OF IRON Burns AIR

Super-Speed Amazes Housewives—Pays Agents up to \$15 to \$25 in a day

Housewives everywhere are astounded by the speed, efficiency and economy of the new Diamond Self-Heating Iron. Better than gas or electricity—at 1/2 the cost. No wires, no hose, no attachments to bother with. Quick, regulated, uniform heat. Cuts ironing time in half. Irons big washing for only 1c. Burns 96% air—only 4% common kerosene (coal oil). Handsome, rustproof, CHROMIUM finish insures lifelong service. No wonder agents like Morris have made \$15 to \$25 and more in a day.

HOME TRIAL Write today for full particulars, 30-day trial offer and proof of big money opportunity.

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO., 371 Iron St., Akron, Ohio



IF YOUR WIFE should put her heart on paper, is *this* what she'd say to you? And is it *your* fault? Listen, man: isn't this a fact, the reason you haven't ever gotten anywhere is because you lack *training*? It's not too late, you can get training! Every year thousands of men, all ages, turn to International Correspondence Schools to acquire the knowledge they need. So can you! Mark and mail the coupon today!

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"The Universal University" Box 2270-C, Scranton, Penna

Without cost or obligation please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

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| | ☐ Illustrating ☐ Cartooning |

Name.....Age.....

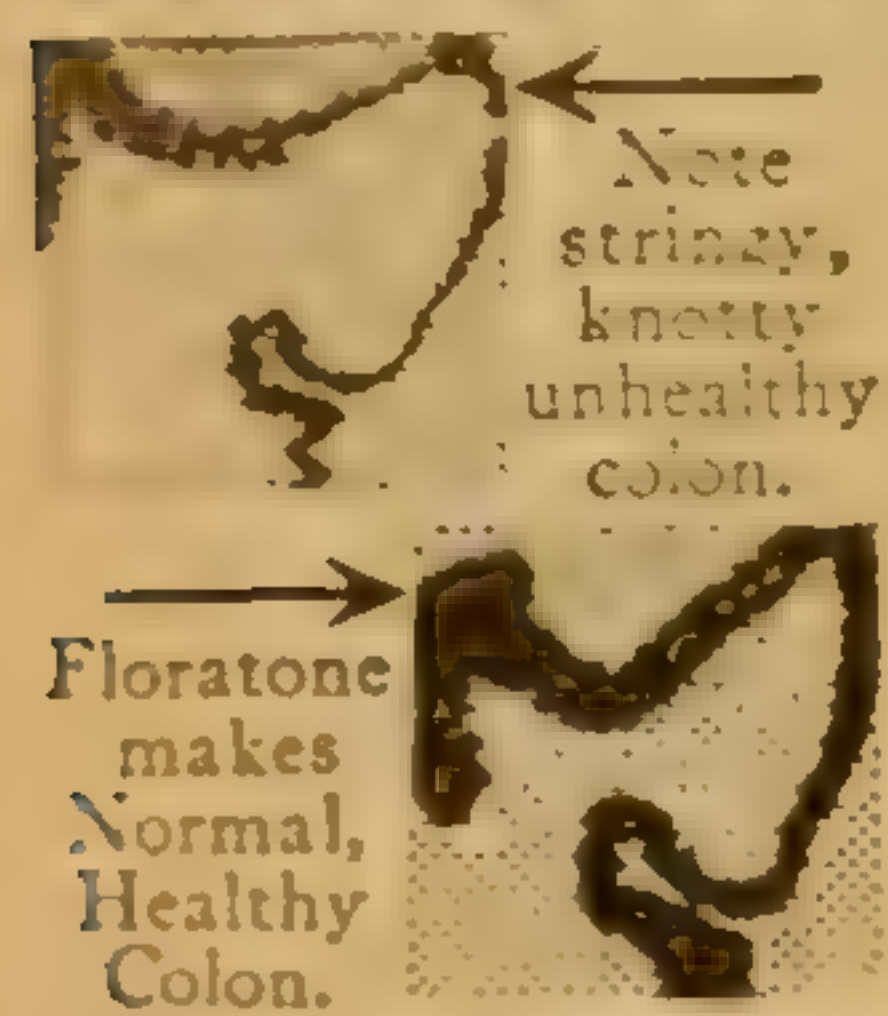
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City.....State.....

Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

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originating the gag that "If radio announcers are born, not made, then it's just another argument for birth control." Ted Fio-Rito... he used to spell it Fiorito when at Chicago's Edgewater Beach... is back at the Coconut Grove for ninety days. Ted's making lots of money these days, but it doesn't give him time for any composing. His "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "Charley My Boy" and "King for a Day" are now ancient history. Roy Ringwald, who plays the organ, piano, violin and sings, has gone with KMTR as staff organist. He started with KHJ several years ago when, aged 18, he got the yen for radio when wringing out bathing suits at the Santa Monica bath house. Since KHJ, he has been on KFI and other stations. He also took time off to go east for awhile with a vocal trio.

* * *

You hear the Watanabe-Archie skit these days on NBC lines, as well as its nightly KNX performance which has been going on for years. The Japanese houseboy, Frank Watanabe, is played by Eddie (Edmond James) Holden, tall and slim radio mimic. He got the idea when a San Francisco window trimmer... gossiping with the Jap window washer... later selling refrigerators, becoming a KFRC jamboree knockout, and then to Hollywood where, besides the radio skit, he advises Japanese actors how to talk pigeon-English as she is spoken!

Other half of the team is Reginald Sharland, as the Honorable Archie, Watanabe's employer. Educated in St. John's College, England, where he was born, he entered musical comedy, was an officer during the war. He came to the States in '26, to Hollywood three years later. One night he met Holden at a party, talked with his broad English accent and Eddie with his criss-cross talk, and a few days later teamed up for the radio act. Funny part of it all was the fact that Reggie didn't know that Eddie's dialect was "put on" until the next day after the party.

* * *

Now that Al Pearce's program goes east several times a week on NBC lines, let's meet some of the people. Most of their programs come from Joe Sameth's Radio Playhouse, in Los Angeles, though the troupe often goes on barnstorming tours for months at a time.

Let's meet Al Pearce, the m.c., and Elmer Blurp, the low pressure salesman. All right. Meet 'em in one paragraph for they are one and the same guy, Al (Albert) Pearce. He started radio at KFRC, then to KHJ on the Happy-go-Lucky hour and, after a disagreement with the artists' bureau, shifted out for himself and on NBC lines.

Al is thirty-eight... born in Frisco... school in San Jose... sold real estate... ran bands at country dances and hence to radio-land. His wife is the former Audrey Carter. Al is heavy-set, 200 pounds on the hoof, with blue eyes and fawn-colored hair.

His brother, Cal (Clarence), is listed as a basso on the frolic hour and is about 41. He taught for awhile, and



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then started his deep bass voice on the air in a harmony team. He is about Al's height, but somewhat thinner, with darkish brown eyes and black locks. Golf and barge fishing are his hobbies. Here I've been writing all this western stuff this month without locating a bachelor for fair femme readers. But here he is at last, girls. Unless my information is woefully out of date, Cal is still a confirmed batch. But he's willing. His idea of a helpmate is a non-professional . . . one who can cook and sew and drive him to work mornings.

And here's Hazel Warner, who causes male hearts to flutter, though she is happily married and has a daughter at boarding school. Her cruising yacht is the scene of many happy get-togethers. Even though I once called Hazel a "female hill billy" in a daily colum, I really think she has about the sweetest femme voice out on the coast. The blonde, blue-eyed contralto, was born in Iowa, and became a nurse before radio. Her mother was one of the first American women to graduate in Berlin with an M. D. degree. She lists hobbies as sailing, horseback riding and garden work.

Let's not forget Monroe Upton, press agent of the troupe, and also Lord Bilgewater on the air. He used to be known as Simpy Fitts at KFRC as a comic. He was born in Bandon, Oregon, some thirty-six years ago; was a ship's wireless operator; lived in Shanghai a year; and writes prolifically. He is married . . . tall and slender, blonde and blue eyed. My, seems as if this type sort of runs in the Pearce menagerie. More about the gang in another month.

* * *

Mrs. Mayfield Kaylor, wife of KTM's production head and chief announcer, went to Indianapolis during the summer. Mrs. Mel Roach, whose husband is in similar capacity with KGER, also went back to the old home

town of Indianapolis. Thus the short, short story ends with the news that only Mrs. Kaylor returned to Los Angeles and hubby.

Mel says he hasn't been making enough dough so they decided to split up for awhile. Mrs. Mel has another story and says she is through. So it looks like another divorce in the radio colony.

Still, you can't always tell. The kids may change their minds. You know I wrote a swell piece six months ago about Wesley Tourtellotte (KFI organist) and Elvia Allman (KHJ comedienne) being a fine, happily married pair. And no more does the piece get into print than they saunter down to the court house and get a divorce . . . though remaining good friends and being seen out for dinner frequently.

And you remember I wrote about Harry Barris and his wife, Loyce Whiteman, getting all fed up on temperamental stuff, making up with the network, and going on the air again in 'Frisco from a night club over NBC. Well, sir . . . and ladies . . . I hadn't much more than got this in print before Harry had an argument with a patron of the eatery and both he and the missus walked out of the joint.

So that is why I say you can't ever tell. The Roaches both say they are through with each other, but maybe they'll get over the peeve before long.

* * *

Gogo DeLys, piquantly lovely French Canadian NBC singer, at last gets a break by getting on Phil Baker's program and, at the same time, she goes back to her own name of Gabrielle. She started radio in the northwest, then Los Angeles, then to San Francisco and now commuting to Hollywood for programs. She is a slender blonde (bobbed). Her hubby is Bud Overbeck, once of KFWB, but now singing with Jimmy Grier's band under the name of Harry Foster.

Blonde or Brunette?

(Continued from page 49)

In such circumstances a rinse or dye will often help.

For bad cases of dandruff, a physician should be consulted, as the most efficient of beauty applications can never wholly cure this disease.

As to permanent waves, the mechanics of this art have been so developed that there is no harm to the hair and the result is a natural, soft frame for the face. No permanent is self-setting, to the satisfaction of a well-groomed

woman. Some of the better shops have abandoned the use of ammonia in the lotion as it breaks the ends of the hair. A reliable hair expert will test the hair before giving a permanent wave and also will test the curls afterwards to see if the proper amount of heat has been applied.

The hair is important; take care of it well and remember that a coiffure which is flattering is more than half the battle for beauty and good grooming.

Awhile back, readers of RADIO MIRROR learned of the thrilling elopement of Helen Morgan with a young Lochinvar, her utter happiness and her intention of giving up her brilliant career. Today, all that is over! Is Helen Morgan crying over her smashed marriage, or "can't she help lovin' that man"? Read her story by Herb Cruikshank in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR!

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ENTER TODAY

HERE'S a new contest for the interest, entertainment and profit of Radio Mirror's host of readers. Each of the strange jumbles of letters at the right can be unscrambled into the name of a person or character of prominence in radio broadcasting. Can you solve the tangle and straighten the letters out into recognizable names? Here's your chance to test your knowledge of broadcast personalities and find out just how much you actually do know.

The rules are few and simple. Read them carefully so that you will understand just how to compete. Then get busy! This month's first name is one of the most-used names in the telephone book. That ought to be a clue to use in getting started. Remember, no names should be sent in until you have a complete list of thirty. Now let's see what you can do with the first ten. Every member of the family will be interested in this. Try it out on them at dinner today.

THE NAMES

TIMSH

NATMASE

MOFNAR

NEPREN

GUSHINE

BRAMODOL

TERTADENOG

RAAMI

DYAN

NUCHILOG

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish a list of ten scrambled names of prominent performers, announcers or characters in leading programs.

2. To compete, copy the scrambled names and opposite each write the name with the letters in correct order, and the classification of his or her work. Example—

PEZOL—Lopez, band leader

3. In case any name has more than one radio application either or any correct identification will rate equally in this contest.

4. When you have unscrambled and identified all thirty names write a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of these thirty personalities you enjoy most on the air and why.

5. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled and identified and accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best. The prizes scheduled below will be awarded to entries in the order of their excellence on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. When your set of thirty names is complete mail it, accompanied by your statement of preference, to JUMBLED NAMES, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 16, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

8. The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

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Hollywood, Calif.—My Midwest is the best set I have ever tried. It gives me super foreign reception and new radio adventure. Its performance on all five wave bands amazes me.
RICHARD ARLEN,
(Paramount Featured Player)



Thrilling Foreign Reception
Hollywood, Calif.—Not until I tried out my Midwest 16 did I really appreciate what radio reception was. It thrills me to bring in distant foreign stations as clearly as local programs.
(Paramount Star) *Claudette Colbert*



Better Foreign Reception
Hollywood, Calif.—I am quite enthused with my Midwest. Many friends who have heard it are delighted with its performance. It brings in, without a doubt, the finest all-wave reception I have ever heard.
Neil Hamilton

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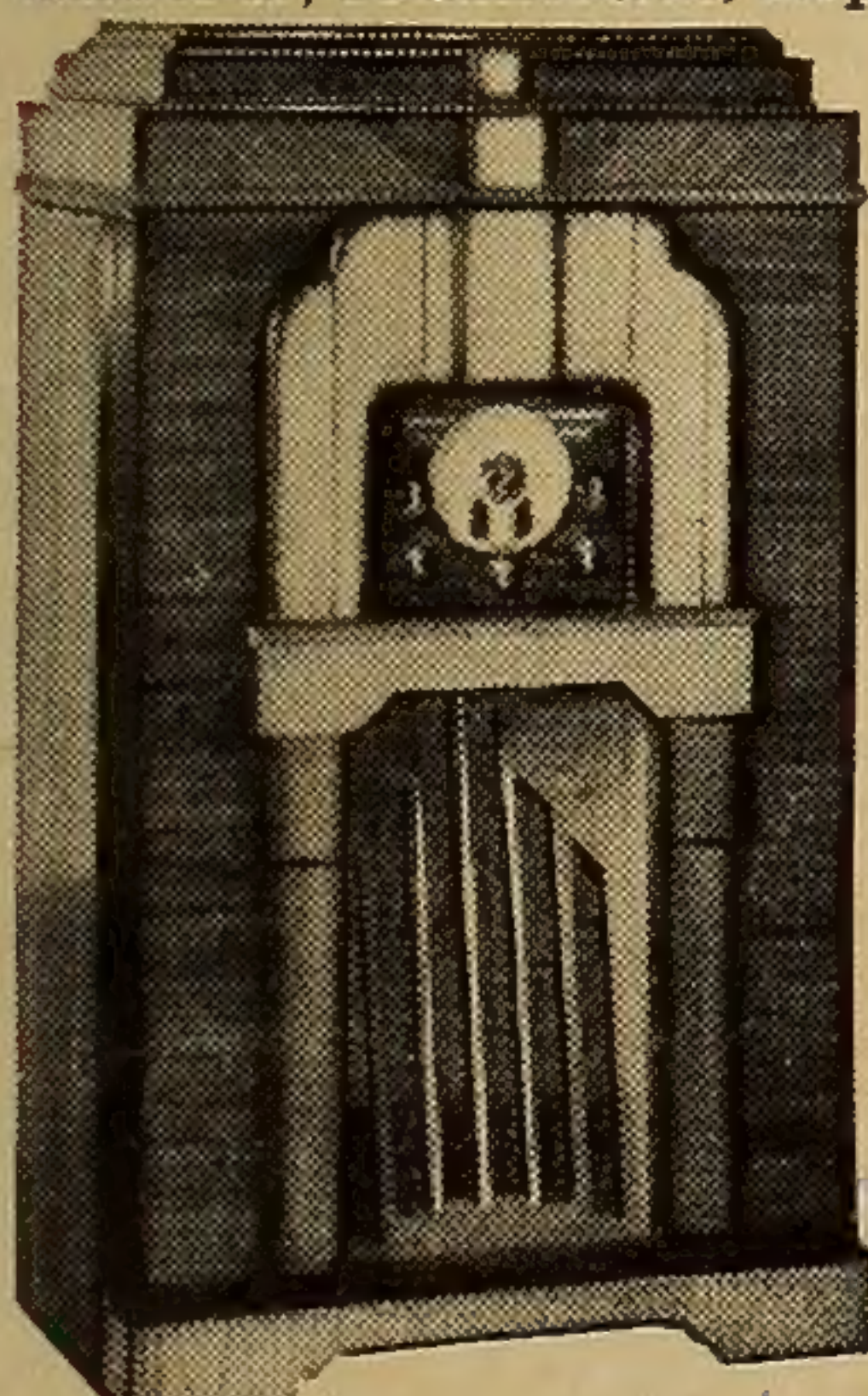
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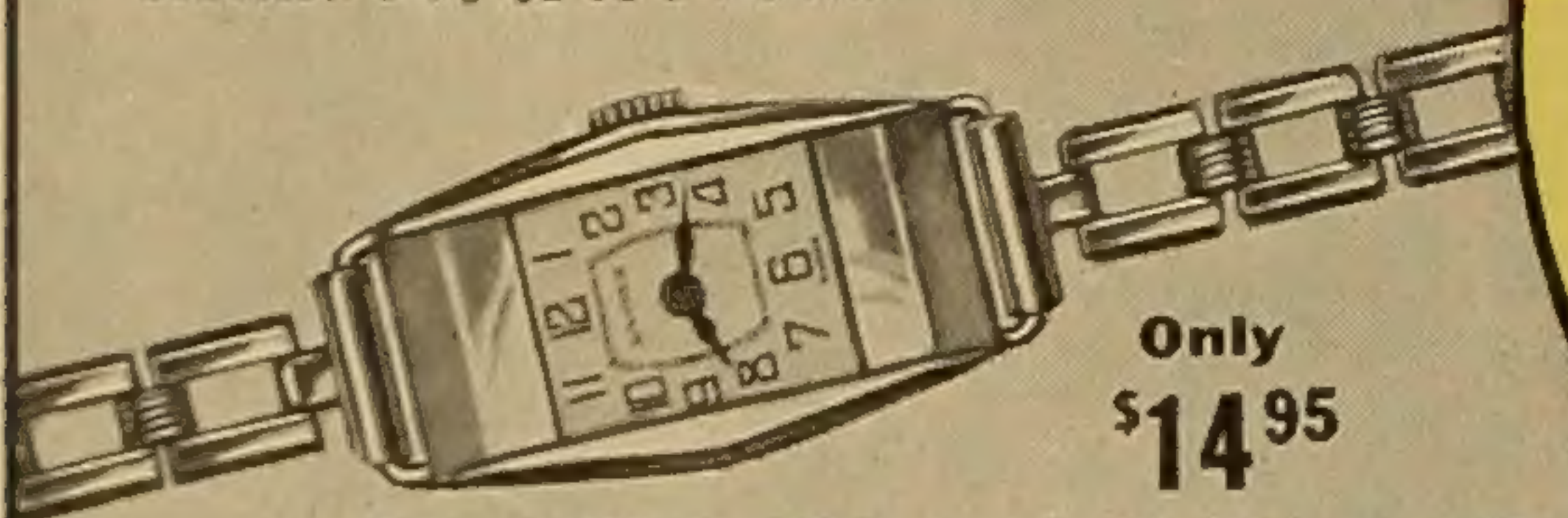
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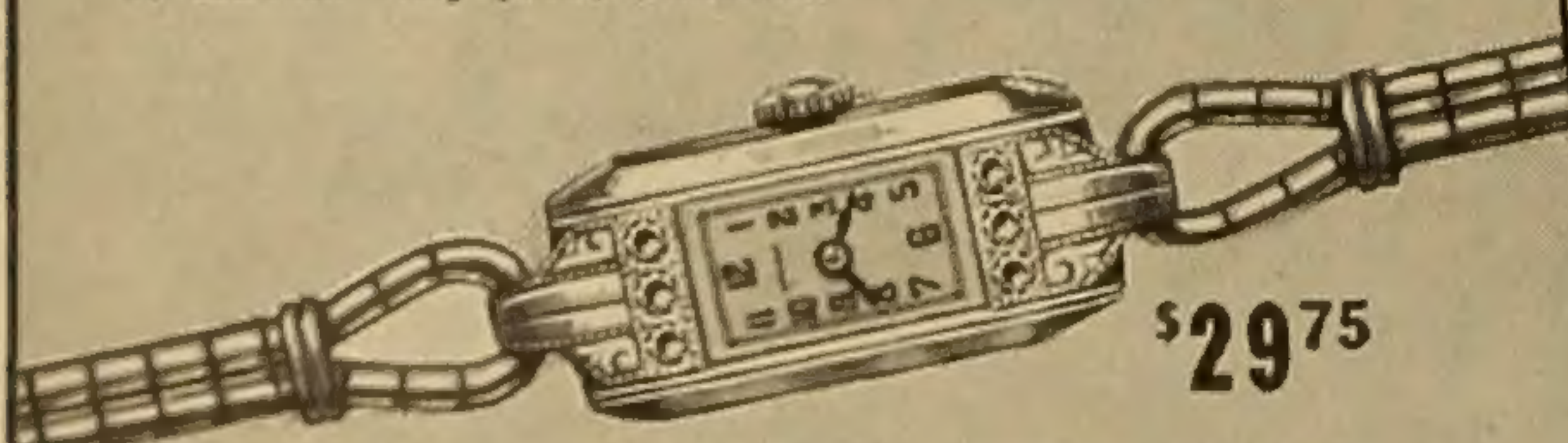
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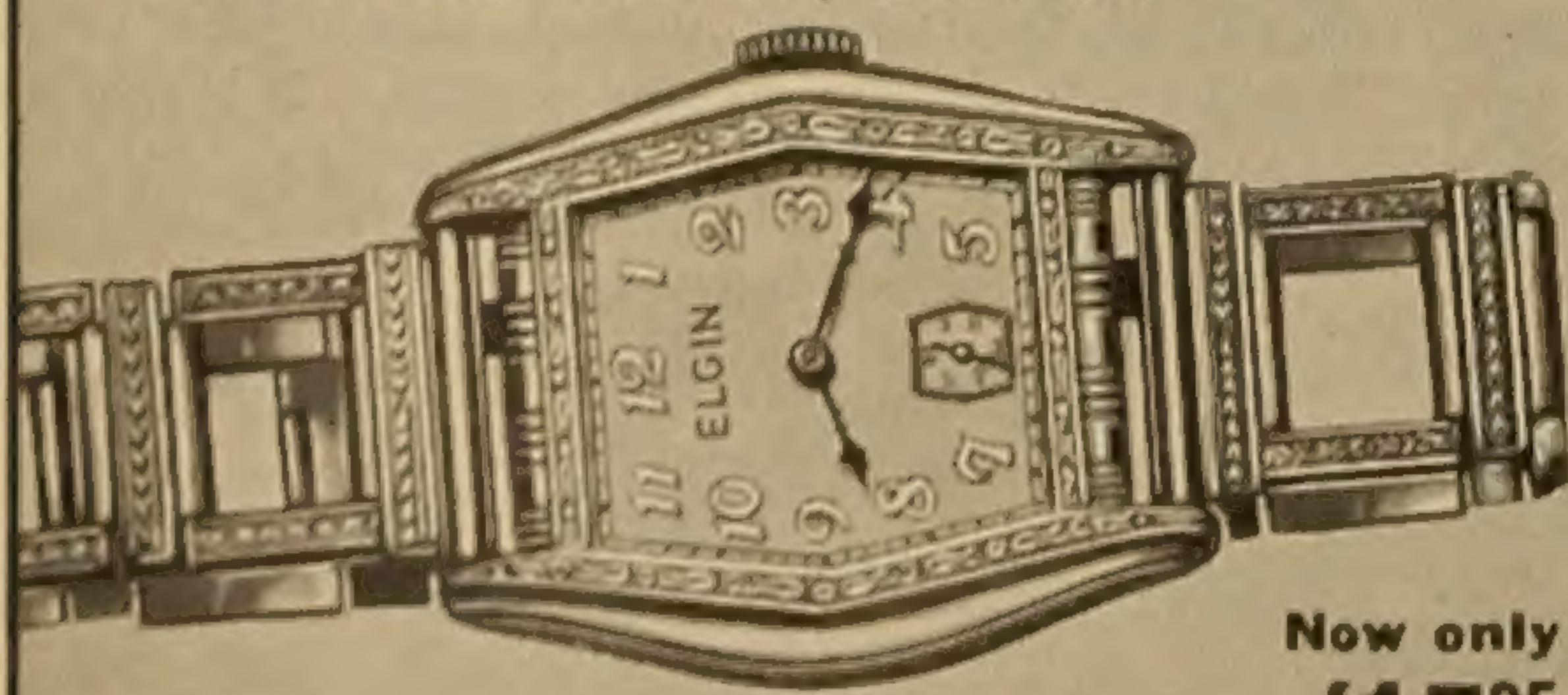
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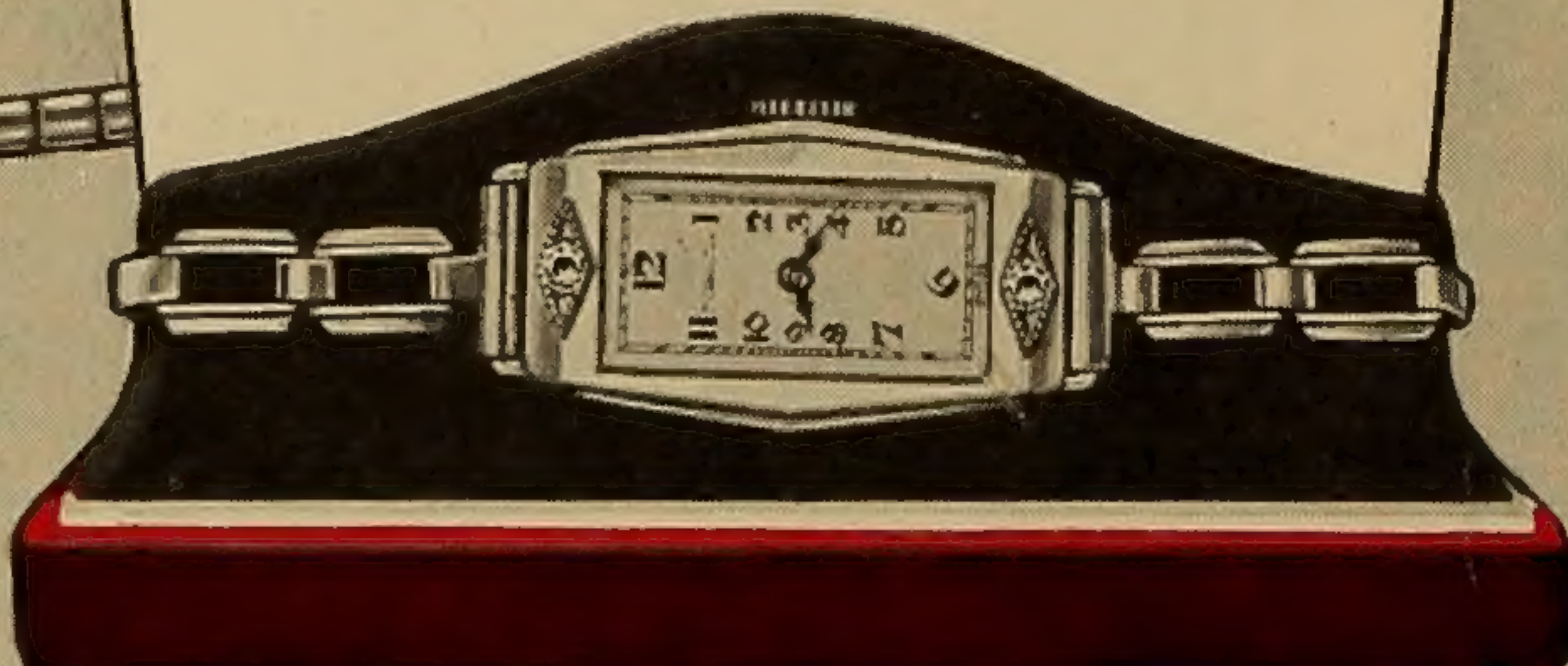
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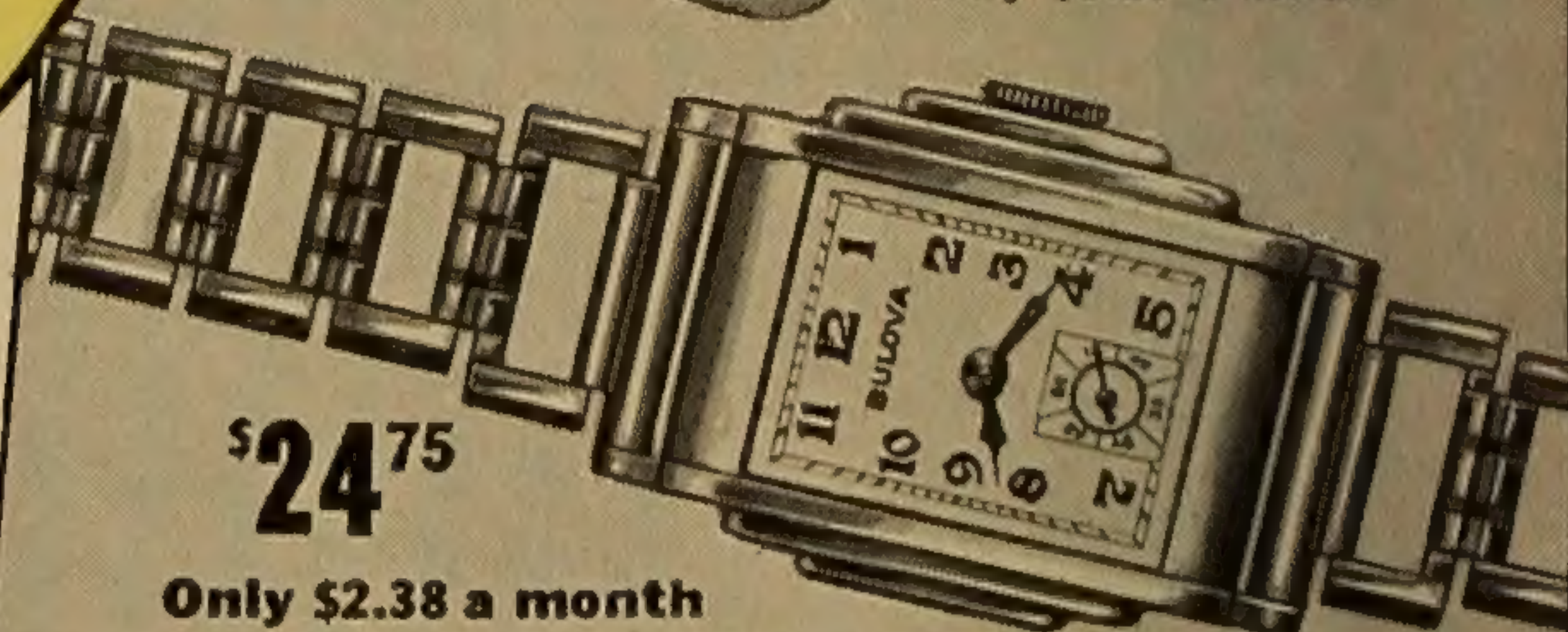
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\$37⁵⁰



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